July 24, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

AUG 1 9 1965

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

It's ⅓ of your life...spend it in Wamsutta luxury!

This is Needlepoint, a nostalgic new design that delightfully captures the charm of treasured Early American stitchwork in celebrated whisper-smooth Wamsutta Supercale®, the epitome of luxury in bed linens. Choose Needlepoint in traditional tones of pink, blue or gold on white... sale priced from about $4.95. Shown with Wamsutta Nob Hill towels in coordinated colors, white sale priced about $2.00 bath size. WAMSUTTA MILLS (Division of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.), 1430 Broadway, New York, New York 10018. Look for Wamsutta Lustercale® sheets, Heritage towels, Wamsutta Babycale® products and famous fashion fabrics for women, children and men.

Wamsutta®
SUPERCALE

The lowest-priced convertible in America:

It's the Triumph 1200 convertible. For $1949.*

But it offers more than merely an attractive price. Much more.

For example, you can cruise all day at turnpike speed. (Top speed: over 80 mph.) And still squeeze up to 35 miles from each gallon of gas.

Then there are such exciting sports car features as (1) bucket seats, (2) four-speed stick shift, (3) bump-smoothing four-wheel independent suspension, (4) accurate rack-and-pinion steering.

Plus other goodies like an English walnut dash, adjustable steering wheel, big 13 cubic-foot trunk, tight 25-ft. turning circle and plenty of room for a family of four.

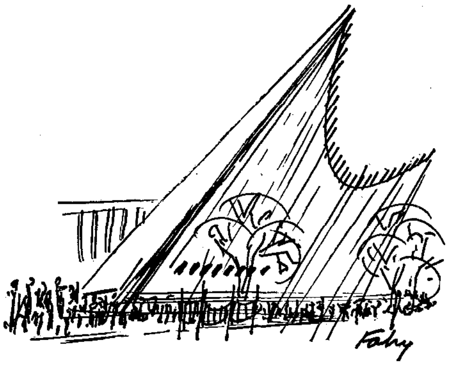
(We build these same features into our snappy 1200 sedan. $1699*)

You don't have to be rich to own a Triumph 1200 convertible. You just feel rich.

Triumph 1200

*Suggested retail price POE plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in West. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Canada: Leyland-Triumph Motors Canada Ltd., 1463 Eglinton Ave., W., Toronto 10, Ont.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Glass Menagerie—George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Jo Van Fleet in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Luv—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a cheerful soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing that has come along this season. Mike Nichols (him again) directed it, and everybody in the cast, led by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, is admirable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Martha Scott, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully entertaining. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel did the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver is Sherlock and Inga Swenson a girl who loves him. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Richard Rodgers, not at the top of his game on this occasion, has composed some incidental music for a musical rendition of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo." The tunes are periodically pleasant but not outstanding, and the lyrics, by Stephen Sondheim, are not precisely catchy. Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi play an American spinster and a married Venetian blade in pursuit of her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Flora, the Red Menace—The early thirties viewed retrospectively in a musical written by George Abbott and Robert Russell, and directed by Mr. Abbott. It doesn't make the depression days any more stimulating than they actually were, but the cast, headed by Liza Minnelli and Bob Dishy, labors valiantly against the heavy odds. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the music and lyrics, Onna White did the choreography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music, to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it, but there is one interlude in which a young fellow named Gilbert Price lines out a song called "Feeling Good" that has the bounce that everything else in the show lacks. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Zero Mostel in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.... **FUNNY GIRL:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **GOLDEN BOY:** All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Calisthenics with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
THE CURRENT CINEMA	87
THE RACE TRACK	56
A REPORTER AT LARGE	58

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theater of Lincoln Center—A revival of **KISMET**, with Alfred Drake, Anne Jeffreys, and Lee Venora, is the first of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, July 31.)

APA at the Phoenix—Reopening of a three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Friday, July 23, and Thursday and Friday, July 29-30, all at 8.... ¶ Giraudoux's **JUDITH:** Saturday, July 24, and Saturday, July 31, both at 2:30 and 8:30.... **WAR AND PEACE:** Sunday, July 25, at 2:30 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 27-28, at 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—Final performances of "Fledermaus," in English, will close out the season. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday, July 23, at 8:15, and Saturday, July 24, at 2:30 and 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, July 22-23, at 8:40: "The Gondoliers."... ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 3 and 8:40: "The Mikado."... ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 27-28, at 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 29-30, at 8:40: "The Yeomen of the Guard."... ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 3 and 8:40: "Iolanthe." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Leonard Bernstein's Theatre Songs—This pleasant diversion, as directed by Will Holt and as performed by Don Francks, Trude Adams (in orange), and especially Micki Grant (in pink), falls somewhere between a concert and a revue. Some of the numbers sound a bit frail without the backing of chorus or dancers, but the songs from "Candide" stand up very well indeed, partly, no doubt, because of Richard Wilbur's fine lyrics. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

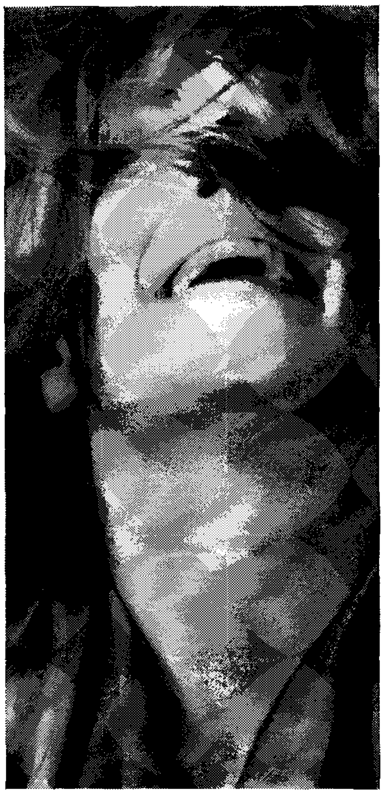
The Knack—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and

---

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 23, July 24, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 *by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of* The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.

now—
fragrance
you can
feel

A Veil of Arpege



tonight I'll
sleep in
A Veil of Arpege

it clings

tomorrow I'll
dance in
A Veil of Arpege

it clings

© 1965 LANVIN-PARFUMS

Now, be all Arpege—all night, all day. Smooth this rich, golden, long-lasting Arpege on your throat, bosom . . . everywhere. It silkens you. The fragrance clings to you—hour after hour. (Also in My Sin.)

Promise her anything but give her Arpege

LANVIN

A VEIL
OF
ARPEGE
LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—The characters who amply justify the title are the unwilling tenants of a prissy housing project in the North of England, and most of the action is concerned with the effect of their frowzy ways on their *nouveau* genteel neighbors. The play, for all its stridency and general messiness, is a most sentimental work, but it has its lively moments, and so has the acting, by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Coriolanus," with Robert Burr, James Earl Jones, and Jane White. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 31.)

Jones Beach Theatre—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box houses the Kim Sisters, a Korean song-and-dance act compounded of great energy and great innocence. The young women show up at mealtimes; the music, which goes on all evening, comes mostly from the band of Lee Evans, which puts in some nice work. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The British have come, but the colonials are still the dominating influence. This mingling of two cultures is overseen—in the main hall—by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Just about as far as the eye of Samuel Clemens could reach. In this happy pageantry, the intricate band compiled by Les and Larry Elgart flourishes and trumpets. On Monday, July 26, it will be succeeded by the orchestra of Richard Maltby, another holdover from the days of richly caparisoned dance music. The sound runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. Sundays, the music is produced by the rubbing together of electronic tubes.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale crews works out every night in the Café Pierre, so no dance-lover's foot need ever be idle. Yvette Souviron, who chirps at her work, plays solitaire piano every night but Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is serving quite palatable summer refreshments, such as Kaye Stevens, a competent dealer in ballads and banter. On Monday, July 26, she will be replaced by Cilla Black, a British caroller. The singers appear at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-fifteen and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays; Milt Shaw's big band and Mark Monte's gadflies are around all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano tinkle away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, which is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into a fashionable watering place in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastrymaker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The top of the evening to you—i.e., the sixty-fifth floor and two rooms (cocktail and dining) with a view. Michael Longo's orchestra, an easy, *en-famille* group, does the dance tunes in the second of these cubicles from eight to one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This particular set of Alps turns a handsome pink at sundown and stays that way until well past bedtime. Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's ensemble ply their trade without surcease from eight to two. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Out in the open, there is dancing under the sun, the moon, the trees, and the fireflies from seven-thirty until after the theatre every night but Monday. Whenever the weather temporarily breaks up the drought, everyone just moves indoors and continues to carry on.

Note—Mass (and merry) participation is no problem at all in **roseland dance city,** at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of the playing fields of Eton. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Young America at table, at play, at ease. Oh, a few fogeys—old, middle-aged, and even quite youthful—too, but not many. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about without cease until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper in both Florentine and English keep showing up and being put to useful work. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **sheraton-east,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The kingpin of the Café Ambassador is Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies. He is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): That merry old soul Hans Christian Andersen slept here, and his castle walls still ring in tune to the music of his fiddler one, Norbert Faconi, dean of the tribe of our stringed friends. He begins his annual sabbatical on Saturday, July 24, but another violinist will go the course while he is away. No music Sundays. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): One more medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated by an expense-account court jester. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome as it might look from a villa in Frascati. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from six until two, would be at home in Frascati, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Not all the legions are Roman, but the table talk and some of the cookery could persuade one that he is having a night out on the Via Veneto. A set of dulcet violinists and such are also out at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The New Spain can be as handsome as the Old. In the largest of the four rooms that prove this premise, a guitar (José Luis Franco) dwells, from eight until one, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, which is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (Gustavo Lopez) that holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The old life of the Isle of Jamaica is giving way to something else (tourism, perhaps), but mourners can enjoy a decent wake on these premises, which have a very Isle look and cuisine. A Jamaican wandering minstrel parades from dinner through supper every night. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The last chance on the way home for those whose workaday lives are passed in the ateliers where wax and film are the tools of the trade. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A cote to delight the view of any bird's or biped's eye. In the bar, off the principal dining room, the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **l'intrigue,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The games mistress is Nancy Steele, who sings a frolicsome song; the man of the house (and of the world) is Jimmie Daniels, the perpetual, who does a brisk ditty; the professor is Murray Grand, who plays a rich and reminiscent piano. This high-fidelity reproduction of club life in the outgoing days begins at eight-thirty, along with the jazz background of Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas. Closed Sundays. . . . **café carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): An uptown drill hall for the palace guard. The gentle Viennese piano of Karl Inwald runs from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **spindletop,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): In the best sense, a theatrical boarding house. We civilians are there, too, and so (after nine) is a full-of-beans guitarist and singer (and they are Mexican jumping beans, at that) named Frankie Ray. He retires on Saturday, July 24, but only for

COMMUNICATIONS

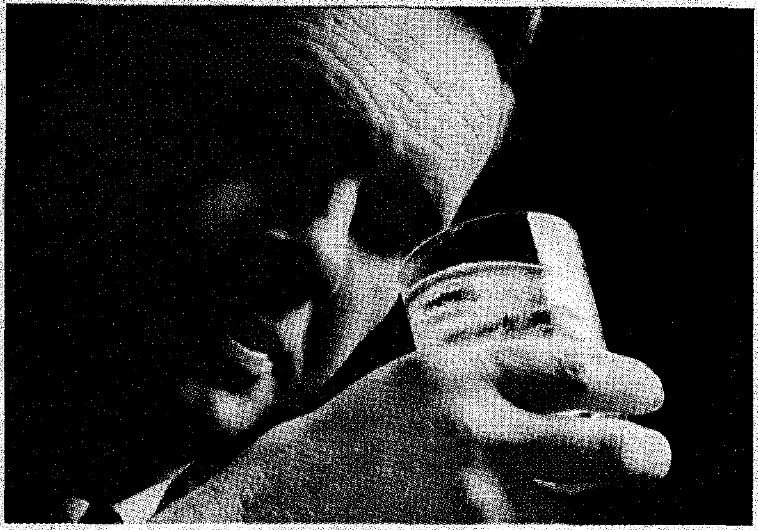
Communications is the business of getting the right information to the right place at the right time. At GT&E, we're in the business of total communications. It starts with the telephone—and takes in electronics, automation, national defense and space technology. And to provide the best in total communications, GT&E harnesses the team efforts of research, manufacturing and operations. Teamwork that leads to greater growth through greater service.

GT&E

Sharing greatly in America's growth

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

730 THIRD AVE., N.Y. 10017 • GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Cos. in 33 states • GT&E Laboratories • GT&E International • General Telephone Directory Co. • Automatic Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Sylvania Electric

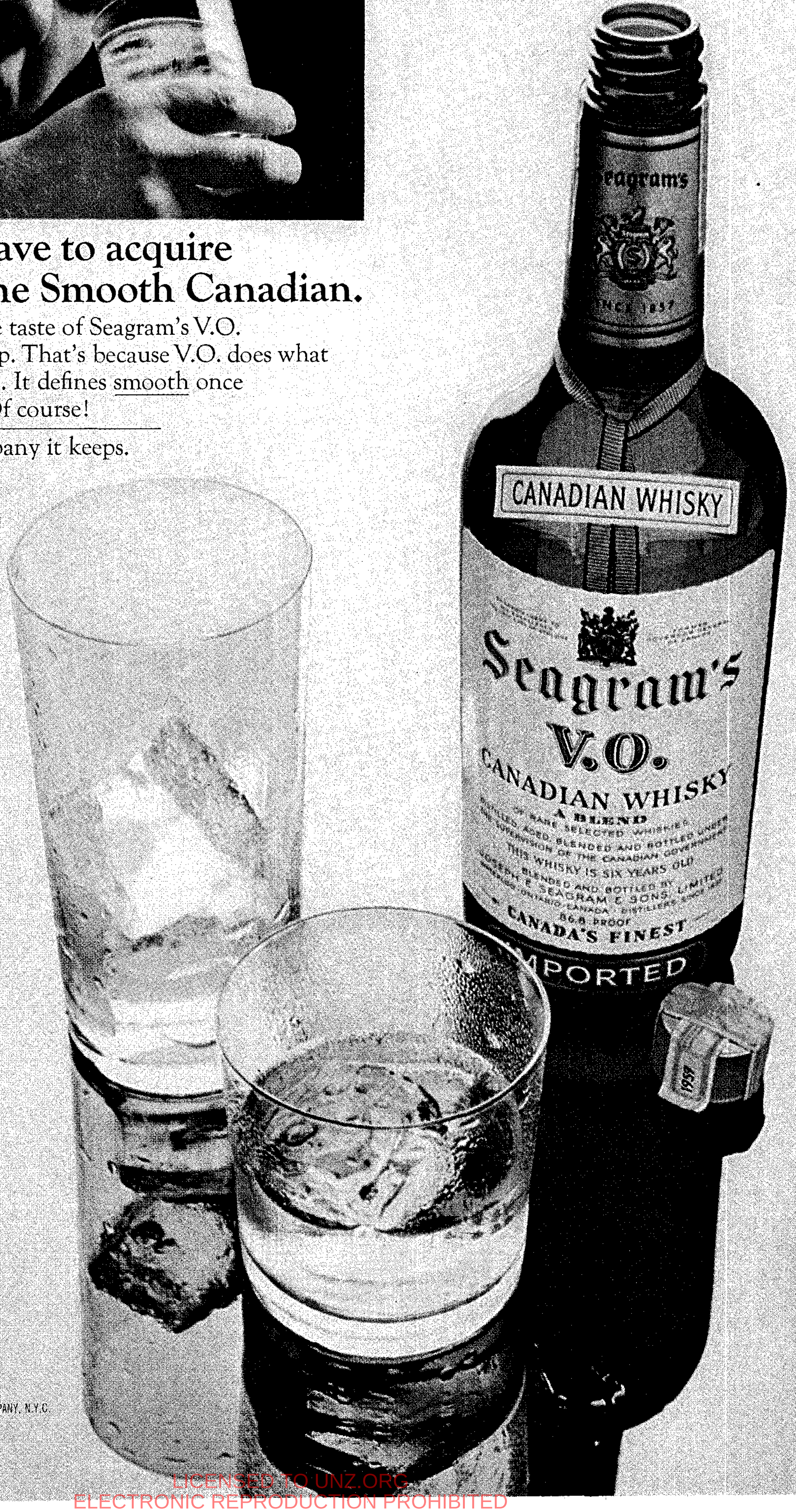


You don't have to acquire a taste for the Smooth Canadian.

Most people like the taste of Seagram's V.O. from the very first sip. That's because V.O. does what no other whisky can. It defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course!

Known by the company it keeps.

Seagram's
Canadian VO



Seagram's
SINCE 1857
CANADIAN WHISKY
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED
1959

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES.
6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a week or so. During his holiday, a neat little pianist, Ellen Harwick, will be his stand-in. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Johnny Ryan potters around the piano from six-thirty to one every night but Monday; Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one every night but Sunday.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life distinguished more by its quantity than by its quality, is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): It's dreamy, mystic little old Egypt, all right, but scarcely the one invented by Thos. Cook & Son. From seven to ten, music to shivaree to is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until one on Sundays, until three or four on other nights. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The current Seventh Heaven for Park Avenue's dancing feet. Like the original Heaven, it has a St. Peter at the door to ask whether you have a reservation. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **ENTRE NOUS,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey astride the record player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Profusion reigns (and pulchritude, too) when the young women of this temple of the arts flow onstage for their arcane eurythmic intertwinings. The current ringmaster is Xavier Cugat, who can be forgiven the atrophied jokes he tells inasmuch as he also supplies Lynda Gloria, a learned Folies-Bergère soubrette; the staccato ballet team of Augie & Margo; and Charo Baeza, a dizzy and dazzling slip of a girl with more than a touch of the *gitane* in her song and guitar. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joni James is adept at running on the inside sound track, where she sounds exactly like all those records of hers; Bernie Allen, a *soi-disant* humorist, is just *soi-disant*. All this is improved by a fetching troupe of ballerinas led by Jane Zachary, a truly let's-have-fun girl. On Thursday, July 29, Miss James and Mr. Allen will be replaced by the Supremes, a nationally advertised all-girl product of the rock-'n'-roll age. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, a sort of Beatle babble commences on the bandstand at ten, and there's not a moment's peace from then until four.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Six characters in search of an author who can do justice to their infinite capacity for harmonizing, both swing and seraphic. The characters are Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Kitty Sullivan, Maggie Peters, Michael Maurer, and Lou Kristofer. The author (composer and pianist, too) they find every evening is William Roy, and the result is jubilee. Robert Colston is the intermission pianoforte man. The doors are unbolted about nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest private army, is marching, singing, and gallivanting like mad. The daughter of the regiment is Luisita Sevilla, who kicks up an extremely vivacious and pretty pair of heels. These players give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Emilio Reyes offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre, expansive in mood and cuisine. A vigorous ballet is enacted by a collection of Spaniards led by Lydia Torea and seconded by a lively wisp named Maribel de Cirez. These enthusiasts are turned loose at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty night after night. Dinner and supper go with all this. Dancing. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" is a surprise package, for it brings from unmerited obscurity a great many arias that even the Porter partisans don't know. It likewise provides Kaye Ballard, queen of the May, with a regular field night, in which she is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. One small exception: The antics occasionally suggest that the producers have forgotten that nearly everything Mr. Porter wrote was pen-in-cheek to begin with. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Pillar of fire is Felicia Sanders' way with most of her ballads; tender is the night as she approaches others. She has the special advantage of first (and only) call on the songs composed by her accompanist, Irving Joseph. Also onstage: the double piano of Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn, which represents nostalgia at its best. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The serene, measured, and articulate sound of Sonny Rollins is the basis of the incumbent quartet; the message of Cecil Taylor's piano and trio is all in code. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Mondays, the noise comes from a new gang, Montego Joe's Afro-Jazz Septet. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Thelonious Monk's quartet (a little kingdom of its own) and the Charlie Mingus Jazz Workshop (a rage to live) very fully occupy the big stage. On Tuesday, July 27, they will yield place to Odetta, a Pierian spring of folk music, and the octet of Herbie Mann, the indefatigable fifeman. Dancing, too, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. One floor above the showroom, dinner and such are served in a restaurant and sidewalk café from five to eleven every night but Monday, when the entire deal on both floors is off. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its effort to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in excellent health and spirits. At the moment, the life-of-the-party Bitter End Singers are doing the folk music. They depart on Sunday, July 25, but other performers of a like nature will take up the theme. Tuesdays are given over to visitors. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Designed for the stout of heart and of ear. The cataclysm begins in midafternoon with the sound of hully and gully; in midevening, Mongo Santamaria's band arrives to do music that, Latin or otherwise, is music and not merely pattern. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St. near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims and Al Cohn indulge in a merry parody of counterpoint as they lead a quintet into action. Every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Jimmy Rushing, a "shouter" almost without equal, makes a handsome contribution. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Nothing but live ammunition is used on this old rifle range, which is also part steak house. The very happy gun club is once again headed by Eddie Condon, and Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Cliff Leeman, Dill Jones, and Herb Gardner are on the firing squad. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Roland Kirk, blowing into nine or ten instruments at what surely seems once, is conducting a fivesome. Warning: Music that rocks and even rolls on Mondays, and dancing as well. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano exhibits a fine collection of *joie de vivre*, has just settled himself and his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard operator, gets in many good licks, too. Mondays, they all stay home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): This youth haven is now one part rock and one part roll, and on a long-term basis—nine-thirty to four weekdays, six to one-thirty Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

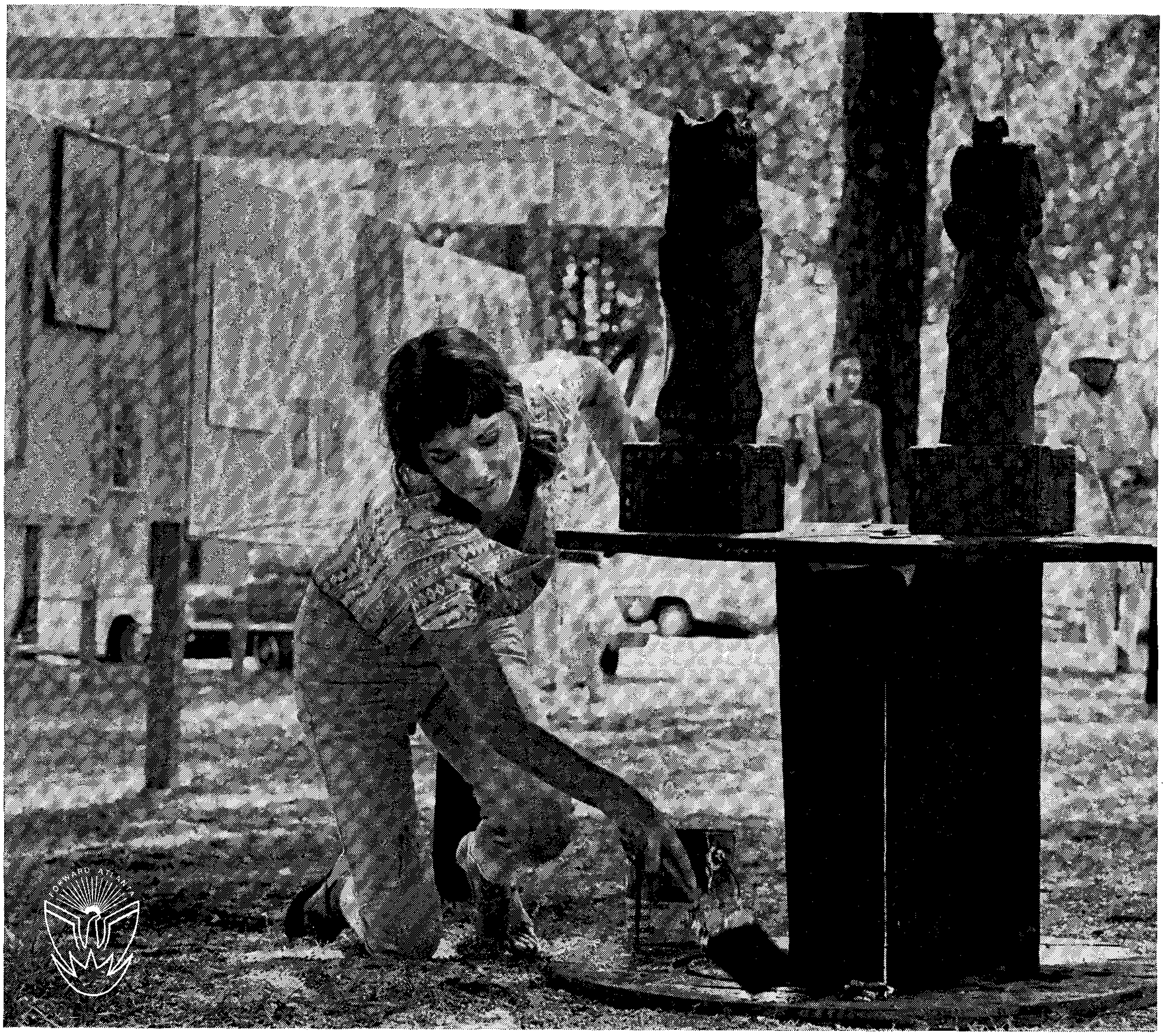
GALLERIES

CARL HOLTY—Abstractions; through Friday, July 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SCULPTURES—Constructivist pieces by American and European artists, among them Joseph Konzal, J. J. Subirachs, and Carel Visser; through Aug. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Thomas Eakins, Joseph Stella, Gaston Lachaise, and others; through Sept. 3. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century painters and sculptors, including Maurice Prendergast, Louis Bouché, and Robert Laurent; through Aug. 13. . . . **LEWISON,** 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5.) . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through Friday, July 30. . . . **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Mary Cassatt, Hovsep Pushman, and Albert P. Ryder are among the artists with paintings

You can help make things happen in Atlanta



Mrs. Edward I. Haigh, III, formerly of Milwaukee, helping to set up the 12th Annual Arts Festival in Piedmont Park.

One of the first things you'll notice when you move to Atlanta is an air of happy involvement. Everywhere you go, you'll feel drawn into all the good things that are going on.

Could be partly because the people in Atlanta are so easy to get to know. And so eager to share their enthusiasms and projects with you.

Anyway, you'll feel it. And soon be part of it. Contributing fresh ideas and starting projects of your own.

And there you'll be. Making things happen. Maybe that's the reason so few people ever leave Atlanta. They're too busy arriving.

Atlanta Chamber of Commerce
P. O. Box 1740/Atlanta, Georgia

on view in a show called "Americans, Sung and Unsung;" through Aug. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Three of the participants in a showing of small watercolors, drawings, and lithographs for the budgeted collector are Robert Motherwell, Larry Rivers, and Mario Schifano; through Sept. 10. (World House, 987 Madison Ave. at 77th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and drawings by Picasso, Dubuffet, Léger, and others; through Friday, July 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, for instance) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Collages (1950-65) by American artists, including Robert Goodnough, Robert Motherwell, and Conrad Marca-Relli; through Sunday, July 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;" namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Mitchell, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Twenties Revisited," an exhibit of paintings, graphics, sculptures, photographs, and memorabilia done in the twenties by, for example, John Held, Jr., Peter Blume, and Jo Davidson; through Sept. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Audubon watercolors and drawings; through Friday, July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—A double exhibition, one of full-length watercolor portraits by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel, and the other of weathervanes and whirligigs; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, and jade) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit commemorating the seven-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante and containing rare editions and various translations of "The Divine Comedy," books with illustrations by Botticelli and William Blake, photographs, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America 1965," a showing by a group of thirty painters and sculptors under thirty-five years of age, among them Mary Bauermeister, Jim Dine, and Robert Murray; through Aug. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

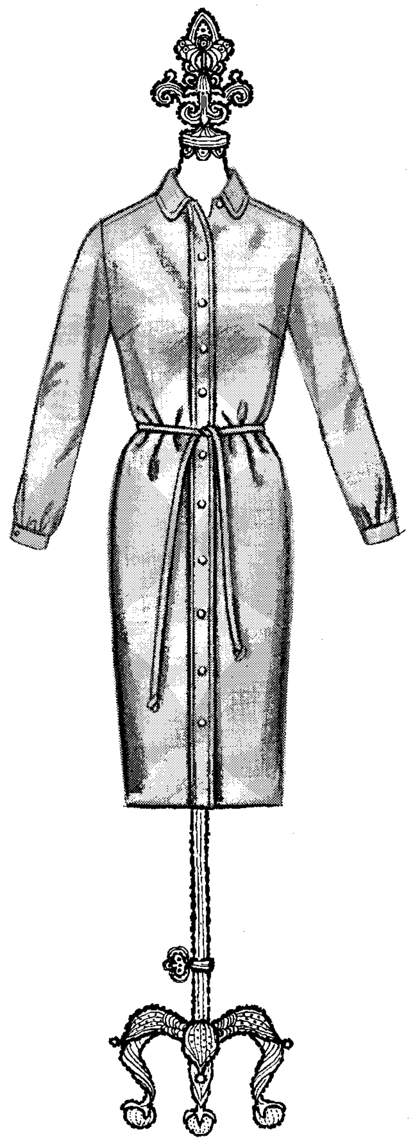
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC FESTIVAL OF FRENCH AND AMERICAN MUSIC—At Philharmonic Hall, the final performances of the season—Thursday, July 22: Charles Munch directing a performance of Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Richard Verreau, tenor; Theodor Uppman and Laurence Bogue, baritones; and the Camerata Singers. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23: A chamber-music program conducted, in part, by Richard Dufallo and John Cage and performed by Merce Cunningham and his dance company; the Lenox Quartet; the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University; Bethany Beardslee, soprano; and David Tudor, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24: Lukas Foss and Darius Milhaud directing, with Robert, Gaby, and Jean Casadesus, as piano soloists, and the Camerata Singers. . . . ¶ Monday, July 26: A chamber-music program performed by the Chamber Ensemble from the Marlboro Music Festival, with Leon Kirchner conducting one of his own works, and with Grace Lynn-Martin, soprano, and Laurence Bogue, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 28: Aaron Copland directing his opera "The Tender Land" in concert form, with Joy Clements, soprano; Claramae Turner, mezzo-soprano; Richard Cassilly, tenor; Richard Fredricks, baritone; Norman Treigle, bass-baritone; and the Choral Art Society. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30: Lukas Foss conducting, with Duke Ellington conducting two of his own works and acting as narrator, and with Leonard Rose, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31: Lukas Foss conducting, with Duke Ellington conducting two of his own works and acting as narrator, and with André Watts, piano. (Evenings at 8:30.)

LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS—Friday, July 23: Kurt Adler directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" in concert form,

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



Organization

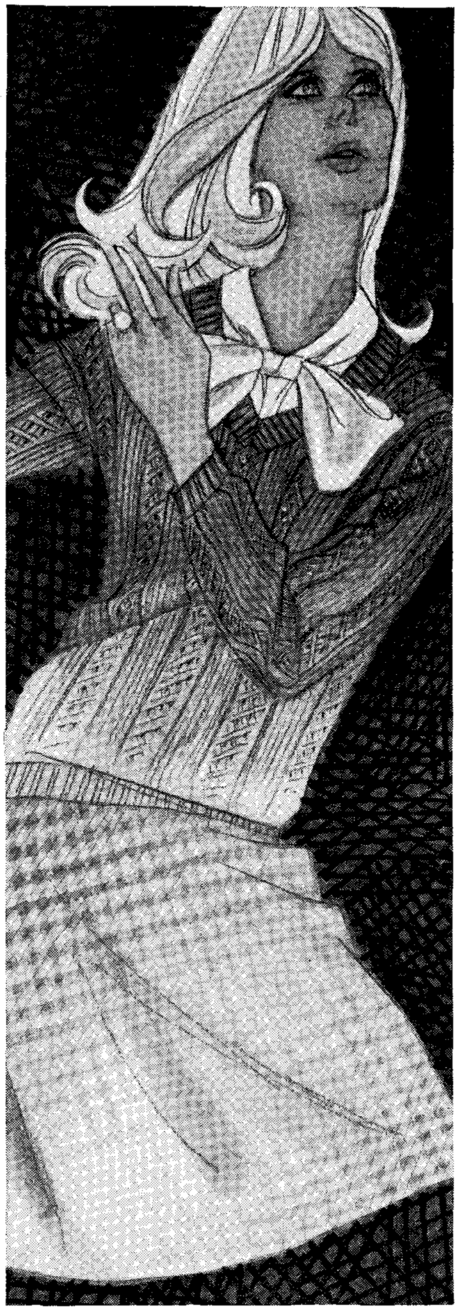
What to wear when you feel it's high time we got something accomplished around here. Got up earlier. Quit smoking. Read improving books. The Hoover-collared shift, long in the sleeve, with a sash for further organization. Fortrel polyester* and cotton *Villaweave* in Cornflower, Dusty Olive, Wheat, Thistle, Russet, Meadow Green, Wild Cherry. Sizes 6 to 16.

About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Have you heard the gossip about Lady Hathaway?

First, it was man-tailored shirts. Now it's *skirts* and *sweaters* as well. All man-tailored. And all coordinated for a totally new, young look.

Take the outfit above. A Hathaweave Bow-Tie shirt ($10.00) is matched with an "A" line Twill Check skirt ($26.00) and with an all-wool, Shaker-knit pullover ($17.00).

In a variety of colors, sizes 8-16, at better stores.

Lady Hathaway, 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. *A fashion division of Warner Brothers Company.*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Roberta Peters and Carlotta Ordassy, sopranos; Jan Peerce, tenor; Calvin Marsh, baritone; and John Macurdy, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24: Willi Boskovsky directing the orchestra and chorus in a program of Viennese music, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano. . . . ¶ Monday, July 26: Martin Rich conducting the orchestra and chorus in a program called "The Mysterious East," with Lucine Amara and Beverly Bower, sopranos; Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Verreau, tenor. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 28: Ignace Strasfogel conducting the orchestra in a program of four works performed by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet—"Les Sylphides," "Pas de Quatre," "The Polovtsian Dances," and excerpts from "The Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ Friday, July 30: Joseph Rosenstock directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Tosca" in concert form, with Dorothy Kirsten, soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; and Walter Cassel, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31: Franz Allers directing the orchestra and chorus in a program of show music, with Jeanette Scovotti and Anne Elgar, sopranos, and Frank Guarrera and Theodor Uppman, baritones. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Metropolitan Opera box office, Broadway at 40th St., PE 6-1210, and the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 7. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

New School Outdoor Concerts—Final performances of the season—Friday, July 23: Readings by poets from the New Bohemia. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24: Anita Sheer, folk singer. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25: Dramatic readings by Bea Richards and Frank Silvera. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be held in the auditorium.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 13.). . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Gino Sambuco, violin, and Gerald Warburg, cello. The first in a series of four concerts. (Saturday, July 24, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, July 22, at 8:30: Pee Wee Russell's quintet (with Bobby Hackett). . . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8:30: Roy Eldridge's quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 23, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a Dvořák-Tchaikovsky program, with Leonard Rose, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Beethoven-Hindemith program, with Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; and Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 27, at 8: A chamber-music concert by the Lenox Quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 28, at 8: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund, with Duke Ellington as piano soloist in some of his own works. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 8: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony, with Nicole Henriot-Schweitzer, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 22.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Folk and jazz concerts—Saturday, July 24, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 3:30: Josh White. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Thelonious Monk. (Lenox, Mass.)

Newport Folk Festival—Thursday, July 22, at 8: Joan Baez, Maybelle Carter, the New Lost City Ramblers, Josh White, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 8: Mississippi John Hurt; Memphis Slim; Peter, Paul & Mary; Pete Seeger; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8: Theodore Bikel, Oscar Brand, Ian and Sylvia, Odetta, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 2:30: Byron and Lue Berline, the Blue Ridge Mountain Dancers, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 8: Ronnie Gilbert; Peter, Paul & Mary; Jean Ritchie; Bob Dylan; and others. (Festival Field, Connell Highway. For tickets, call CO 5-1267.)

Note—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Through Saturday, July 24: The Nederlands Dans Theater (Dutch Ballet Theatre). . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 27-31: The Alba-Reyes Spanish Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.). . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: Daniel Nagrin *and Bertram Ross and his company*. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: Ruth Currier and Erick Hawkins with their companies. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 22, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday, July 27, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, July 28, at 7; and Thursday, July 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, July 30, at 8, and Saturday, July 31, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Joe DiMaggio, Pee Wee Reese, Al Rosen, and other major-league players of past years, will start at about 1). . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, July 23, at 8; Saturday, July 24, at about 2:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at about 1:15, and will include a couple of innings between former stars of the Giants and Dodgers, among them Babe Herman, Don Newcombe, Eddie Stanky, and Travis Jackson); and Sunday, July 25, at 1:05 (doubleheader).

Golf—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Lancaster Country Club, Lancaster, N.Y. Through Saturday, July 24.). . . ¶ Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Thursday *through* Sunday, July 29-Aug. 1.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD**, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 24. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 7. The Choice, Saturday, July 24, and the Sorority, Saturday, July 31. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League: West *Bromwich Albion vs. Polonia Bytom and* Kilmarnock vs. Ferencvaros. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, July 25, at 2:30.)

Tennis—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Through Sunday, July 25.). . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, July 26-Aug. 1.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturday, at 7:06.). . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8, from Thursday, July 29, through Monday, Sept. 27. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

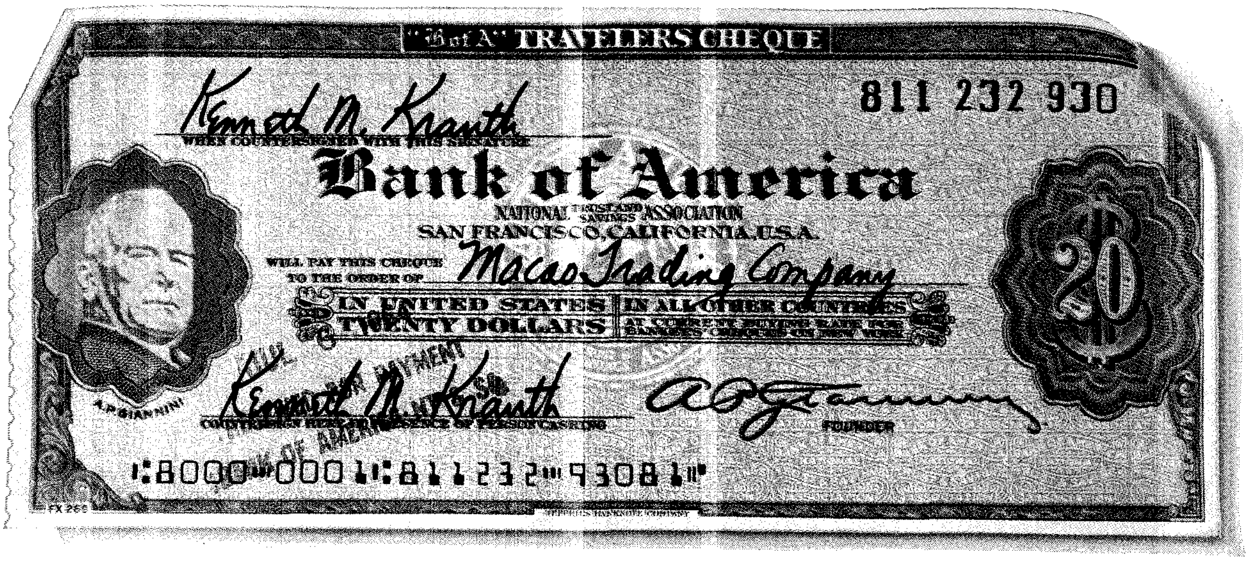
Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 24.). . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Saturday, July 24, through Saturday, July 31.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before

The pataca is local currency in Macao.

So is this.



"B of A" TRAVELERS CHEQUE

811 232 930

Kenneth M. Krauth

WHEN COUNTERSIGNED WITH THIS SIGNATURE

Bank of America

NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

WILL PAY THIS CHEQUE TO THE ORDER OF Macao Trading Company

IN UNITED STATES TWENTY DOLLARS

IN ALL OTHER COUNTRIES AT CURRENT BUYING RATE FOR BANKERS' CHEQUES ON NEW YORK

Kenneth M. Krauth

COUNTERSIGN HERE IN PRESENCE OF PERSON CASHING

FOUNDER

A.P. GIANNINI

⑆8000⑈0001⑆811232⑈93081⑈

FX 269

20

In Portuguese, Persian or Punjabi there's no better word for "security" than "Bank of America Travelers Cheques." Known and accepted the world over, they come with a money-back guarantee against loss or theft. Whenever you travel, carry money only you can spend—**BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES.**

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

·Red Coach·
·Red Coach·
·Red Coach·
·Red Coach·
·Red Coach·
·Red Coach·
Red Coach·
BOTTLED IN BOND

How many fine restaurants serve bonded whiskies only?

At least 15. You see, at every Red Coach, the bourbon you're served is always bonded. Why do we pay more and charge you nothing extra? Because we believe our drinks should meet the same high standards as our steaks and lobsters and other temptations on the Big Red Menu. Join friends for a drink in the Tally-Ho Lounge. You'll discover why particular people come back to the Red Coach . . . often.

Red Coach Grill

There are now 15 Red Coach Grills in New England, New York, Chicago and Florida.

RED COACH GRILLS
a division of Howard Johnson Company

the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. For some reason, almost everyone leaves the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary when the Fair *is* crowded, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it.

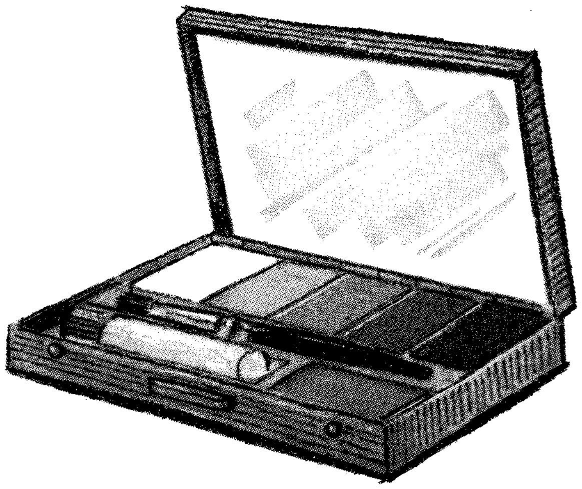
Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Through July and August, admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays.

The Belgian Village—Since 1930, a Belgian architect has been making molds of the façades of seventeenth-century Belgian buildings for reproduction at various World's Fairs. The current edition, covering four and a half acres, is the largest, and includes a church, a city hall, Belgian lace and crystal and Yugoslavian handbags and runless stockings for sale, a working antique carrousel, the world's largest opal, wooden-shoe dancing in the lumpy cobblestone streets, music everywhere, and more restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is $1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

Pavilions—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. The prices at the Mexican restaurant have been cut in half and the menu changed accordingly, but the combination plate is delicious, better than the barbecued lamb. The bar is one of the most attractive at the Fair. The mariachi band is good and can be heard from anywhere.... ¶ Other commendable restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. Slightly less commendable, but interesting and not very expensive, is the restaurant in the Pakistan pavilion. The outdoor tables, which provide a good view of passersby, are preferable to those inside.... ¶ It isn't necessary to pay the Fair admission to get into the Top of the Fair restaurant. If you can get waited on, or even shown to a table, within half an hour of your arrival, at least on Saturday night, there is food, drink, and dancing.... ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar."... ¶ The New York State Pavilion, which is exciting to visit for any reason at all, contains an exhibit of paintings of New York City done between 1880 and 1958. 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.; free.... ¶ The Pennsylvania exhibit, new this year and situated near the Fountain of Planets in the Industrial Area, consists of two Boy Scouts and a reproduction of the Liberty Bell.... ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carburetor, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary, a boon at this time of the year, when the Fair is most crowded. Free.... ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free.... ¶ Between 10 P.M. and 2 A.M., the Underground Home becomes an underground discothèque.

Shado-Shades

New! It's a golden box small enough to slip into a handbag, yet holds a complete wardrobe of Elizabeth Arden Cake Eye Shados for outlining and enlarging the eyes. A fine natural fur brush and tube of liquid for mixing are included too. And for an instant touch of radiance, there's a pat of Color Veil. Try Shado-Shades and see... beauty in the eye of the beholder! 5.00



Elizabeth Arden

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Cat Ballou—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny, as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607. . . . ¶ Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through July 26.)

Goldfinger—The third James Bond picture, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performances Wednesday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Murder Your Wife—Jack Lemmon stars in George Axelrod's amusing and deeply felt study of the horrors of marriage. Also on hand are Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 28.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Masquerade—A preposterous mock thriller, which will either amuse you or irritate you. Starring Jack Hawkins, Cliff Robertson, and a crumbly castle. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 27.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Operation Crossbow—Daring top-secret ploys and counterploys, by which the Nazis are just barely kept from winning the Second World War. Starring George Peppard, Tom Courtenay, Trevor Howard, Sophia Loren, Lilli Palmer, and lots of other heroes and villains. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through July 27.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Symphony for a Massacre—A French movie showing how all five of a gang of shrewd criminals are killed because one turns out to be greedier than the rest. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through July 27.)

36 Hours—Wicked Nazis and an alert United States Intelligence man in a seesaw battle of wits at a critical moment of the Second World War. With James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 28.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Train—How the Nazis, losing the Second World War, attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. With Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield, and ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting July 28.)

What's New Pussycat?—The life and easy times of the international set in Paris, as they might have been portrayed by Mack Sennett or any of the other grand old masters of cinematic horseplay. The movie may seem at times a bit too special and inbred for general comfort, but it is also bright, original, and sharp as a tack. Woody Allen, who wrote the script, also appears in it, as do Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, and Romy Schneider. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through July 27. . . . ¶ Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; starting July 28.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 27.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 23-26.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 23.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

A Cold Wind in August (1961)—The story concerns a tough stripper (Lola Albright) and a hitherto virtuous boy (Scott Marlowe) who fall in love. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 27.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 22.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting July 28. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 28, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 23.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy life of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 23-24.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting July 28. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 28, tentative.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through July 27.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 25-26.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 22.)

Let's Talk About Women (1964)—A multiple-episode Italian comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 27.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 27.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 22.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 22.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 24-25.)

Rhapsody in Blue (1945)—Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith in a musical biography of George Gershwin. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 27.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 27.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 23-26.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 25-26.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy centering on some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 22.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 28.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Three programs in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master." July 22, showings at 3 and 8: "Birth of a Nation" (1915), with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ July 23-24, showings at 3: "Intolerance" (1916), with Mae Marsh. . . . ¶ July 25-28, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930), with Walter Huston. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Through July 24: Four Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a short with ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ July 27-28: "Sons of the Desert" (1934) and two shorts, all with Laurel and Hardy. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through July 27: **OPERATION CROSSBOW.**
From July 28: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Harlow," Carroll Baker.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 26: **CAT BALLOU.**
July 27: Theatre closed.
From July 28: "Ship of Fools," Vivien Leigh, Simone Signoret.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 27: "Backfire" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.
From July 28: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 27: **MASQUERADE**; and "The Art of Love," James Garner, Dick Van Dyke.
From July 28 (tentative): **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through July 27: "Cinderella," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.
From July 28: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through July 27: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.
From July 28: **THE TRAIN.**

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through July 27: **ZORBA THE GREEK.**
From July 28: "Ship of Fools," Vivien Leigh, Simone Signoret.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Harlow," Carroll Baker.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Harvey Middleman, Fireman," Gene Troobnick, Hermione Gingold.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through July 27: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From July 28: **ZORBA THE GREEK.**

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
July 22: **MAYERLING** and **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (both in French and both revivals).
July 23-24: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
July 25-26: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (both in French and both revivals).
July 27: **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**, revival; and "Private Property," revival, Kate Manx.
From July 28: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**; and **36 HOURS.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Casanova '70" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Virna Lisi.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 27: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.
From July 28: **THE TRAIN.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 27: **MASQUERADE**; and "The Art of Love," James Garner, Dick Van Dyke.
From July 28 (tentative): **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 27: "Cinderella," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.
From July 28: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Marriage—Italian Style," Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
CAT BALLOU.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 22: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival.
July 23-26: **LA STRADA** and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From July 27: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; and "Miracle in Milan" (in Italian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 27: **RHAPSODY IN BLUE**, revival; and "Night and Day," revival, Cary Grant, Alexis Smith.
From July 28: **TORMENT** and "Port of Call" (both in Swedish and both revivals).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 27: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**, revival; and **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival.
From July 28: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 27: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.
From July 28: **THE TRAIN**; and "Happy Anniversary," revival, David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 27: **SYMPHONY FOR A MASSACRE** (in French); and "Taxi for Tobruk" (in French), Lino Ventura, Charles Aznavour.
From July 28: "White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
July 22: "Back Door" (with Mandarin dialogue).
From July 23: "The Female Prince" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Casanova '70" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Virna Lisi.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"China!," a documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (in Italian), revival; and "Women of the World," revival, a documentary film.

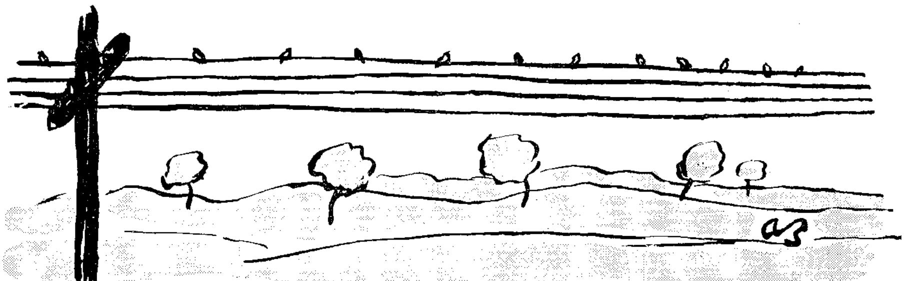
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 23: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.
July 24-25: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "Bay of the Angels" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From July 26: "Before the Revolution" (in Italian).

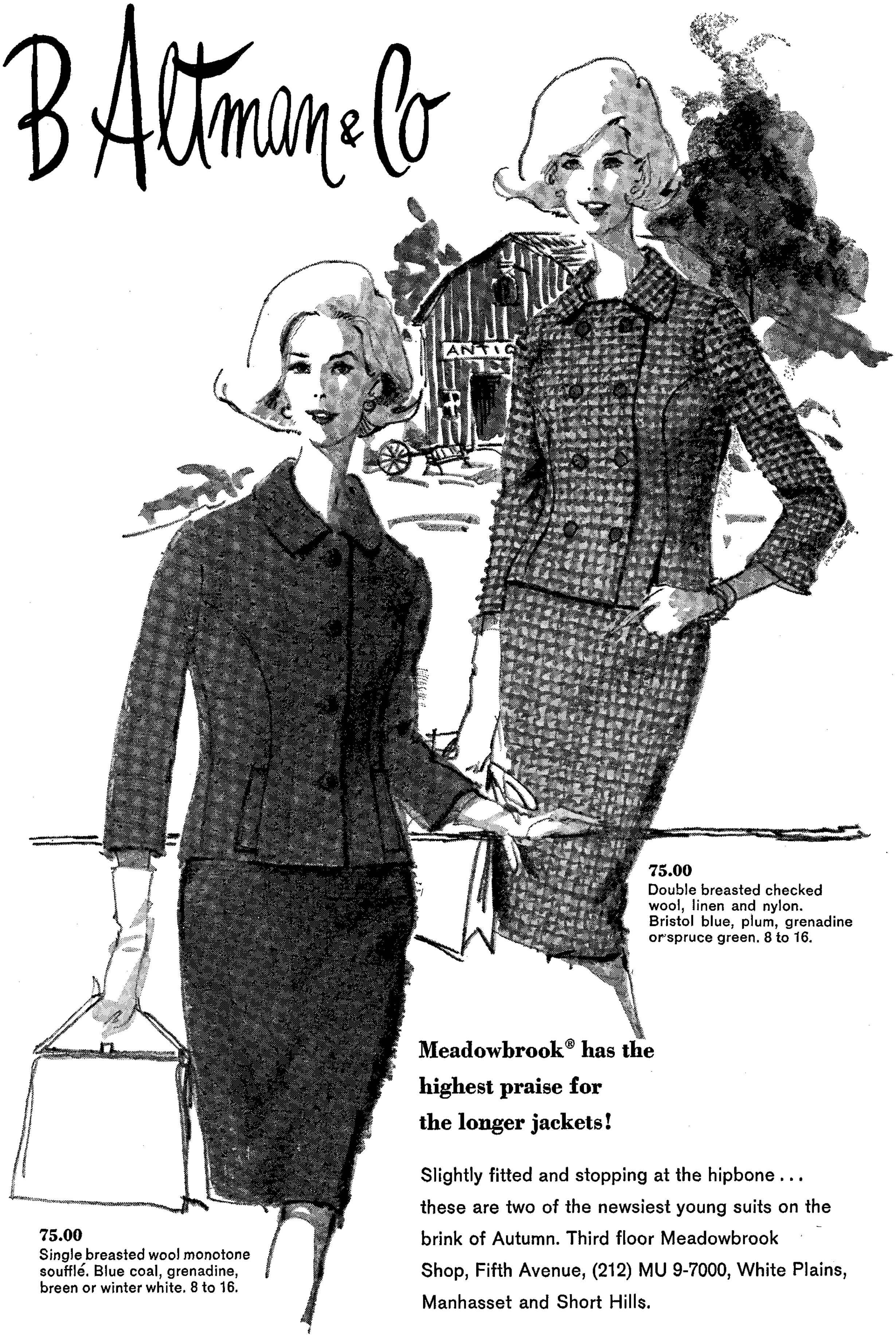
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 22: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and "My Name Is Ivan" (in Russian), revival, Kolya Burlaiev.
July 23: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.
July 24: **VOLPONE** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
July 25: Prokofieff's "Cinderella," revival, in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps; and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian), revival, Galina Ulanova.
July 26: "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
July 27: A program of nine short films on the dance—"The Nutcracker Suite," "Pavlova Dances," "Romantic Youth," and others.
July 28: **THE INFORMER**, revival; and **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 27: **SYMPHONY FOR A MASSACRE** (in French); and "Taxi for Tobruk" (in French), Lino Ventura, Charles Aznavour.
From July 28: "White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.



B Altman & Co



75.00
Double breasted checked wool, linen and nylon. Bristol blue, plum, grenadine or spruce green. 8 to 16.

Meadowbrook® has the highest praise for the longer jackets!

Slightly fitted and stopping at the hipbone . . . these are two of the newsiest young suits on the brink of Autumn. Third floor Meadowbrook Shop, Fifth Avenue, (212) MU 9-7000, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills.

75.00
Single breasted wool monotone soufflé. Blue coal, grenadine, breen or winter white. 8 to 16.

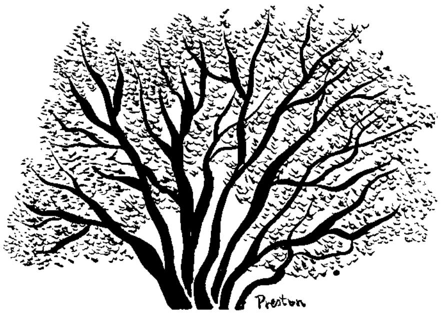
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the big "if"s in recent history is what our country might have become and how the world at large might have been affected if Adlai Ewing Stevenson had been elected President of the United States thirteen years ago. Some months back, talking about this "if" and about the various blows Mr. Stevenson had had to take, we asked one of his closest friends, Mrs. Edison Dick, who had known him for forty years, whether she felt sorry for him. "Not at all," she said. "I can feel sorry for a person who hasn't prevailed against fate, but I think he has prevailed." Over the past year, we had the deep pleasure of seeing quite a bit of Mr. Stevenson, with the intention of writing about him in these pages, and the more we saw of him, the surer we were she was right. Of course, every time we listened to him speak, and every time we read his prose, we regretted that he wasn't doing some writing in these pages himself. "I had a taste for literature and for the academic," he said to us last winter, early on a Sunday morning—a corner of time he had reserved in his backbreaking schedule for one of his talks with us—and he went on, "It's been part of the luggage I've carried in public life which doesn't yield public dividends." As always when he talked about himself, there was a lightness in the texture of his voice, and now its tone conveyed a detached, wry enjoyment of his own plight.

That morning was two days after his sixty-fifth birthday, and he had been awakened at his apartment in the Waldorf Towers—his official residence as United States Ambassador to the United Nations—at one in the morning by a caller from the State Department who wanted to tell him about the country's first major air strike in Vietnam. When we arrived for our appointment, around eight o'clock, we learned that Mr. Stevenson had been on the telephone with government officials intermittently throughout the rest of the night. Nevertheless, he looked fresh and alert, and he was newly shaven and pink-cheeked, dressed in pin-striped navy trousers, a brown tweed jacket, a blue shirt open at the neck, and well-worn bedroom slippers. He had a new crisis on his hands, he told us. Also, he was wondering what to do about a number of house guests—friends who had come from far points to help him celebrate his birthday. They would be getting up soon, and meanwhile he had arranged for several meetings, on the crisis, to be held later that morning at his office at the United States Mission to the United Nations. He expected to attend a hastily called meeting of the Security Council in the afternoon or evening. Notwithstanding this program, Mr. Stevenson showed no inclination to call off our talk. At the time, we were preoccupied with the broad question of what *might* have been, for him, and, as a result of having already spent a good many hours watching him and listening to him, with the further question of what might still *be*. We asked him, after one jangling telephone call, what he would like above all else to be doing at that moment. "I'd like to be out on my farm, in Libertyville, pruning trees," he said, and then, with that delightful, friendly Stevenson laugh, he added, "And I'd like an opportunity to get some rest. I've had about eleven days' vacation all told since I went into this job, four years ago. I'd like to do some reflecting and reading. I have an enormous accumulation of books I'd like to read. I'd like to be able to spend some time with my children and my grandchildren. And I'd like to travel, in a leisurely way, when I wouldn't be on exhibition and wouldn't have to perform. In the past twenty-four years—ever since I went to Washington during the war—I haven't had an opportunity to travel without having the travel coupled with ceremonies or the writing of articles or the taking of notes. But my first responsibility is to the President and to this job. I'd like to be useful as long as I can be. I've been so involved with affairs of my own generation I'd feel a little bereft if I were *not* involved. It's tempting sometimes to dream about a tranquil old age, but I think I'd be a little restive."



IN the past four and a half years, in addition to attending sessions with President Kennedy's Cabinet, and then with President Johnson's, and attending meetings of the Security Council and the General Assembly and endless United Nations commissions, Mr. Stevenson had several speaking engagements a week, usually at luncheons or at dinners. (When he was not attending breakfasts, luncheons, cocktail parties, dinners, cookouts, and suppers given by other people, at least half of which were connected in one way or another with the United Nations, he usually played host at two or three of them a week himself.) One of his extracurricular appearances last August, shortly before the Democratic Convention, was at the final dinner of the annual meeting of the American Bar Association, held in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, where he was to make a speech. We met Mr. Stevenson at his apartment a few minutes before he was due at the dinner, and accompanied him to the Grand Ballroom, marvelling as we went at his fantastic energy. He appeared to be wholly absorbed in what he was about to do; there was no sign that he had walked into hundreds of other ballrooms set up for two or three thousand chicken dinners to be eaten by uncomfortably dinner-jacketed or strenuously gowned goers and doers—lawyers, engineers, actors, opera lovers, zoologists, and all the others. From the Bar Association dais, he looked into thousands of unanimated faces without mirroring anything of what he saw; his expression remained lively. An audience of lawyers, Mr. Stevenson had warned us, was by nature extremely conservative, and it seemed to us that he was relishing the challenge. The usual string orchestra, in red-and-gold uniforms, played "Some Enchanted Evening" from a balcony, and Mr. Stevenson, looking up, gave the musicians a nod. He remarked to one of the lawyers on the dais that a pre-dinner highball might be a good idea, and the lawyer offered him what he described as his own "slightly used bourbon." Mr. Stevenson smiled gratefully and took it. Then, as his custom was at dinners of this kind, he put on his horn-rimmed glasses and started studying the speech he had written and making improvements in it. As usual, there were interruptions for autographs, for the introduction of wives, and for announcements from citizens that they had voted for him in 1952 and/or 1956—information that was frequently offered in a near-recriminatory key, because, in a success-happy age, he had not won.

In addressing the A.B.A., Mr. Stevenson tried to make his gray, largely humorless audience laugh, and he succeeded. "I've been paying dues to the A.B.A. for forty years," he began, before starting to read his prepared speech. "Now I have the privilege of making a speech. Without compensation, of course. [Laughter] There's something about a Presidential election year that makes even retired politicians restless. [Laughter] At the United Nations, I sometimes yearn for the peace and tranquillity of a political campaign. Everybody wants to talk to me about politics, evidently forgetting that I am now a statesman. [Laughter]" With his audience warmed up and at least somewhat relaxed, Mr. Stevenson said what he had come to say. The pronouncements of Barry Goldwater were much in the minds of Americans that August, and Mr. Stevenson made it clear that he, too, was thinking about them. "I have thought that the strength of the American political system lay precisely in its lack of extreme contrasts, in its rejection of dogma, in the fact that rigid ideology really has no relevance to our great political parties," he said. "And this system has remained intact for more than a century—the most stable, durable, and adaptable system the world has ever seen. But now, as society and the world become more complex, some people want to repeal the whole thing. They seem to yearn for the old simplicity, for the shorthand analysis, for the black-and-white choice, for the cheap-and-easy answer, for the child's guide to good and evil. The very color and diversity of our pluralistic society seem to confuse them; they want it plain and unitary." The lawyers sat there. Quite evidently, they were not on fire. But Mr. Stevenson wound up with undiminished passion and undiminished devotion to what he wanted to tell them. "The greatness of the issues calls out for greatness in ourselves, to vindicate democracy, to speak for freedom, and to make our profoundest affirmation of faith in the American way of life," he concluded. The applause was dutiful. However, Mr. Stevenson didn't seem disappointed as the thousands of lawyers began to plod out of the ballroom. One of them, a chubby man, rather pale and ill at ease, came over to Mr. Stevenson and, after telling him that he had voted for him in 1952 and again in 1956, said, "I remember 1960 in Los Angeles. That was quite a demonstration they put on for you." "They raise more hell when I'm *not* a candidate than when I am," Mr. Stevenson said, with his laugh.

Later on, in reply to a question, Mr. Stevenson told us that he thought he could speak fairly easily now, although it had taken him many years to reach that point. "I had a terrible time as a young man," he explained. "I was very self-conscious, and I could never speak in public without getting paralyzed with fright." He said that his eldest son, Adlai E. Stevenson III, who is a lawyer and a member of the Illinois House of Representatives, was developing into a good speaker. "He's a very thoughtful student of public life," Mr. Stevenson said. "He has a natural dignity about him, yet he has a wonderful sense of humor. I don't know whether he's got the stomach for the crudities of politics. I don't think he'd ever be any good as a demagogue."

At the Democratic Convention, a week or so afterward, Mr. Stevenson, who was a delegate from Illinois, seemed to enjoy himself. He particularly enjoyed the fact that with him in Atlantic City were his three sons—John Fell and Borden in addition to Adlai III—and John's wife, Natalie, and Adlai III's wife, Nancy, both of whom were delegates, the former from California and the latter from Illinois. Mr. Stevenson joked with the boys about the Convention activities of the two young women, who, he said, had a natural talent for politics. "Natalie is so damn important I want to follow her around and pick up crumbs of wisdom," he said. Later he told us, "I've been going to Conventions since 1948, and this is the first time that I've been able to get to the *Convention.* Heretofore, I've always been locked up in an icebox. When you're being nominated, you can never get out of your hotel room. You eat sandwiches. You walk from microphone to microphone. You put your head out the door and look up and down the hall. Then you settle in to write a speech, and furtive characters peer in at you from time to time. And out of all this comes imperishable American political prose."

In Atlantic City, Mr. Stevenson was again besieged by people who wanted to tell him that they had voted for him. Hotel doormen, addressing him as "Adlai," told him that he should be the Presidential nominee, and Mr. Stevenson courteously thanked them. A woman came over to him and said, "You have such a nice warm face," and Mr. Stevenson courteously thanked *her.* A couple of women, both wearing plaid Bermuda shorts, told him that their names were Rhoda and Sally, that they taught second grade somewhere out West, and that he was their "favorite candidate." "We ought to go back to school," Mr. Stevenson said gallantly. "Things have improved."

In the course of some Convention high jinks, Mr. Stevenson said to us, "They used to call me aloof. Actually, I love to be with people. I *enjoy* them. But you can't have things both ways, and when you have to work on a speech, you can't be shut up in your room working and out with people at the same time. However, I've never been able to go for the smash-and-grab kind of person in politics, and, for some reason, that made a certain number of people say I wasn't being practical. It's entirely possible, I think, to be a responsible and completely effective public official without being a smasher-grabber."

One question we'd wondered about for some time was how the legend had arisen about Mr. Stevenson's being "indecisive," and we asked for his explanation of it. "It arose largely from one fact, and that was that when President Truman asked me to be the Presidential candidate in April of 1952, I declined," he told us. "I declined for two reasons. One, I was already an avowed candidate for reëlection as Governor of Illinois. I didn't see, in justice to the people of Illinois, how I could be a candidate for two offices at the same time. And, two, I didn't *want* to run for President. I had no such ambition. I wanted to finish the job I'd started in Illinois. For the ensuing six months, I was beset right and left by individuals and delegations from all over the United States putting pressure on me to announce that I was a candidate and to enter the primaries and compete for the nomination. When I refused to do so and never wavered and was very decisive, and then was subsequently nominated at the Convention and accepted, I was told, 'You're indecisive.' Nobody can believe you when you say you're not a candidate. It's a curious thing. The more decisive you are in not seeking an exalted office, the more they say you're indecisive. My very decisiveness was attributed to what they call indecision. Sometimes you look back at it all and it seems almost comic. I don't have any feeling of bitterness. Both times I ran, it was obviously hopeless. To run as a Democrat in 1952 was hopeless, let alone run against the No. 1 War Hero. Even so, if it hadn't been for that going-to-Korea business, I might have beaten him." There was no sound of regret or vanity in Mr. Stevenson's voice; he spoke with as much enthusiasm for the subject, and as much appreciation of its inherent interest, as if he had been discussing some episode in history that he just happened to know something about.

The talk turned to Washington, D.C., and we asked Mr. Stevenson whether he liked the place.

"I've lived so much of my life there and know it so well it's difficult not to like it," he said. "Washington was different in the thirties, when I first went there. My feelings are bound up with the way it used to feel during the long evenings—sitting in the gardens of those Georgetown houses in the hot summers, perspiring, with our visions and with our dreams. When I was there during the war, we didn't have much time for fun, but the work itself was fun. In those days, we were interested in ideas. Now it's all so much personality talk, gossip, and rumor—who's up and who's down. The criticism is sort of brittle now, and there's a lot of malice and mischief."

On the first day in Atlantic City, a television interviewer asked Mr. Stevenson, "Governor, how do you feel about the Convention? Are you *sad?*" (He was always addressed as Governor, even though his last title was Ambassador.)

Mr. Stevenson looked far from sad, and he told the television commentator that he wasn't sad. "I'm hoping to see all the many old friends who fought and bled for me in hopeless causes," he said.

In the raucous, emblazoned Convention Hall, he was presented on the stage in the customary man-who fashion ("the man who was twice given the nomination for President by his party"), and the audience received him with a boisterous ovation. It was Mr. Stevenson's mission in Atlantic City to deliver a tribute to Eleanor Roosevelt. Again, he had worked hard, and had come up with a memorable piece of writing to present as a speech. "Thank you, my dear friends, for your welcome—and for all your loyalty and comfort to me in years past when our party's fortunes were not as bright as they are tonight" was his beginning. He continued, "For what I have done and sought to do for our country and our party, I have been repaid a thousandfold by the kindness of my fellow-citizens—and by none more than you, the leaders of the Democratic Party." The audience now seemed politely patient. "It is of another noble American that I am commissioned to speak to you tonight," Mr. Stevenson said, projecting his intimate words into the echoing vastness of the Hall. "She has passed beyond these voices, but our memory and her meaning have not—Eleanor Roosevelt. She was a lady—a lady for all seasons. And, like her husband, she left 'a name to shine on the entablatures of truth—forever.' There is, I believe, a legend in the Talmud which tells us that in any period of man's history the heavens themselves are held in place by the virtue, love, and shining integrity of twelve just men. They are completely unaware of this function. They go about their daily work, their humble chores—doctors, teachers, workers, farmers (never, alas, lawyers, so I understand), just ordinary, devoted citizens—and meanwhile the rooftree of creation is supported by them alone. There are times when nations or movements or great political parties are similarly sustained in their purposes and being by the pervasive, unconscious influence of a few great men and women. Can we doubt that Eleanor Roosevelt had in some measure the keeping of the Party's conscience in her special care?" It seemed to us, at that moment in Convention Hall, that almost nobody wanted to think about the question he had just asked or the answer to it; now that the nominations were in, the audience's mind was on who else was going to get what. The delegates adjusted their paper campaign hats and shifted in their seats, and many of them looked as though they were now having some difficulty tolerating their former candidate. Nevertheless, he went the course with what he had come to say: "She thought of herself as an ugly duckling, but she walked in beauty in the ghettos of the world, bringing with her the reminder of her beloved St. Francis, 'It is in the giving that we receive.' And wherever she walked beauty was forever there." The delegates gave Mr. Stevenson's speech a nice hand, and the name of Eleanor Roosevelt was not mentioned at the Convention again.

ABOUT a month later, on September 22nd, it was Illinois Day at the World's Fair, and who but Adlai Ewing Stevenson, of Illinois, was tapped for the Day. "I've been promising Bob Moses I'd come, and I'm glad I finally made it," Mr. Stevenson said to us as we joined him in one of those Greyhound motorized chairs. He looked expectant, and threw us a Stevenson smile. "Illinois Day gave me the day off from the war in Cyprus," he added, with satisfaction. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, a time that is very popular for ceremonies, and Mr. Stevenson was one of the first of the invited guests to arrive at the Illinois Pavilion for the Day. Among those who turned up later were Benny Goodman, Cab Calloway, Governor Otto Kerner, and Robert Lincoln Beckwith, a great-grandson of Abraham Lincoln and one of the sixteenth President's three surviving direct descendants. A press agent handed out a release stating that none of the descendants have children and that "it is expected the Lincoln blood will discontinue with them." Mr. Stevenson read the release with what seemed to be respectful interest. He looked with pride at the sayings of Lincoln's inscribed on the outside of the Pavilion, among them "WHILE MAN EXISTS IT IS HIS DUTY TO IMPROVE NOT ONLY HIS OWN CONDITION BUT

TO ASSIST IN AMELIORATING MANKIND.” Then he was ushered into the darkened theatre of the Pavilion, where about three hundred devotees of Illinois were assembled and where the sensational attraction was the six-foot-four-inch mechanical figure of Lincoln, which was to sit, stand, and speak Lincoln’s speeches. But first Mr. Stevenson had the privilege of sitting through an hour-and-a-quarter Illinois Day program that included the dedication of a memorial to the late Illinois Secretary of State Charles F. Carpentier; a kind of pageant about the history of the State of Illinois; some folk songs by students at the Old Town School of Folk Music, in Chicago; a short speech by Mr. Beckwith; a somewhat longer speech by Governor Kerner; and the bestowal of prizes on winners of the Chicagoland Music Festival. Then Mr. Stevenson was introduced. He was brief in his remarks. He said, “Governor Kerner, Mr. Beckwith, Mr. Moses, distinguished guests, sons and daughters of Illinois: We meet here in the midst of the American quadrennial political Olympics, at a time when the air is both figuratively and literally filled with the spoken word. Any man of conscience and sensitivity should exercise particular care in anything he says in public (or, for that matter, anywhere). I am conscious of the remarks of Illinois’s greatest son, Mr. Beckwith’s great-grandfather, and an intimate friend of my own great-grandfather Jesse W. Fell, of Bloomington. In his message to the Congress in December, 1862, he addressed himself to political leaders of his own and future generations. In the midst of a bitter fratricidal struggle, where tempers and factionalism colored the judgments of many men, Lincoln warned, ‘If there ever should be a time for mere catch arguments, that time surely is not now. In times like the present, no man should utter anything for which he would not willingly be responsible through time and in eternity.’ ” The devotees of Illinois looked blank. The words of Lincoln as Mr. Stevenson spoke them did not appear to make much of an impression. The audience was evidently waiting for the mechanical Lincoln to speak. This Lincoln—a Walt Disney creation, manufactured at a cost, the Illinois press agent told us, of ninety thousand dollars—followed Mr. Stevenson, and its speech was billed as “Great Moments with Mr. Lincoln.” Mr. Stevenson listened to it in apparent fascination. The mechanical Lincoln really did sit, stand up, and make a speech—by means of a recording by an actor—in a very deep, melancholy, Lincolnesque voice. We thought the robot was creepy, but Mr. Stevenson admired it. “It’s a marvel,” he told us. “In one speech, the quotes put together ran all the way from 1838 to 1864.”

AT the United Nations one afternoon last January, we waited at the entrance to the General Assembly Building for Mr. Stevenson, who was scheduled to deliver a major address before the Plenary Session in General Debate. “The U.N. is finished,” the uniformed guard at the entrance where we stood stated to us in a highly certain tone. He was an American, and he knew what he was talking about. “Next year it won’t be here,” he went on. “Look at the faces of the delegates, especially the Africans. They don’t want the U.N. in America. Look at the Ambassador from Hungary. Ice-cold. He doesn’t talk to nobody. We’re through here. Red China wants to start its own U.N. Who wants this one?”

The session was called to order by the chairman, His Excellency Mr. Alex Quaison-Sackey, of Ghana, at three-thirty. The gallery was packed. With Mr. Quaison-Sackey on the dais sat U Thant. The United States delegation sat with delegates from Upper Volta on its right, delegates from Belgium and Austria behind it, delegates from Thailand and Syria in front of it, and delegates from the United Republic of Tanzania on its left. Mr. Stevenson—his glasses on, the plastic earphone for translations over one ear, a lumpy briefcase open on the floor at his side—sat putting a few more touches on his speech. Then he seemed to listen intently as the first speaker, the distinguished representative of Mali, talked for quite a while, in French, about being “non-aligned but not for imperialist aggression.” There was perfunctory applause. A young man introduced as the Foreign Minister of Morocco made a halting address, also in French, on what we gathered was his interest in peace. There was no applause. Then the Foreign Minister of Pakistan took the floor to discuss, in English, the “crude, absurd, and mischievous” remarks of the distinguished representative of India dealing with what he charged was a fraud that had been perpetrated by India upon the five million people of Kashmir. “They are the ones whose right to self-determination has been denied,” he said. “They have the right to be free. Justice must be done!” There was perfunctory applause. The next speaker was the distinguished representative of Afghanistan, who said in a speech in English, which took thirty-five minutes, that Afghanistan was following a policy of friendship with her neighboring African nations; that the United Nations was the only place of hope for saving the world from destruction; that the United Nations’ financial crisis, with other crises, was deepening anxiety; but that the Afghanistan delegation was not getting discouraged. There was mild applause. Mr. Stevenson didn’t seem to be missing a word. We were sitting on the sidelines, behind some observers who kept calling out friendly remarks in Portuguese to the delegation from Brazil, which was seated nearby. We assumed that the observers were also from Brazil. The noisiest observer was a middle-aged lady who had several rings on her fingers; one ring was set with a pearl the size of a lima bean, which was surrounded by a big cluster of diamonds. She held a mink coat in her lap, and stroked it nervously, without letup. She didn’t close her mouth for more than two minutes at a time throughout the address delivered by the distinguished representative of Afghanistan. A number of the delegates looked asleep, or half asleep. Mr. Stevenson glanced occasionally at the text of his speech. Otherwise, he was wholly attentive. At 4:59 P.M., he was called. “The last speaker is the distinguished representative of the United States,” the chairman said.

Mr. Stevenson started by saying that it was his first opportunity to extend congratulations to the chairman for the way he had conducted that session of the General Assembly. Then he said, “I have asked to speak at this late date so I can share with all delegations, in a spirit of openness, my government’s views on the state of affairs at these United Nations as our annual general debate comes to its conclusion. Certain things which I shall say here today have to do with law, with procedures, with technical and administrative matters. So I want to emphasize in advance that these are but manifestations of much deeper concerns about peace and world order, about the welfare of human society and the prospects of our peoples for rewarding lives.”

The group of Brazilians in front of us, including the noisy bejewelled lady, were quiet for the first time. They were paying attention. Everybody in the hall seemed to be awake and listening. What Mr. Stevenson was talking about was the U.N.'s financial crisis, which was mainly the result of more than a hundred and thirty million dollars in overdue assessments owed by Russia, by eight other Communist nations, and by France, Belgium, Paraguay, South Africa, and Yemen. Under Article 19 of the U.N. Charter, any nation that is two years in arrears automatically loses its vote in the General Assembly. It was one of Mr. Stevenson's chores to express the opinion of our government (which happens to carry the largest part of the United Nations expenses) that there should be no voting in the General Assembly until Russia paid at least one-third of its overdue assessments. And so Mr. Stevenson, in his speech, was going to warn the General Assembly against the notion of a "double standard" of assessments for United Nations peace-keeping operations. "We cannot have two rules for paying assessments for the expenses of the organization—one rule for most of the members, and another rule for a few," he said. But before he reached that point in his speech he made some remarks about the United Nations as a whole. "I speak to you as one who participated in the formulation of the Charter of this organization, in both the Preparatory Commission, in London, and the Charter Conference, in San Francisco," he said. "I recall vividly the fears and hopes which filled and inspired us as a second world war ended—fears and hopes which brought us together in an attempt to insure that such a world catastrophe would never again occur. At those conferences we labored long and diligently, we tried to take into account the interest of all states, we attempted to subordinate narrow national interests to the broad common good. This time we would create something better than static conference machinery—something solid enough to withstand the winds of controversy blowing outside and inside its halls. This time we would create workable machinery for keeping the peace and for settling disputes by non-violent means—and endow it with a capacity to act."

The speech had about five thousand words, which he had checked for policy with the State Department, as he always did in his job, but which he had put together himself, in his own remarkable way. It took him about forty-five minutes to deliver. He wound up saying, "I, for one, cannot escape the deep sense that the peoples of the world are looking over our shoulder—waiting to see whether we can overcome our present problem and take up with fresh vigor and renewed resolution the great unfinished business of peace—which President Johnson has called 'the assignment of the century.' " The hall was full of delegates who were supposedly divided, but the applause for Mr. Stevenson was immediate and strong.

FOR most men, delivering a five-thousand-word speech might constitute a week's, or even a month's, work. For Mr. Stevenson, it was a small and routine part of a twenty-four-hour schedule. The very next morning, he was speaking in the General Assembly again—this time paying tribute to Sir Winston Churchill, who had died three days earlier. Afterward, he conferred with his associates, and then went to a meeting with U Thant, and on to a luncheon for twenty-four people being given by Liu Chieh, the Chinese Ambassador to the U.N. From the luncheon he rushed back to his office to meet with a couple of congressmen from Florida who were en route to Churchill's funeral, and then to confer with Norway's Ambassador to the U.N., who had some ideas about a compromise plan for the countries owing assessments. After that, the new Ambassador from Malta to the U.N. paid a courtesy call on Mr. Stevenson, and for half an hour Mr. Stevenson listened intently to a discussion of the people of Malta (there are three hundred thousand of them), and of the fact that during the sixteenth century, when Malta fell under the rule of the Knights of Malta, no Maltese were members of the Knighthood, and of the possibility of setting up a Malta office in Washington. Having also seen eight other callers, Mr. Stevenson went off to a cocktail reception being given by the American-Arab Association, and after half an hour there he made for a party launching an Indian exhibit at the Union Carbide Building, where he found a mob of celebrated public figures, looking freshly bathed, rested, and barbered, and dressed to the teeth in formal clothes. Mr. Stevenson was wearing the same pin-striped blue suit, by now wrinkled and limp, that he had started the day in at 7 A.M. Vice-President Humphrey was at the party, tall and ruddy-faced and glowing, and was reminiscing about the Inaugural festivities, which had taken place a week earlier. There was a lot of kidding about the big hand Mr. Stevenson had got when he arrived at the Inaugural Ball. Everyone had flocked around *him.* "I never get anywhere, but I get all the applause," Mr. Stevenson said, making Vice-President Humphrey and several other guests laugh. He looked at the exhibit for about an hour, and then made for his apartment at the Waldorf. He had to change to black tie and attend the Diamond Ball for the benefit of the Institute of International Education, in the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel. His housekeeper, Mrs. Viola Reardy, told him she couldn't find his formal silk shirt and shoes. Mr. Stevenson worried about the possibility of having lost these articles, which were new. "You probably left them at the Inauguration," Mrs. Reardy told him, and Mr. Stevenson put on a regular shirt with his dinner jacket and wore his daytime shoes.

At eight o'clock the next morning, Mr. Stevenson was on a shuttle plane to Washington, where, at the request of the British Ambassador, he was to give the memorial address at the National Cathedral service for Sir Winston Churchill. When he had found time to write the tribute was something we couldn't figure out. It ran to about thirteen hundred words. "Sir Winston Churchill is dead," Mr. Stevenson said at the Cathedral. "The voice that led nations, raised armies, inspired victories, and blew fresh courage into the hearts of men is silenced. We shall hear no longer the remembered eloquence and wit, the old courage and defiance, the robust serenity of indomitable faith. Our world is thus poorer, our political dialogue is diminished, and the sources of public inspiration run more thinly for all of us. There is a lonesome place against the sky. So we are right to mourn." For Sir Winston Churchill the love of freedom was "not an abstract thing but a deep conviction that the uniqueness of man demands a society that gives his capacities full scope," Mr. Stevenson continued. "It was, if you like, an aristocratic sense of the fullness and value of life. But he was a profound democrat, and the cornerstone of his political faith, inherited from a beloved father, was the simple maxim 'Trust the people.' " Near the close of his tribute Mr. Stevenson had a sentence describing Churchill: "The great aristocrat, the beloved leader, the profound historian, the gifted painter, the superb politician, the lord of language, the orator, the wit—yes, and the dedi-

cated bricklayer—behind all of them was the man of simple faith, steadfast in defeat, generous in victory, resigned in age, trusting in a loving providence, and committing his achievements and his triumphs to a higher power."

From the Cathedral, Mr. Stevenson went to the British Embassy for lunch and a reception. Then he went to the State Department for conferences on half a dozen pressing problems of foreign relations. He caught the three-o'clock shuttle plane back to New York, and at four-thirty, in his U.S. Mission office, he started a series of meetings with members of his staff. At six, he attended a cocktail party given for U.N. delegates from the African nations, in the U.S. Mission building, by the Harlem Lawyers Association and Ambassador Franklin F. Williams, the U.S. representative on the U.N. Economic and Social Council. There an editor of the *Amsterdam News* named James Hicks told Mr. Stevenson he'd had trouble getting an advance copy of his speech about Churchill, and added that, come to think of it, during his Presidential campaigns it had always been difficult to get copies of his speeches in advance. "I'm afraid I sit up scribbling until the last minute," Mr. Stevenson told him. "Churchill was always rewriting his speeches until he had to give them." And then he had one of those characteristic funny afterthoughts that constantly bubbled up in him: "But that's where my similarity to Churchill ends."

Mr. Stevenson was due at eight-thirty that evening, in dinner clothes, at a concert of the New York Philharmonic, but when he was about to go home to dress, his secretary sent word to him that a group of educators working for UNESCO were gathered in the Savoy Hilton apartment of his old friend William Benton, the former Senator from Connecticut, who was now the U.S. representative to UNESCO, and that Senator Benton had been stricken suddenly with pneumonia and had to go to the hospital, so there was nobody to speak to the group of people in his apartment. The educators from UNESCO wanted to hear all about the history of the U.N. situation in reference to Article 19, and the problems arising from it. In a manner in which there appeared to us to be no hesitation, no doubt, no resentment, no self-pity, Mr. Stevenson immediately headed for Senator Benton's apartment. Ambassador Marietta Tree, the U.S. representative to the U.N. Trusteeship Council, who was present at the cocktail party, rode up in the car with him; she was on her way to a dinner being given by the Pakistani Ambassador to the U.N., she said.

"I went *last* week," Mr. Stevenson told her playfully. "You'll be offered a hookah. I smoked a hookah last week. Watch your step with that hookah, my girl. Ambassador de Beus, of the Netherlands, smoked the hookah with me last week and then told me, 'My public vice is women. My private vice is the hookah.' "

Mrs. Tree said that she would watch her step.

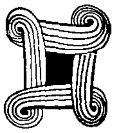
"And don't eat too much," Mr. Stevenson said. "The food is delicious, but you'll find that nothing is green or ever has been."

"Long time no see!" the Savoy Hilton doorman called out to Mr. Stevenson as he got out of the car.

On the sidewalk, Mr. Stevenson almost collided with a jaunty young man carrying a briefcase. The young man halted and gave Mr. Stevenson an admiring little bow. "My pleasure!" the young man said, yielding the right of way to Mr. Stevenson.

"Why, thank you," Mr. Stevenson said, graciously bowing back.

He had less than an hour in which to go home, dress, and keep his date for the Philharmonic, but he walked into Senator Benton's apartment and shook hands, greeting each of a couple of dozen educators as though he had done nothing else that day and had nothing else to do.



A very serious woman there reminded him that they had met some years ago on a houseboat in the Vale of Kashmir. "I believe you said it was the nearest to Heaven you'd ever come," the woman said. "I'm so sorry I wasn't here in this country to cast my vote for you."

"And we couldn't spare it," Mr. Stevenson said.

Mr. Stevenson, rushing no one, held a conversation with everybody in the room. Then the educators sat down, and Mr. Stevenson, taking a chair in a corner of the room, started talking to them. Even here, he began by making his listeners laugh. "I don't often get a captive audience," he said, and everything in his expression signified that he was appreciating the fact that he had one now. They laughed. "It's not often that I get the opportunity to talk to such a literate and cultivated audience," he went on. Again they laughed. He added, "There were times, as a Democratic politician, when I never expected that at all." In the next thirty minutes, speaking quickly, he gave a brilliantly clear, concise, and orderly history, description, and explanation of the events leading up to the current difficulty with the back assessments, of Article 19, of the significance of the deadlock, and of the reluctance of any of the countries—even the Soviet Union—to have an out-and-out confrontation with the United States, because they couldn't be sure they would win. Then Mr. Stevenson allowed time for questions. One man asked him if he thought the Russians wanted to break up the U.N., and Mr. Stevenson said no, he thought they would like only to convert the General Assembly into a static debating forum. As he came to a close, he again, irrepressibly, said something to make his listeners laugh: "I remember my father telling me the story of the preacher delivering an exhortation to his flock, and as he reached the climax of his exhortation, a man in the front row got up and said, 'O Lord, use me. Use me, O Lord—in an advisory capacity!' "

As we were leaving Senator Benton's apartment, we asked Mr. Stevenson how in the world he had the strength and the interest, after the day he had put in—a day that was still far from over—to give that much concentrated attention to this small group of workers for UNESCO. His answer had no note of martyrdom in it but was casual and matter-of-fact. He told us, "You don't like to come in and say, 'What the hell, it's useless to try to explain, it's too complicated.' So you try to tell them the score. They should be informed."

THE party given for Mr. Stevenson on his sixty-fifth birthday was held at the River Club, and was attended by a couple of dozen of his close friends, who had started the tradition of giving him such a party fifteen years earlier in the Executive Mansion in Springfield. During the evening, Mr. Stevenson happened to say that he thought "the fifteenth running of this classic should be the last." He also said, "I've heard that a woman's best years are between thirty-nine and forty. My best years have been the past fifteen. For tomorrow is today, and I shall never be any older than I am now." He had been listening for a couple of hours to funny, nostalgic, and loving remarks about himself, including the reading of "A Composite Portrait of Adlai by His Friends on His Sixty-fifth Birthday," in verse, each stanza having been composed by one of his friends. Mr. Stevenson laughed and cried at his party, and scribbled notes of things he wanted to tell his friends at the end. "The best of one's life is one's friends," he said to them. "I've never thought it necessary to be serious about serious things. It takes only a pin to prick the biggest balloon. Horace Walpole said, 'Old age is no uncomfortable thing if one gives up to it with good grace and doesn't drag it about.' I feel there's so much to do, so much to make up, and I do believe that nothing succeeds like excess. My dearest friends, forgive me my excesses, and I'll forgive you your successes. Give me the benefit of your candor and your criticism, but please keep your doubts to yourself, because I have enough of those of my own."

ON the winter morning of the first major air strike in Vietnam, we asked Mr. Stevenson some questions about past Presidents of the United States, and in spite of the crisis of the moment, he replied as though our questions were timely and in order. "I think great Presidents are usually the product of their times," he said at one point. "Abraham Lincoln has always been my hero, as he is the hero of most Americans. As President, he contributed to the world the end of slavery, which was an enormous leap forward in history, but then he was assassinated and he didn't have to live through the Reconstruction and the bitterness that followed the war. No one can say what he might have been had he not been assassinated. Bear in mind, however, that I was raised in Lincoln country. My great-grandfather was Lincoln's friend and the first to propose him for the Presidency. It was to him that Lincoln addressed his autobiography. So I was naturally saturated with Lincoln from infancy. The other figure who is very important to me is Woodrow Wilson. He showed us, on the world scene, an extension of what Lincoln preached; namely, that freedom isn't a limited—a parochial—matter but a universal matter. Also, Wilson was the first President I ever met. When I was a boy of twelve, my father took me to visit President Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, at his summer house in Sea Girt, New Jersey. It was a hot day in August, 1912, and he was running for President. I mounted the stairs of that large frame house alongside my father, and Governor Wilson came out and met us on the porch. He shook hands with me in a formal, courteous way. I was paralyzed with awe. The conversation related mostly to the campaign and how things would go in Illinois. There was a lot of talk about the Democratic Party and the state of mind of people in the Middle West. My father was confident about everything, because of the Bull Moose split. Governor Wilson was extremely courteous to me. He asked me in a friendly, fatherly way if I was interested in politics or in public affairs, and he expressed the hope that I was. You know the way older people often get humble with younger people, and in somewhat that spirit, I think, he made a casual remark about Princeton, and about his having been president of Princeton before becoming Governor of New Jersey. That's what decided me on going to Princeton, right then and there. I came away with the feeling: I'm his deathless friend. His supporter. His admirer. That's my man." There was affection but no sentimentality in Mr. Stevenson's manner as he talked about Wilson. "And another great President was, of course, Franklin Roosevelt," he went on. "Here, again, there were many contributing factors. The historical ones are obvious. He showed us the way to so many social transformations, bloodlessly. He died in office, from his labors, which always dramatizes and adds an emotional factor to the life of a man." Mr. Stevenson talked for some time about President Truman, saying he would be entitled to a high mark in history for the way he dealt with the postwar period. Then he went on to talk about John F. Kennedy's extraordinary mind and spirit and promise. "When President Kennedy was assassinated," he said, "we were all left with a sense of incompleteness."

THERE was one hot, muggy night last summer, during the political campaign, when we rode back with Mr. Stevenson on a shuttle plane at the end of one of his incredibly full working days in Washington. It was late when we landed at LaGuardia Airport. The city was steaming. Mr. Stevenson was greeted by his driver, who handed him a portfolio of emergency cables and messages to be studied. He did the work in the car as he was riding toward his apartment, and then he remembered that Mayor Wagner had wanted to talk to him about some local aspects of the election campaign, so he asked the driver to stop at Gracie Mansion. It was around ten-thirty when we got there, and we ran into the fading moments of what had been a Young Citizens for Johnson Barbecue, with food prepared by President Johnson's own caterer, imported from Texas. The barbecue seemed to be under the supervision of Lynda Bird Johnson, Robert F. Wagner, Jr., and other very young, very attractive, very recently well-fed Democrats, and they all greeted Mr. Stevenson cordially. It happened that he hadn't had anything to eat since lunch, which he had eaten at the State Department with Dean Rusk. The Gracie Mansion lawn, under festive garden lighting, was strewn with delicious-looking and aromatic-smelling remnants of what had clearly been a great party. Robert Wagner, Jr., said that his father was upstairs, and quickly led Mr. Stevenson up to see the Mayor. Half an hour later, Mr. Stevenson came down. To us, he looked a little hungry but not a bit tired. The party was petering out by then, and the Mayor's guards, who did look tired, were encouraging the young guests to leave. Everybody assumed—wrongly, we thought—that Mr. Stevenson wanted to get away as fast as possible. We thought we saw Mr. Stevenson peering wistfully at the Gracie Mansion lawn. It looked inviting, that hot, humid, misty night, with paper picnic plates dotted about, and with suntanned, laughing young men and women standing around in clusters, talking, presumably, about the campaign, and with President Johnson's caterer—fat and jolly, wrapped in a huge white apron, and wearing a chef's tall white hat—still overseeing a long table laden with steaks, sweet corn, and spareribs. But the party was technically over, and a solicitous guard was ushering Mr. Stevenson out to his car. He went. The guard saluted and left him. Mr. Stevenson's driver opened the car door. Just then, a young couple, both tall and skinny and both wearing sandals and blue jeans, the girl with long blond hair falling loosely over the collar of a shirtwaist blouse and the boy with a cultivated fringe of beard, strolled over to Mr. Stevenson, holding hands. They smiled at him and coolly asked him what was going on at Gracie Mansion. A party, he told them. They looked happy and lazy and not impressed, and strolled away, still holding hands. Mr. Stevenson stood there a moment or two, looking down the street after them, and as he got into his car he said, "Summer in New York is pretty wonderful, isn't it?"

THE FAMILY MEADOW

THE family always reconvenes in the meadow. For generations it has been traditional, this particular New Jersey meadow, with its great walnut tree making shade for the tables and its slow little creek where the children can push themselves about in a rowboat and nibble watercress and pretend to fish. Early this morning, Uncle Jesse came down from the stone house that his father's father's brother built and drove the stakes, with their carefully tied rag flags, that would tell the cars where to park. The air was still, inert with the post-dawn laziness that foretells the effort of a hot day, and between blows of his hammer Jesse heard the breakfast dishes clinking beneath the kitchen window and the younger collie barking behind the house. A mild man, Jesse moved scrupulously, mildly through the wet grass that he had scythed yesterday; when the stakes were planted, he walked out the lane with the REUNION signs, past the houses. He avoided looking at the houses, as if glancing into their wide dead windows would wake them.

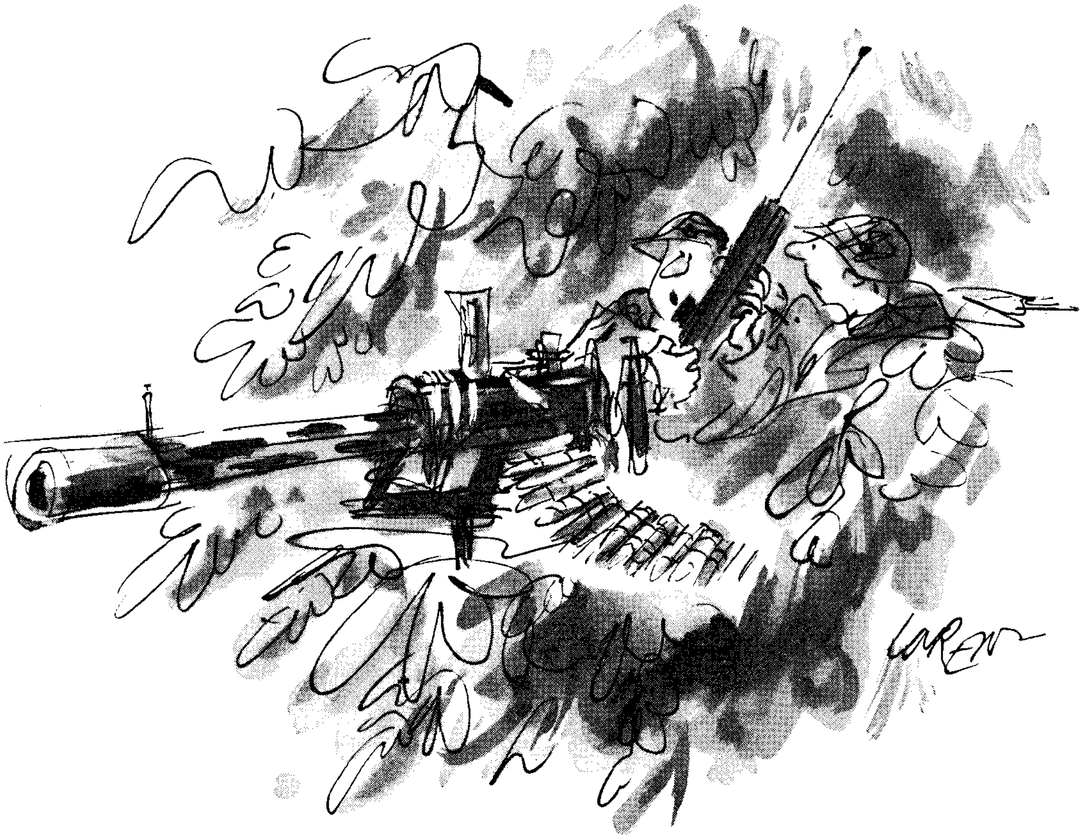
By nine o'clock Henry has come up from Camden with a carful—Eva, Mary, Fritz, Fred, the twins, and, incredibly, Aunt Eula. It is incredible she is still alive, after seven strokes. Her shrivelled head munches irritably and her arms twitch, trying to shake off assistance, as if she intends to dance. They settle her in an aluminum chair beneath the walnut tree. She faces the creek, and the helpless waggle of her old skull seems to establish itself in sympathy with the oscillating shimmer of the sunlight on the slow water. The men, working in silent pairs whose unison is as profound as blood, carry down the tables from the barn, where they are stacked from one year to the next. In truth, it has been three summers since the last reunion, and it was feared that there might never be another. Aunt Jocelyn, her gray hair done up in braids, comes out of her kitchen to say hello on the dirt drive. Behind her lingers her granddaughter, Karen, in white Levis and bare feet, with something shadowy and doubtful about her dark eyes, as if she had been intensely watching television. The girl's father—not here; he is working in Philadelphia—is Italian, and as she matures an alien beauty estranges her, so that during her annual visits to her grandparents' place, which when she was a child had seemed to her a green island, it is now she herself, at thirteen, who seems the island. She feels surrounded by the past, cut off from the images—a luncheonette, a civic swimming pool, an auditorium festooned with crêpe paper—that represent life to her, the present reality. The air around her feels brown, as in old photographs. These men greeting her seem to have stepped from an album. The men, remembering their original prejudice against her mother's marrying a Catholic, are especially cordial to her, so jovially attentive that Jocelyn suddenly puts her arm around the girl, expressing a strange multitude of things: that she loves her, that she is one of them, that she needs to be shielded, suddenly, from the pronged kidding of men.

By ten-thirty Horace's crowd has come down from Trenton, and the Oranges clan is arriving, in several cars. The first car says it dropped Cousin Claude in downtown Burlington because he was sure that the second car, which had faded out of sight behind them, needed to be told the way. The second car, with a whoop of hilarity, says it took the bypass and never saw him. He arrives in a third car, driven by Jimmy and Ethel Thompson from Morristown, who say they saw this forlorn figure standing along Route 130 trying to thumb a ride and as they were passing him Ethel cried, "Why, I think that's Claude!" Zealous and reckless, a true believer in good deeds, Claude is always getting into scrapes like this, and enjoying it. He stands surrounded by laughing women, a typical man of this family, tall, with a tribal boyishness, a stubborn refusal to look his age, to lose his hair. Though his face is pitted and gouged by melancholy, Claude looks closer to forty than the sixty he is, and, though he works in Newark, he still speaks with the rural softness and slide of middle New Jersey. He has the gift—the privilege—of making these women laugh; the women uniformly run to fat and their laughter has a sameness, a quality both naïve and merciless, as if laughter meant too much to them. Jimmy and Ethel Thompson, whose name is not the family name, stand off to one side, in the unscythed grass, a fragile elderly couple whose links to the family have all died away but who have come because they received a mimeographed postcard inviting them; they are like those isolated corners of interjections and foreign syllables in a poorly planned crossword puzzle.

The twins bring down from the barn the horseshoes and the quoits. Uncle Jesse drives the stakes and pegs in the places that, after three summers, still show as spots of depressed sparseness in the grass. The sun, reaching toward noon, domineers over the meadow; the shade of the walnut tree grows smaller and more noticeably cool. By noon, all have arrived, including the Dodge station wagon from central Pennsylvania, the young pregnant Wilmington cousin who married an airline pilot, and the White Plains people, who climb from their car looking like clowns, wearing red-

TIME IS WAMPUM
Ed Fisher

striped shorts and rhinestone-studded sunglasses. Handshakes are exchanged that feel to one man like a knobbed wood carving and to the other like a cow's slippery, unresisting teat. Women kiss, kiss stickily, with little overlapping patches of adhesive cheek and clicking conflicts of spectacle rims, under the white unslanting sun. The very insects shrink toward the shade. The eating begins. Clams steam, corn steams, salad wilts, butter runs, hot dogs turn, torn chicken shines in the savage light. Iced tea, brewed in forty-quart milk cans, chuckles when sloshed. Paper plates buckle on broad laps. Plastic butter knives, asked to cut cold ham, balk. Children underfoot in the pleased frenzy eat only potato chips. Somehow, as the first wave of appetite subsides, the long tables turn musical, and a murmur rises to the blank sky, a cackle rendered harmonious by a remote singleness of ancestor; a kind of fabric is woven and hung, a tapestry of the family fortunes, the threads of which include milkmen, ministers, mailmen, bankruptcy, death by war, death by automobile, insanity—a strangely prevalent thread, the thread of insanity. Never far from a farm or the memory of a farm, the family has hovered in honorable obscurity, between poverty and wealth, between jail and high office. Real-estate dealers, schoolteachers, veterinarians are its noblemen; butchers, electricians, door-to-door salesmen its yeomen. Protestant, teetotalling, and undaring, ironically virtuous and mildly proud, it has added to America's statistics without altering their meaning. Whence, then, this strange joy?



"Yes, Mr. President.... That's right, Mr. President."

• •

Watermelons smelling of childhood cellars are produced and massively sliced. The sun passes noon and the shadows relax in the intimate grass of this antique meadow. To the music of reminiscence is added the rhythmic chunking of thrown quoits. They are held curiously, between a straight thumb and four fingers curled as a unit, close to the chest, and thrown with a soft constrained motion that implies realms of unused strength. The twins and the children, as if superstitiously, have yielded the game to the older men, Fritz and Ed, Fred and Jesse, who, in pairs, after due estimation and measurement of the fall, pick up their four quoits, clink them together to clean them, and alternately send them back through the air on a high arc, floating with a spin-held slant like that of gyroscopes. The other pair measures, decides, and stoops. When they tap their quoits together, decades fall away. Even their competitive crowing has something measured about it, something patient, like the studied way their shirtsleeves are rolled up above their elbows. The backs of their shirts are ageless. Generations have sweated in just this style, under the arms, across the shoulder blades, and wherever the suspenders rub. The younger men and the teen-age girls play a softball game along the base paths that Jesse has scythed. The children discover the rowboat and, using the oars as poles, bump from bank to bank. When they dip their hands into the calm brown water, where no fish lives, a mother watching from beneath the walnut tree shrieks, "Keep your hands inside the boat! Uncle Jesse says the creek's polluted!"

And there is a stagnant fragrance the lengthening afternoon strains from the meadow. Aunt Eula nods herself asleep, and her false teeth slip down, so her face seems mummified and the children giggle in terror. Flies, an exploding population, discover the remains of the picnic and skate giddily on its odors. The softball game grows boring, except to the airline pilot, a fancy gloveman, excited by the admiration of Cousin Karen in her tight white Levis. The Pennsylvania and New York people begin to pack their cars. The time has come for the photograph. Their history is kept by these photographs of timeless people in changing costumes standing linked and flushed in a moment of midsummer heat. All line up, from resurrected Aunt Eula, twitching and snapping like a mud turtle, to the unborn baby in the belly of the Delaware cousin. To get them all in, Jesse has to squat, but in doing so he brings the houses into his viewfinder. He does not want them in the picture, he does not want them there at all. They surround his meadow on three sides, raw ranch shacks built from one bastard design but painted in a patchwork of pastel shades. Their back yards, each nurturing an aluminum clothes tree, come right to the far bank of the creek, polluting it, and though a tall link fence holds back the children who have gathered in these yards to watch the picnic as if it were a circus or a zoo, the stare of the houses—mismatched kitchen windows squinting above the gaping cement mouth of a garage—cannot be held back. Not only do they stare, they speak, so that Jesse can hear them even at night. *Sell,* they say. *Sell.*

—John Updike

THE MANDELBAUM GATE

A DELIGHTFUL ENGLISH ATMOSPHERE

FREDDY HAMILTON was over in Jordan for the weekend. He sat on a wooden bench, writing a letter, in a part of the garden that Joanna Cartwright had planted with numerous wild flowers and herbs of the Holy Land that she picked up on her rambles. Most of them were recognizable to Freddy as belonging to the same botanical tribes as the wild flowers of the English fields and hedgerows of his school days before everything had been changed. Indeed, some of Joanna's finds were no different at all, so far as he could see, from those pointed out to him on walks, before he was sent to school, by that governess whose name Freddy had understandably forgotten. Joanna's flowers were not even a larger species.

Freddy's writing pad rested on his knee. Dearest Ma . . .

> . . . but I hope you are not serious. Surely Benny intends to remain with you at Harrogate! Dearest Ma, there must be very little for her to do. I quite fail to see how it *can* be too much for her. The hotel staff seems to do most of the *doing*, and all Benny has to do is *be*. I think, quite honestly, she has too little to occupy her time, and that is *mainly* what is making her irritable. I wish I could be more helpful, dearest Ma, but you must realize that things have changed and one has to put up with much, nowadays, that would have been unthinkable in the past. Indeed, you are fortunate in having Benny. She would not be easy—perhaps impossible—to replace!

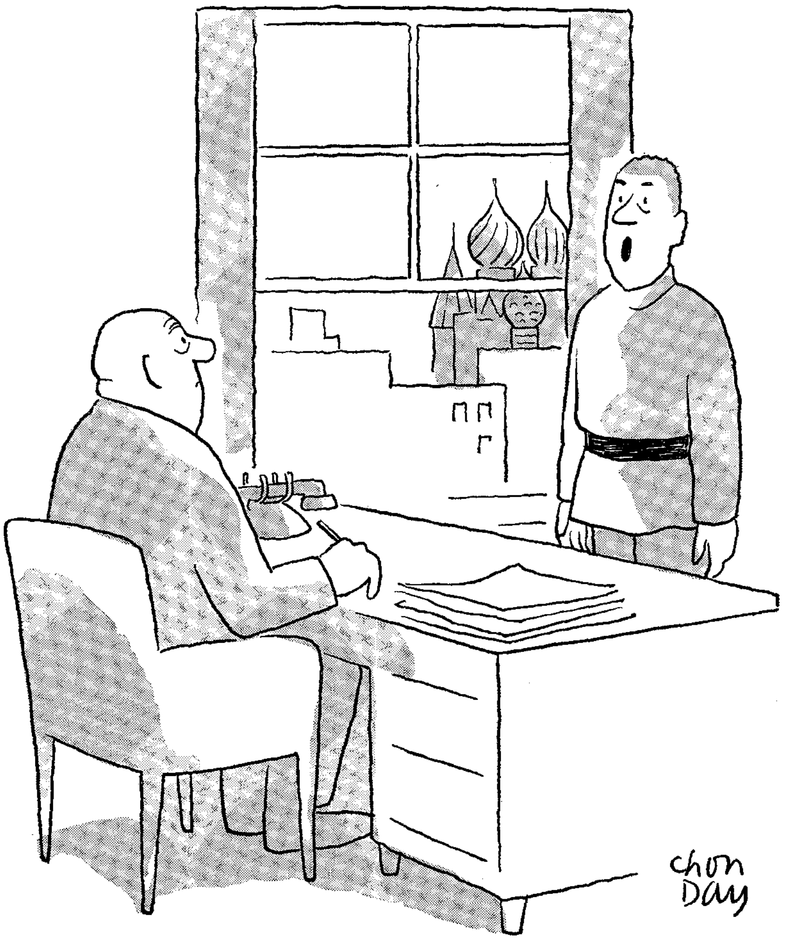
Only a few of Joanna's wild plants were still in bloom. A young Arab boy in his teens, with skinny, deformed legs and wearing only shorts, had come out of the house with a watering can and was drenching the precious clumps in their dark, shady corner; he had an air of special concentration, plainly having been instructed in the seriousness of the job. A few yards away, on the long green that led to the house, the lawn spray made a whispering splash under the sun while the Arab's watering can in Freddy's cool corner splashed intermittently. The small tickets that Joanna had stuck into the ground to mark her plants showed up in their black capital letters under the wash of water. Joanna had categorized them by their place of origin. Partly from familiar memory and partly by his immediate eyesight, Freddy could read the tickets from where he sat: GETHSEMANE, MOUNT OF OLIVES, VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT, SILOAM, JERICHO, BETHLEHEM.

Last spring, when he had begun to visit the Cartwrights at weekends, these garden beds had been in full bloom. To Freddy, although he was no botanist, they had always looked very English, set here in the garden above Jerusalem; they looked decidedly different, at all events, from what they had looked all over Palestine in the prolific spring, when he had first arrived to take up his post with the British Legation on the Israeli side of Jerusalem. And now, ambling about in the far associations of his thoughts, Freddy contemplated the neatly printed labels of each clump blossoming under the watering can and recalled another bold, amateur-handed script, pokerworked into the wood by his great-aunt herself, and how the letters had started up from her little skew-wired tickets. She had been a wild-flower gatherer who had planted a patch of her garden in clumps, labelled according to country names: BIRD'S-FOOT TREFOIL, LADY'S-FINGER, TUFTED VETCH, HAIR TARE, VIPER'S BUGLOSS, FORGET-ME-NOT, LING, SMALL-FLOWERED CROWFOOT . . .

"I think, dearest Ma . . . " Freddy's fountain pen moved like an energetic snail over the letter pad resting on his knee. He used a broad nib that left a trail of familiar patterns; it was always a matter of filling in a lot of pages for Ma; she liked him to send long letters. The pen scratched noisily against the splash of the watering can in the hot afternoon, and Freddy functioned on with his letter, as he had done for thirty years of his natural history, a letter a week.

> . . . both try to forget the garnet-brooch incident. I shall drop a note to Benny. It is true there was no reason for her to "blow up" about it. But do remember how touchy Benny has always been. Of course, one should be careful to ascertain the *facts* before one speaks in haste, although, goodness knows, as you say, Benny has known us long enough, and really ought to exercise a little understanding, as you are so good to her. At the same time, dearest Ma, don't *please* go giving away your stuff so readily. I feel Benny is quite well off without "extras," and indeed, the garnet brooch must have become quite valuable by now. (You say it is *only* a semi-precious stone, but these semi-precious stones in old settings are become very rare.) However, I am glad that Benny is recovering her good sense and does not continue to feel aggrieved. As I say, it would be hard to replace Benny in times like these, and to be accused to her face of "borrowing" the brooch was no doubt, to Benny, a source of . . .

Freddy looked up. I mustn't appear to carp at her, he thought. On the other hand, she looked in his letters for a certain amount of re-



"I thought it my patriotic duty, Comrade Commissar, to ask that you stimulate my initiative."

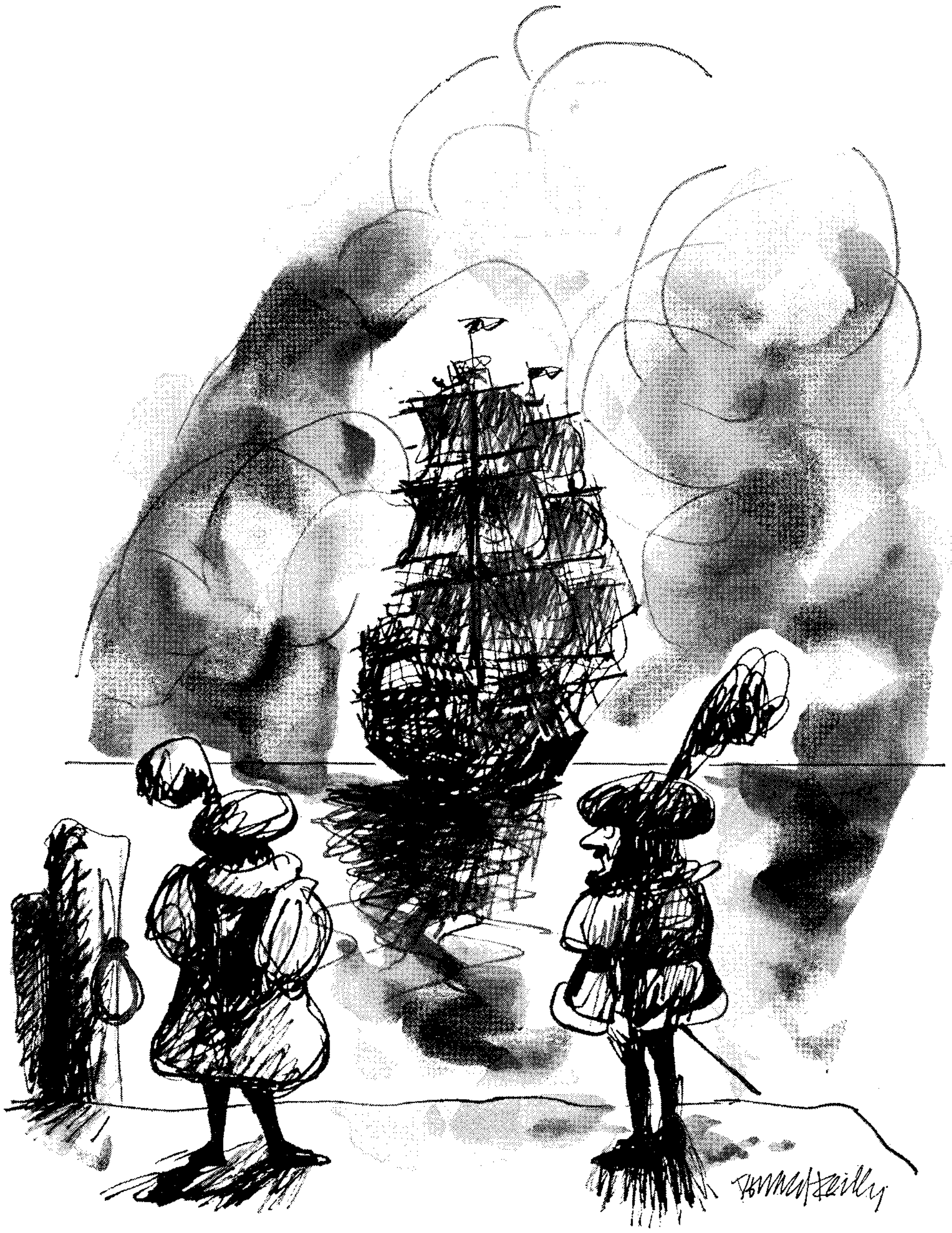
sponse to provocation. In a manner, it kept her going, to have a sort of unreal running bicker with him, serialized into his long weekly letters and her longer weekly replies. But the trouble is, thought Freddy, one doesn't want to get involved, either with Ma or . . .

The Arab odd-job boy finished his watering and silently returned to the house. Like that young Hardcastle, Freddy thought. Like Hardcastle, the gardener's boy of Freddy's youth, who had moved back and forth, remotely attending to things, unloquacious, unsmiling, totally unwilling to conspire in Freddy's games. "Still waters run deep," Freddy's mother had said, and, true enough, young Hardcastle, when he attained the age of fifteen, had disappeared from the job, from the village, from his home, last seen by the bus driver who had borne him away, never to be heard of again. Many young Arab boys in Palestine reminded Freddy of Hardcastle. They slightly disturbed him. He preferred the vivacious type in the alley bazaars, arguing, cheating, flashing Arabic code words at each other in the presence of a stranger, or shouting cheerful abuse at their fellow-youngsters who led the mangy overladen donkeys up the narrow pathways of Jordan's Jerusalem continually.

He saw the morose boy approach once more from the house. Freddy, in his shaded arbor, wished to break the silence, if only to make concrete his mournful sense of its being ultimately unbreakable. But his Arabic lessons had not progressed so far as to enable him to say, as he desired to do, "You fellows are lucky being able to stand the sun direct on your skin in the heat of the afternoon. We English have to keep in the shade." Freddy looked down at the letter and thought he must work round to write something on the question of the Arabic lessons he was taking from Abdul Ramdez, since his mother had replied to his first mere mention of the lessons, "I hope you are not getting too thick with that Arab teacher. When your Uncle Hamish was stationed in Egypt, *his* Arab teacher was quite scandalous." Yes, and so was Uncle Hamish.

The odd-job boy had moved the lawn spray to another part of the lawn and had returned to the house. Freddy listened for voices; Joanna had evidently not returned, for he heard none.

Usually, on his weekend visits to the Cartwrights, Freddy left his office at the British Legation on the Israeli side of Jerusalem early on Friday afternoon, plodding through the Mandelbaum Gate with his diplomatic pass in one hand and his zipper bag in the other, always blinking in the glare, since he hated wearing sunglasses, which made one look so much like a rotten gigolo or spy. He came in the heat of the afternoon so as to reach the cool bungalow sooner. Both Cartwrights were usually out till five, busy with their work. But Freddy would make himself at home. Lemon tea, then a seat in the arbor, writing letters.

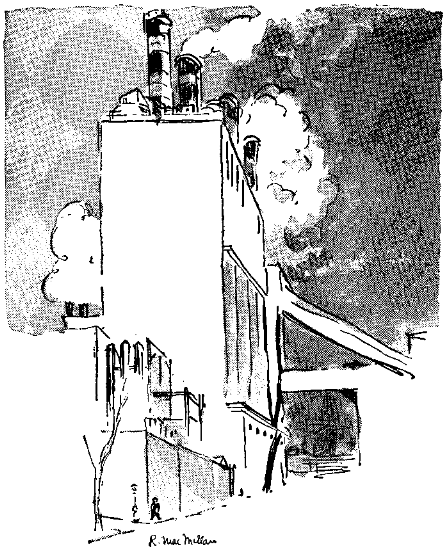


"*All the hippies are leaving for the New World.*"

Dearest Ma . . . Freddy stared at the bungalow to gain thought. One doesn't want to get too involved. It was a slightly crooked house. He had heard that the Arab builders simply built a house; they did not use any instruments, not even a set square. The walls and windows were slightly crooked. But the bungalow had a decidedly English appearance, probably owing to the chintz curtains flapping in the breeze, and to the garden that seemed to support it. Joanna's geraniums were marvellous, massed by the back porch. And the lawn really was green. Most of all did he feel at home with the wild-flower clumps. He had, in fact, contributed a few plant roots from the Israeli side of the border, some of which had flourished. Joanna's labels bore witness to Freddy's contributions from the Israeli side: MOUNT ZION, GALILEE, NAZARETH, MOUNT TABOR . . . BULBOUS BUTTERCUP, SPEEDWELL, YELLOW COW-WHEAT, HOUND'S TONGUE. Freddy supposed he was wrong; he knew little about wild flowers, really, but he had a theory that these plants that he had pulled from the soil for Joanna, and those she had gathered for herself, were not indigenous at all. Their seeds had been brought to Palestine and sown, he suspected, by a conspiracy of the English Spinsters under the Mandate. A second cousin of his had done the same service for India—where she had returned after every home leave with a shoebox full of wild flowers gone to seed. This virgin cousin had expressed the sentiment that when she scattered these flowers abroad in the fields and on the sidewalks of India, she was doing something to unite East and West. Her father had shouted her down, in his fierce manner, denouncing the practice. "Never the twain shall meet," he reminded her, as if the words were Holy Writ. The old Brigadier had gone on to tell Cousin Beryl that she was only making a lot of damn difficulties for the botanists; he added—irrelevantly, as it had seemed at the time—that he himself had once forbidden an Indian servant to marry a girl from Bhutan, because it would only lead to a damn muddle in the offspring. But every third summer Cousin Beryl, dressed always in loose white shantung garments, packed her seed box and bore it away to Lahore. So it must have been, thought Freddy, with the spinster ladies of Allenby's time out here. He had not yet propounded his theory to Joanna. She would be skeptically interested in it. He was waiting for a moment when it was absolutely necessary for him to say something interesting.

To arrive here, a mile from the outskirts of Jerusalem on the Jordan side, Freddy had jostled his way from the guardhouse at the Mandelbaum Gate, through the Old City's network of alleys, past the Damascus Gate. It had been too hot to take a crowded bus, and not for one moment was he tempted by a taxi. Sometimes Joanna could manage to meet him with her car, but Freddy was just as well pleased when she couldn't. Past the Damascus Gate, toward the Holy Sepulchre, and down to the Via Dolorosa plodded Freddy, dodging the loaded donkeys and stick-wielding boys, who in turn were constantly dodging the vast wide motorcars that hooted with rage and frustration down the lanes—cars filled with hooded Arabs of substance and their emancipated wives. Freddy and numerous tourists had to flatten themselves hastily against a wall or a tangy-breathed donkey whenever the fanfare of a motor horn heralded one of these feudal-minded carloads. At the Via Dolorosa, he ran into the huge Friday pilgrimage headed by the praying Franciscans, who moved from station to station on the route from the Pillar of the Flagellation to Calvary. Freddy, with a number of the English colony, had followed a much larger procession than this last Easter, along the Way of the Cross; he had found it religiously moving, but it had exhausted his capacity for any further experience of the sort. This Friday, he dodged down a side turning into the shop of an Arab dealer whom he knew, called Alexandros, to wait there till the procession had passed. Alexandros had been conducting a business courtship with Freddy for the past five months over an icon that Freddy had a mind to buy. The dealer was an Orthodox Catholic from the Lebanon. Most of the Moslem Arab shops were shut on Fridays, and Alexandros therefore did some extra trade on that day of the week. He was serving a tourist, an Englishwoman, when Freddy arrived, but he immediately sent out a young assistant to fetch Freddy some Turkish coffee. Freddy relaxed in the large, cool shop, and as he waited for the deal to be done and the coffee to arrive he thought of the hours to come on the shady bench in Joanna's garden, getting his letter off—"Yes, you are right . . . no, I think you wrong . . . anything you like, dearest Ma"—and felt this hot effort to reach the house was worth it by virtue of the cool contrast ahead of him.

Alexandros, whose wares were superior to those of most of the other traders in the area, was attempting to persuade the customer of this fact. She seemed rather stupid and skeptical as Alexandros implored her credence, using his arms to do so, a little more in the French merchant manner than the Arab. Freddy's feelings expanded toward the salesman and contracted against the woman. Heavy Alexandros, dark, middle-aged, went on to explain that the little wooden crib figures, for which he was asking five pounds the set, were by no means to be compared with the mass-produced figures obtainable from the surrounding shops on all days but Fridays for a pound the set or eighteen shillings following the argument. Freddy, newly relaxed after the glare, smells, and sticky heat of his plod from the border station, was prompted by a nervous reflex to intervene in the argument, and, much as the timid spinsters of the old days, while abroad, would be moved to violence against the maltreater of a donkey, Freddy now stood up. "Madam," he said, to his own astonishment, "I can vouch for the fact that those articles are what Mr. Alexandros says they are—that is to say, hand-carved from pinewood. This shop, as he says, stocks only superior curios." He sat down again. His Turkish coffee arrived and was placed before him.



The woman looked at Freddy in a reserved way; she could see that he was at home in the shop. Freddy realized she was more suspicious than ever. His irritation at her doubts of his Alexandros was increased by the fact that this fat Englishwoman was only a passing tourist and he was more or less a resident; and there had been nothing more annoying to Freddy throughout all his postings in the Foreign Service than the sight of his compatriots making mistakes while passing through.

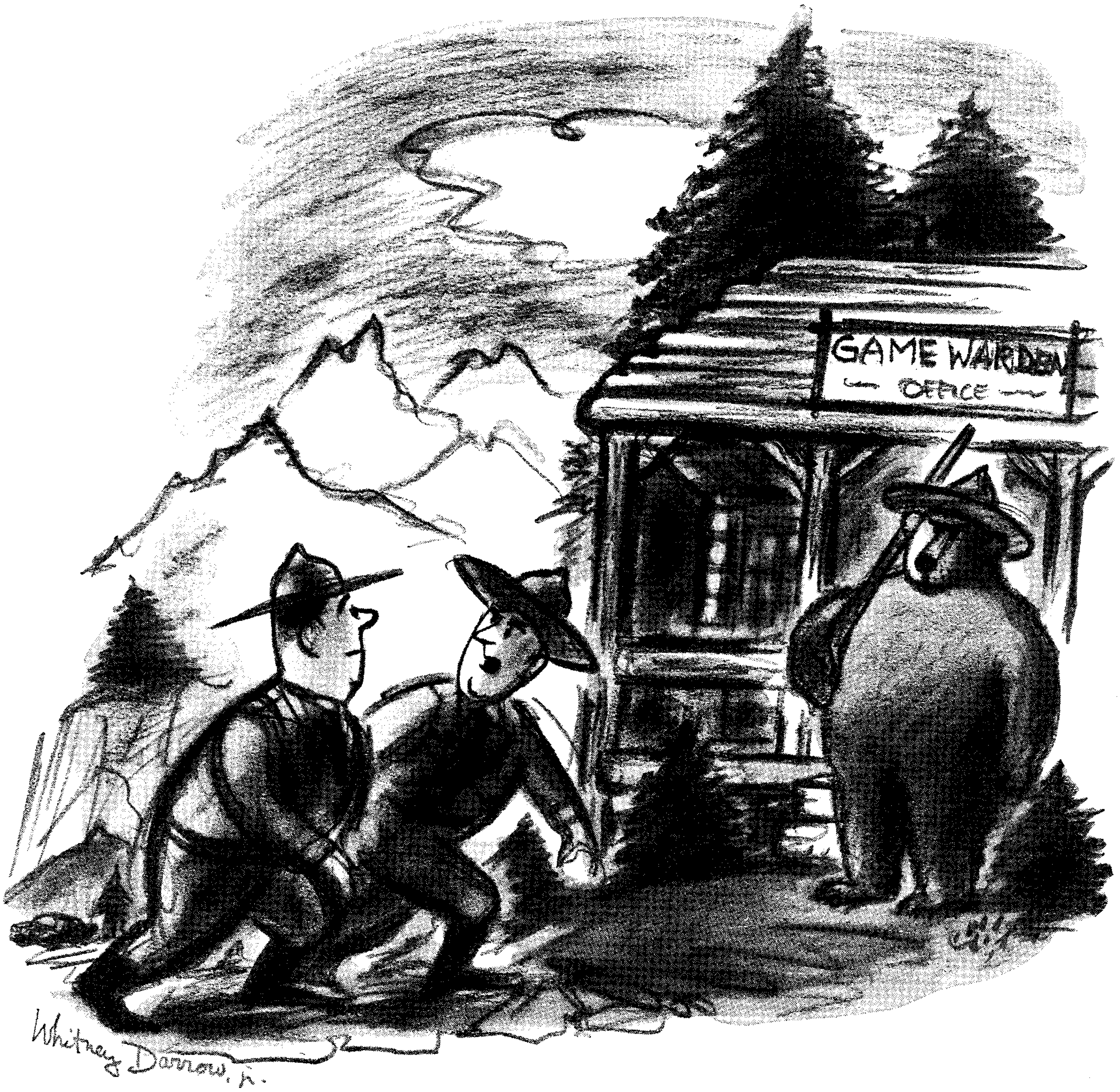
Alexandros, delighted by Freddy's remark, was saying in a triumphant wail, "You hear what this gentleman tells you, Madam. This gentleman is Mr. Hamilton, a very high officer of the British government. He is my customer. He comes to Alexandros regular."

Finding himself suddenly involved in the business, Freddy murmured, "Perhaps the lady really wishes to think it over, Alexandros."

The woman indicated, by picking up her gloves, that she was about to take advantage of this offer. But Alexandros spread out his hands and said, "Madam, this crib—look at the Three Kings, how beautiful, and the camels, they are alive, and St. Joseph here. The workmanship. You have it for the sake of your family, Madam. They will say, in the next generation, 'This was when the Mama went to the Holy Land! She bought this set for the Epiphany crib!' "

The woman seemed to waver at this. Then she said, "I'll think it over and let you know in the morning."

"It is the last. It will go by morning. When the procession is finished, the people come in to Alexandros. Alex-



"I can't say I like the looks of this."

• •

andros does not close his shop on a Friday, like the Moslems."

"I'll ask my travel agent here. He advises me what to buy and where to go. Thank you."

Alexandros followed her to the door. "Who is the travel agent?"

"Ramdez. I'll ask him."

Alexandros let her go then. He came and sat beside Freddy. "We can have a talk now." He seemed to have forgotten the woman.

Freddy said, "I mustn't stop. I've got some correspondence to attend to when I get to the Cartwrights'. I expect your customer will come back for that crib set. It's handsome."

"Not if she follows advice from Ramdez. Travel agent, yes, he is agent for all the curio shops, he gets his share from them all. But he is not agent for Alexandros."

"I know Ramdez," Freddy said. "And I know his son Abdul, over in Israel. He's teaching me Arabic."

"The son is political for his living," said Alexandros quietly.

"Oh, really? I thought young Abdul represented a life-insurance company."

"Yes, like the father. The father is agent for everything."

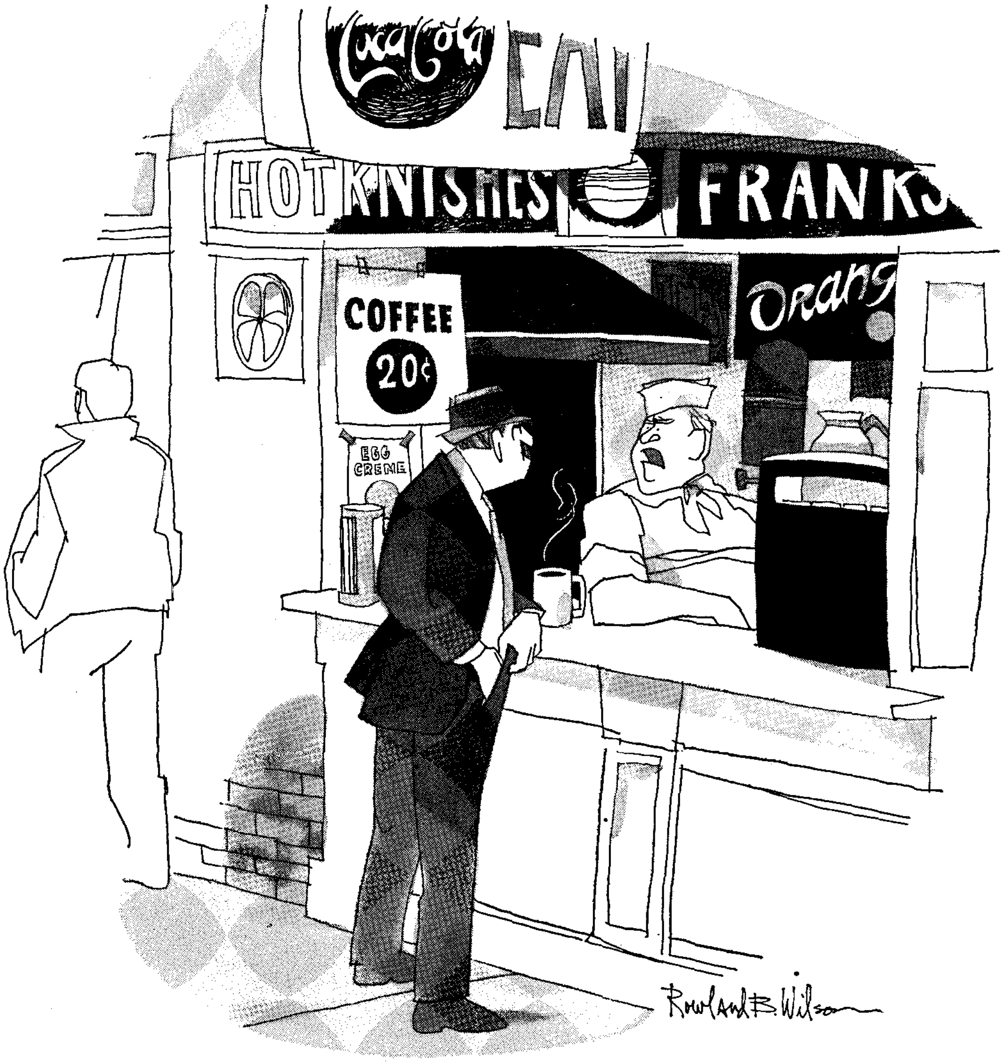
"Ramdez wants me to take out a policy. At least that's what they say that they're after me for."

"Which Ramdez? The father or the son?"

"Well, both together, actually. They manage to communicate, I don't know how. Anyway, whenever I come over here, old Ramdez turns up with news of Abdul. And when I get back there, Abdul turns up with the latest information about his father. I understand they don't get on very well together."

Alexandros laughed with Freddy.

"Tell me," Freddy said, "would Ramdez be safe with a British lady? An acquaintance of mine is planning to



"Federal income tax, state income tax, city sales tax, state sales tax, unincorporated-business tax, commercial-rent-or-occupancy tax—that's why twenty cents!"

• •

come over shortly from Israel. She's rather a special case."

"Ramdez prefers them stout," said Alexandros.

Freddy said, "Yes. What I mean, Alexandros, is that this lady, whom I met in my hotel in Israel, is a half Jew by origin but a Roman Catholic by religion, and she is coming here to visit the shrines. If she should go to Ramdez' agency, would he look after her? I *think* she mentioned Ramdez—"

"She better not come at all," Alexandros said. "Ramdez is an informer of the government. They are all spies. Does she look like a Jewess?"

"Not particularly."

Alexandros took a bunch of keys from his pocket and opened a drawer, from which he took another key. With this he opened a glass cabinet and brought out the icon picture that Freddy admired. Alexandros smiled fondly at the flat impassive Madonna and Child done in blue and faded gold. Neither man was quite sure of its date. They hoped it was twelfth century. Freddy was consulting experts and generally looking into the subject in the meantime. "It isn't normally the sort of thing I go in for," he said, as he always did. Alexandros replied, "It is early, not late, this icon."

"Yes, it's early, but the tradition varies so little it's difficult even for the experts to judge how early."

"I see an expert soon," said Alexandros. "He is coming from Italy. Next month."

"It appeals to me, in any event," said Freddy.

"It is yours. I keep it for you." The dealer put it back in the glass case and locked the door.

"I can't afford it," Freddy said.

"It's not a question of what you can afford It is a question that you take home something from the Holy Land that is worth taking home." Alexandros started packing the crib figures into a small box padded with cotton wool. "I am taking these to the lady at her hotel. I see her this evening."

"Why bother to go after her, Alexandros, for goodness' sake?" Freddy said. "It's only a fiver." Alexandros was a substantial dealer.

"I make a sale," Alexandros said.

Freddy lifted his zipper bag. "I'll look in sometime tomorrow, perhaps."

"I make a sale to the lady," Alexandros said, and, anxious to explain himself more clearly, he added, "Why do you walk all the way from the Mandelbaum Gate to the Bungalow Cartwright? Mr. Hamilton, a Chevrolet with driver is ten shillings only for this journey."

"I never take taxis and I never hire cars," Freddy stated. "Not if I can help it. My father never did."

"So I never let slip a tourist customer. So I go to the hotel after dinner and bargain with the lady and she gets the fine crib set for four-fifteen, four-ten. It is my upbringing."

"How do you know her hotel?" Freddy said.

Alexandros thought this question too amusing to need an answer. He said goodbye to Freddy in the French of the Lebanon, and Freddy responded in his French of the Home Counties to the effect that he, also, had been very greatly enchanted.

The hot walk from the Gate was well worth it, Freddy thought, if only because of the relief one felt when one turned in the familiar doorway of the bungalow. On the last lap of his walk, uphill, he was tempted to start composing a set of verses to send Joanna on his return to Israel, thanking her for the weekend which had not yet come to pass. A villanelle, perhaps. "It is so very different here/In modern Israel from your/Delightful English atmosphere . . . " Freddy realized he was cheating. The bread-and-butter verses that he usually composed after Joanna's weekends could not in honesty be started until he had actually set foot on the other side of the Mandelbaum Gate on Sunday afternoon. He put temptation behind him and plodded up the hill to the weekend before him.

The bungalow was set in a clump of trees not far from a steeper hill that led to a tumble-down Orthodox Church and the Potter's Field, where, some way off, lived a marvellously feeble old monk, much liked by Freddy, and whose eyes alone seemed to keep his brittle limbs alive in one body, so spiritually did they burn in his skull. Freddy caught sight of the monk's blue robe moving up there among the shrubbery as the old man came out to feed his chickens, whereupon Freddy felt at home already, and plodded the few steps onward to the silent bungalow, the garden bench awaiting him beside Joanna's wild-flower arrangement, and the letter pad on his knee. Dearest Ma . . .

"YOU see, dearest Ma, the trouble is . . ."

The trouble, in fact, was . . . Freddy's thoughts dropped to a whisper in his brain. JERICHO, MOUNT OF OLIVES, GETHSEMANE, HAIR TARE, TUFTED VETCH, HAWKBIT, BLUEBOTTLE. The trouble, in fact, was . . . Freddy's thoughts whispered on, refusing to be shouted down by any other voice that might arise in his brain to hush them up. The trouble was that Ma was a peculiar type of tyrant-liar, whose lies could only with difficulty be denounced, because of her long-sustained tyranny, and whose tyranny could hardly now be overthrown, because of her long-condoned lies. One didn't want to get too absurdly involved, either with Ma or with anyone else. And the trouble was that Freddy had Barbara Vaughan on his mind. A perfectly nice girl, of course, but a bit reckless. She was definitely a spinster and engaged to be married to some archeologist working over here at the Dead Sea. Freddy didn't feel it wise for spinsters—girls over thirty—to start getting married. A perfectly nice woman, a teacher in a girls' school, very interesting on botany, music, and poetry. . . . SILOAM, JERICHO, CLARY, WILD SAGE. The young Arab boy had been in the garden again, and now slipped like a lantern slide into the house, leaving the picture as before. Freddy knew the Vaughan family—at least, he knew about them—and apparently Miss Vaughan had Jewish blood on the mother's side. It had seemed perfectly natural, in Israel, for Freddy to urge her to come over to Jordan. "Any trouble with your visa, let me know. Come and meet my friends, the Cartwrights, they know all the antiquities of Jordan, and so on. . . ."

The trouble was one didn't want to get too involved. Sitting here in Joanna's delightful English garden, here in Jordan, it seemed to him he had been rather foolish to encourage Miss Vaughan's visit. Any trouble, and the Embassy would be involved, and then he himself would be drawn in. Feeling against Israel in the Arab countries was particularly high this year of the Eichmann trial. Freddy resolved to write to Miss Vaughan and put her off, if possible. He started composing a letter in his mind—"Dear Miss Vaughan . . ." It would reach her on Monday morning, if he could get it in the F.O. bag to Israel.

"Dear Miss Vaughan. On making inquiries over here . . ."

". . . On deeper consideration . . ."

". . . rather inadvisable for you to venture . . ."

". . . very inadvisable for . . ."

". . . You see, dear Miss Vaughan, the trouble is . . ."

Joanna and Matt Cartwright had arrived; their voices came from the house, mingled with other voices and many footsteps. Of course Miss Vaughan would be safe with Joanna. Freddy bent over his letter to Ma, to fill in a harmless page about the housing situation in Israel.

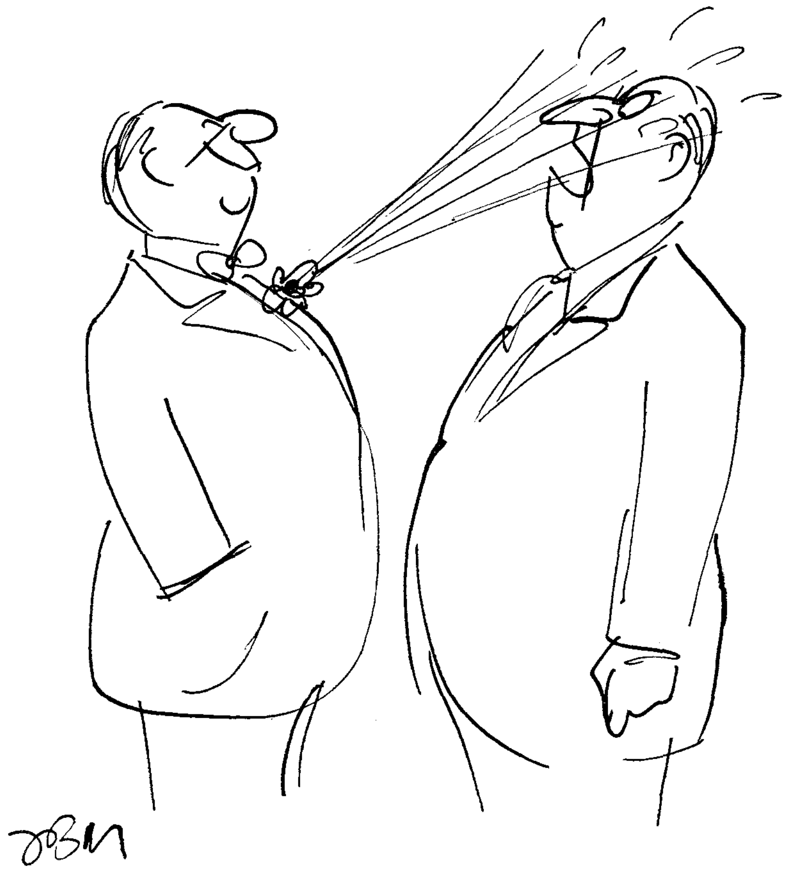
You see, dearest Ma, the trouble is . . .

And the trouble was that Miss Vaughan was far too reckless, and it was decidedly foolish of him to think of writing to her. Of course she would be safe with Joanna and Matt to keep an eye on her.

The trouble is, that the Israelis have not nearly enough houses for their own people, let alone for foreigners. The days of grand mansions are over, and the Consulates and Embassies all over the world, I'm afraid, are . . .

Joanna came out, waving to Freddy. She was a vitamin capsule to Freddy, who carried small red vitamin capsules about with him to swallow after all meals taken outside the British Isles. The sight of little Joanna shooting across the lawn in her red linen dress raised Freddy's spirits. Matt was still a dark shape in the shadow of the doorway, beyond the porch. He emerged, another comforting sight. Matt was a large man without being tall; he was perpetually untidy, with a lot of gray hair. He was bringing out to the garden some other people, whom Freddy did not see at first, since he had risen to greet Joanna and was kissing her. She said, "We've brought a friend of yours in for a drink," and she added, casting up helpless eyes and mouthing her words silently, "and—we—had—to—bring — his — awful — wife — and — daughters—as—well." And here they were, already coming up. As Joanna turned to them brightly, Freddy recognized the elder blue-eyed Ramdez, who was accompanied by a dumpy middle-aged woman and two girls, one plump and one thin, all in European clothes. Matt Cartwright went to help with the setting out of garden chairs. A servant moved the tables to their cool corner. Freddy moved his letter pad from the bench, and the thin girl settled there beside him. Joanna was amiably introducing everybody.

Freddy, his letter pad useless in his hand, sat suffering indistinctly. His heart, which had lifted at the sight of Joanna, had become suddenly heavy at the sight of old Ramdez thumping after her with his women. He experienced the sensation



"There happens to be a water shortage, damn it!"

SURPRISED BY ME

(To Stephen Mooney)

I

Let the wood be pulled,
Tree by tree, out of the underground.
Secret veins, like the splayed tissue of moss, will run
Spring waters through the grain.
Let the fountains of spilled green be pine.

Out of the ground-skinned hill
Let grass perspire like an oozing passion.
Rocks will grow humorous and round,
Concealing red worms.
Birds in their lofty blue, complaining
Of a private joke, will pluck snacks of beetles.
Crickets will be their mimics.

And the lake, let it be
A languid body, mother of all seasons.
Let baby-skinned fishes hover
Where the weed dips in, making curious O's
And nipples.
The pine and the hill will fall
Asleep in her swelling, settling,
And a fly skirr over the clouds.

II

This world should be free of timeless renewals.
Let it be immortal.

On a lacquered plain, the hedgerows gather
To a point out of sight.
The cerulean bell-like dome that rings
The plain is arrayed with mosaic light,
White-gold and white.

There the cupola of chinaberry tree,
Its dangling, tinkling green glass,
Tints a circle of brocade,
An onyx beetle pinned to the grass,
And a bee of brass.

Wind, with the incense of song,
Breathes into everything its glory,
Sways the silver platter lake
That sudden mysteries make starry
And the wax scene flowery.

III

But neither that.
Art of the still present is surpassed
By Creation's
Reawakened world of the dying.
Let everything begin to end with:

The adoration of oaks
In the constant elevation of sacrifice
Causes the deer to contemplate its fall;
The hidden birds cry *where where*
And sunflowers gaze—

So much are the eyes and ears,
Tongue and hands
Of the wild world struck
By morning and my arrival.

The arms of the outspread East
Receive
What I must give and give.

—Walter Darring

● ●

of one who has had a disturbing dream the culmination of which was the ringing of a telephone, and wakes with relief to discover the telephone is in fact ringing beside his bed, and answers it, only to hear disturbing news. For old Ramdez, the wealthy Arab whom everyone called the Agent, since his business interests covered a travel agency, a life-insurance agency, a detective agency (and no doubt he was a political agent, too)—old Joe Ramdez had already impressed himself on Freddy as a terrifying liar.

Freddy had first encountered Joe Ramdez because of the son, young Abdul, over in Israel, who came to teach him Arabic and every time remained to press him to take out a life-insurance policy. This policy, which was now some months pending, was a subject of conflict within Freddy. The Middle East Visitors' Union Life Trust was the name of the company represented by young Abdul Ramdez in Israel and by old Joe Ramdez on the Jordan side. Freddy was in very serious doubt about the standing—the existence even—of this insurance company, a policy in which, according to Abdul, would lead to the payment of five thousand pounds on Freddy's death.

"But I haven't got anyone to leave five thousand pounds to," Freddy had said. "I haven't got a wife."

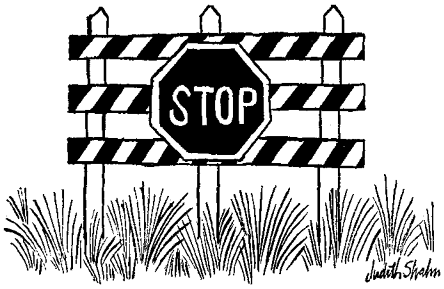
"You got children?"

"No."

"You got nephews or a nice lady? You got a friend, you definitely got a friend."

"I can't think of any relative or friend of mine," Freddy said, "who isn't far richer than me."

This was precisely the truth. But he liked young Ramdez, the eager boy, and was good-humored. This had been early in the spring, shortly after Freddy's posting to Israel.



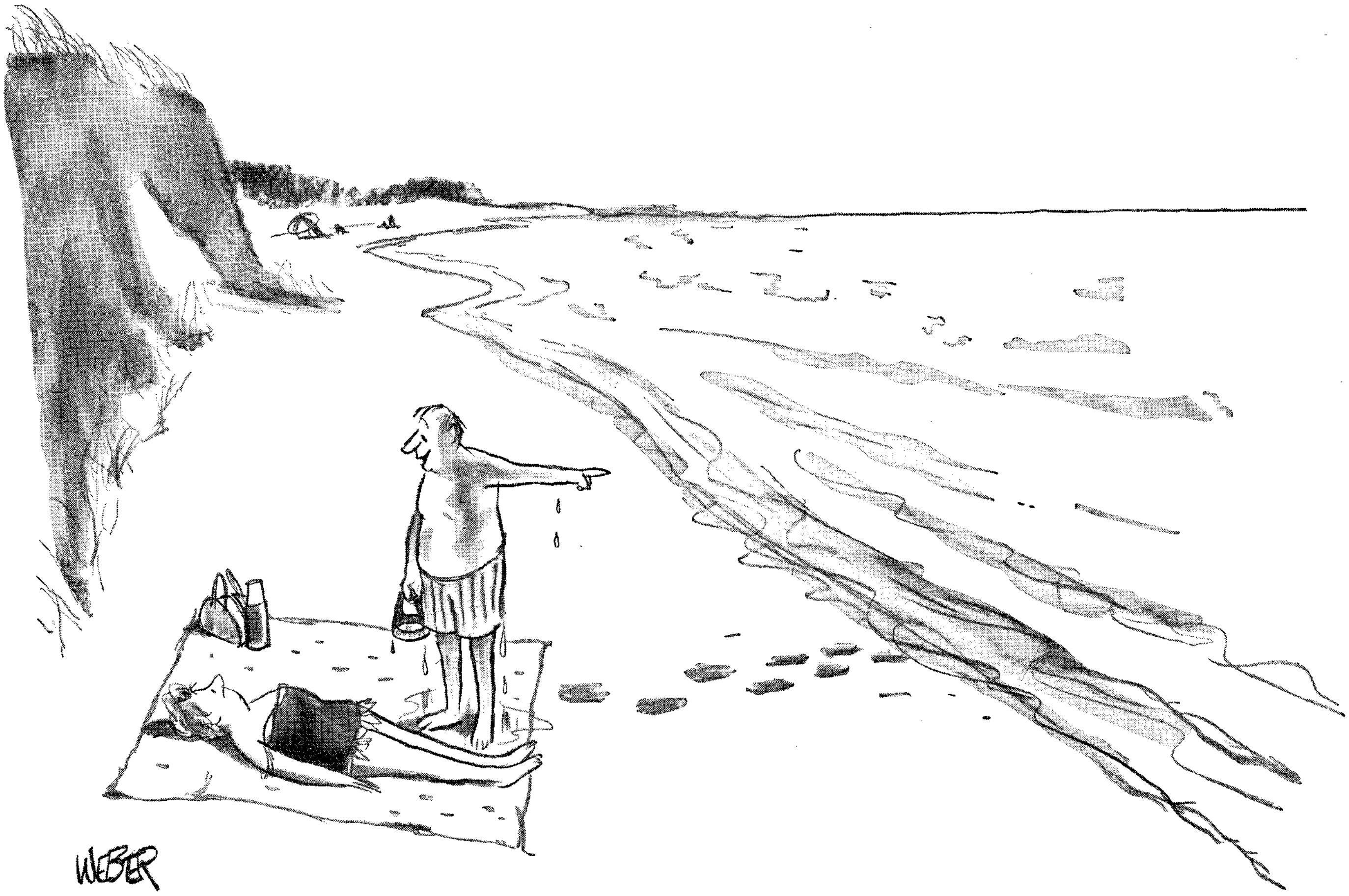
Young Abdul said, "You go to see my father, Joe Ramdez, when you go across to Jordan. My father's the leader of the Middle East Visitors' Union Life Trust agency in Palestine. I work for him. This is a confidence to you alone."

"You'll get yourself into trouble," Freddy said. Business connections between Israel and Jordan were illegal in both countries.

"I will now explain to you the endowment scheme for the Visitors' Union that will bring you a lump sum at the age of sixty-five and you save your British income tax with the premiums that you pay each month. It is a scheme for Englishmen. You must first join the Visitors' Union itself, which my father has formed of his own idea. You see him in Jordan, he will explain. We work together."

"He'll land in trouble with his government for dealing with an Israeli Arab, even his own son. There was a case of a melon dealer the other day—"

"My father's never in trouble with



"There's a clam out there!"

• •

the government. He's a friend always to the government. You see Joe Ramdez."

Freddy folded away his Arabic lesson books. "Be careful," he said to the blue-eyed, dark young man. "You won't be able to carry on this insurance business for long without the Israelis finding out."

"There's nothing for them to find out, Mr. Hamilton. I keep all the names and records in my head. My father keeps the documents, like what you will sign."

This had been early in April. Presently, the name of Joe Ramdez had cropped up in Freddy's office. He was apparently the owner of a travel and tourist agency in Jordan. "God knows what he's up to," Freddy's colleague said. "Not that it concerns us much."

"I'll have a look at him," Freddy said. "One likes to know who's who."

He filed a confidential report about the insurance business carried on between young Abdul and his father. He reflected wearily on the difficulty of making any real friends among the inhabitants of countries where one was posted. He had only taken three lessons in Arabic from young Abdul at that time. Freddy decided to discontinue the lessons with Abdul. He made up his mind to acquire a new teacher. A pity, because Abdul was a pleasant fellow in his eager recklessness. Freddy had felt he could understand Abdul. But, after all, one could never understand these people. This young man was involved in too many things for Freddy's liking.

"Arabic's a terrible bore," Freddy said to his colleague.

"Frightful. I don't see the point in learning it, really. At least, not unless one is going to stay here forever."

"Young Ramdez is all right," Freddy said, "but he seems to be involved in too many things for my liking. Life insurance. Terribly persistent about a policy. I'm getting another teacher." As he spoke, Freddy felt greatly relieved to have arrived at this decision; he even felt a satisfactory sense of having accomplished the object of it.

And so it was not necessary, after that, actually to get rid of Abdul Ramdez by discontinuing the lessons in Arabic. And, after all, Abdul continued to call at the hotel three times a week to instruct Freddy, who had progressed sufficiently to be able to exchange formal phrases with Arab officials at Arabic official gatherings but was not as yet advanced enough to make much headway with the Arabs in the Arab quarters. Young Abdul spent one hour on each of the lessons, and lingered, usually, another hour to depict himself and his early life in romantically exaggerated scenes, which delighted Freddy but did not altogether deceive him. Abdul had also boringly continued to press Freddy on the question of the insurance policy, each time exaggerating the mild interest Freddy had expressed on the previous occasion.

"As you have said you have definitely decided—"

"No, no, I haven't decided anything. I only said . . ."

It seemed that the tendency to exaggerate ran in the family. But what one could take from an attractive young fellow like Abdul in Israel was a different matter when it came to the preposterous Joe Ramdez over here in Jordan. Freddy had stood in Joanna's garden, appalled and altogether beset by an inarticulate dread while Ramdez approached, followed by his womenfolk.

"It's a question of sincerity," Joanna said in her quick, chattery voice, as she passed the teacups. She was interrupting her husband to assist him in making the point of his story.

Matt Cartwright, accustomed to these interruptions, went on in his slow

"Why don't you step inside, Officer, and discuss this in comfort. We're air-conditioned."

• •

way to describe a qualm occasioned by his having newly got false teeth. He was explaining in detail that, when a spontaneous smile occurred on his face in response to his usual feelings, something now happened in his mouth to prevent the smile taking the same form as it used to do.

"They don't fit yet," Joanna said. "He's got to be patient with them till they settle down."

Matt went on in his slow way. This story was to be their standby for some months to come. He said, "Then, when I find myself giving a slightly different sort of smile, d'you see, so help me God, I find myself feeling a slightly different sort of emotion. I feel a bit false."

"He feels a bit false," Joanna chattered, "and it makes you wonder what sincerity is. I mean to say, it's a question whether the movements of one's facial muscles are adapted to one's feelings or the feelings to— Mrs. Ramdez, won't you have anything *in* your tomato juice?"

Matt fell silent. Joe Ramdez beamed at Freddy, uninhibited by any relation between his feelings and his facial expression. The Arab family all declined alcoholic drinks. The elder girl was, like the mother, fat and stupid-looking, but the younger daughter was like her brother Abdul, lean and blue-eyed, and she looked haunted. There is a history, Freddy thought, behind that blue-eyed young pair. Freddy had seen the mother and girls before. They worked in the travel agency. Joe Ramdez had introduced them as "my little team."

Joe Ramdez now said to Freddy, "It's better to smile without the heart behind it than not to smile at all."

"Oh, he won't agree with that—not Freddy," said Joanna, while Freddy realized he was looking as depressed as he felt.

"Have my wild flowers been watered this afternoon?" Joanna said. "Freddy, did you see them being watered at all?"

"I did," he said, as if it was a duty he had performed; he longed for that earlier, departed hour in the afternoon before this crowd had appeared. He said, "I always feel this garden has such a delightful English atmosphere."

The younger girl looked apprehensive. The father smiled with a curious histrionic glitter of the eye, by which many modern Arabs intended to express proud loathing; they had got the trick from the cinema, over the years. At any rate, Freddy realized he had said the wrong thing. Not that Joe Ramdez really cared one way or another. Freddy was aware, however, that Joe had taken the opportunity of umbrage to put him in the wrong. Freddy said, "I only mean, of course, that these wild flowers of Joanna's are nothing more nor less than English wild flowers, planted in the countryside by silly women during the Mandate."

"Freddy!" said Joanna.

"Early tomorrow morning," said the wounded Arab, "I'm taking my little team on a trip to Amman. It's our only chance before the tourist season of really getting into our delightful Jordanian atmosphere."

The younger girl looked desperately at Freddy. Evidently she was longing to behave in a Westernized mode to suit her clothes, and, no doubt, her feelings. There was no guessing the variety of feelings amongst the very young in these parts.

"So we must go now," said Joe. His little team got up with him. He said to Freddy, "By the way, I've got to send you a medical form and a proposal form. A boy will bring it. I know the doctor whom you can go to. He's good for deferred endowments even when appearance is unhealthy. I had a client last week that went to Dr. Russeifa with his form. Appearance was older than age given. There was impairment of sight and hearing. Pupillary and patellar reflexes were abnormal. Plenty abdominal varicosities— Well, Dr. Russeifa has told me all this trouble, but he fixed the client's medical. Russeifa will make you all right. I'll make the arrangement."

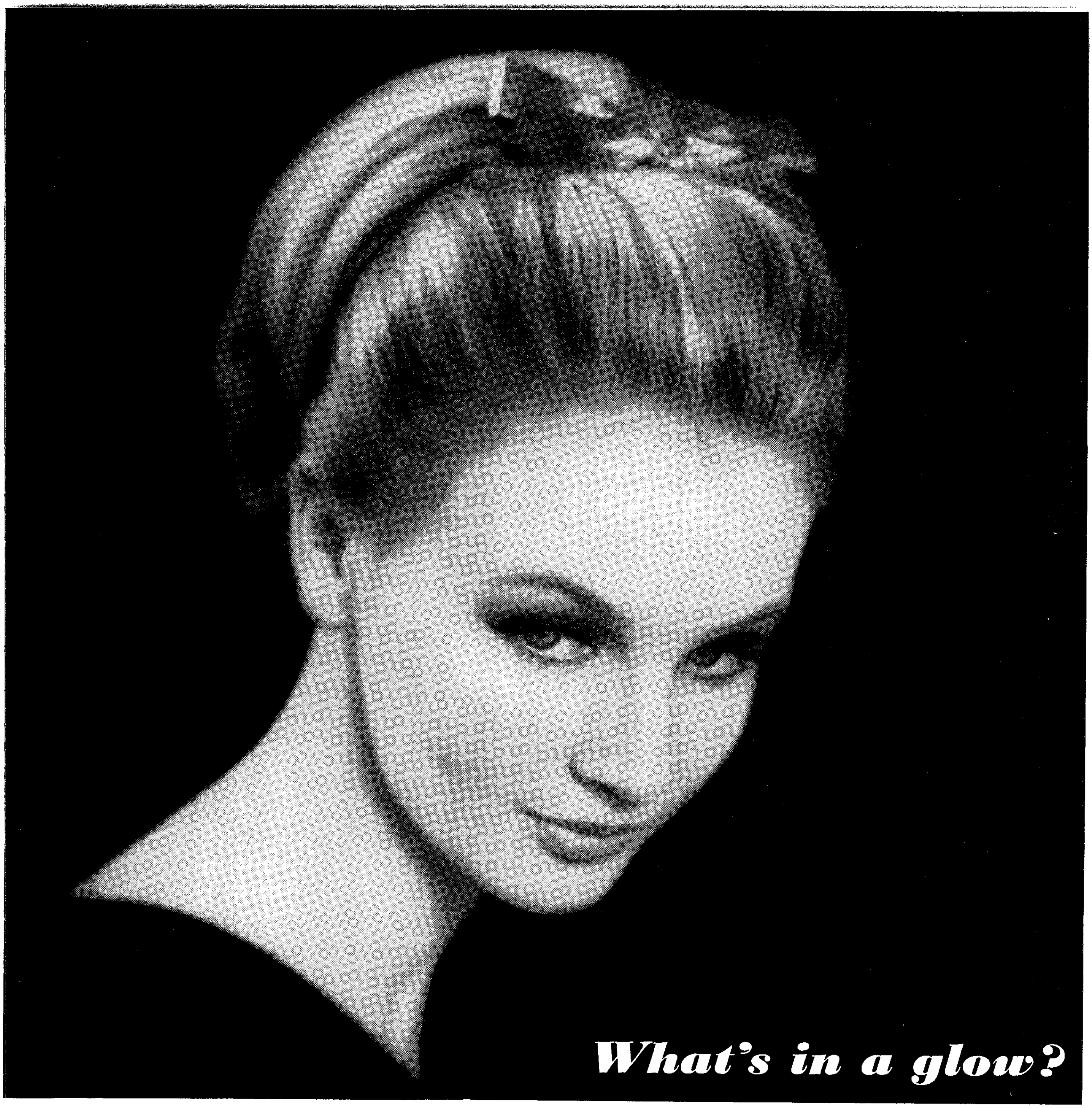
When they had gone, Joanna said to her husband, "Did you hear what he said about Russeifa? I don't believe a word of it. Russeifa's one of the most conscientious men in the medical team." They were both deep in local welfare work and were in a position to know what they were talking about.

"Ramdez is a liar," Freddy said. "The biggest I've ever met. Like an alcoholic. He lies as he breathes."

"Well, Freddy . . ." said Joanna. She was relaxing on the bench with her drink, relieved at the departure of the Ramdez guests, and now she seemed uncertain how to chatter on, since it was unusual for Freddy to denounce anyone like this.

"They think in symbols," Matt said.

"That's it," said Joanna. "It's the Arab mentality. They think in symbols. Everything stands for something


What's in a glow?

could be love...could be

Superglow Fluid Make-Up

The make-up that has a built-in glow from "Lumium", Monteil's patented light-reflector. It's the lightest, brightest, liveliest make-up you can wear.

Germaine Monteil

People who live in Techbuilt Houses

never leave home

They like its fresh, contemporary design . . . spaciousness . . . the light-hearted living it provides. For all the reasons, send one dollar for a portfolio brimming with photos, floor plans and facts on this award-winning house. Techbuilt, Inc., Dept. NY724, Box 193, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

TECHBUILT®

else. And when they speak in symbols it sounds like lies."

"It is lies," said Freddy.

"Oh, Freddy, come! Why are you taking out this insurance policy with Ramdez, dear? It's asking for trouble."

"I'm *not* taking out any policy," Freddy said. "His son, who teaches me Arabic over in Israel, has been trying to talk me into it. But I've made no definite decision."

"You should have said definitely no," Matt said. "If you don't say no, they take it you mean yes. That's symbolic thought."

"Not to me," Freddy said.

"Is young Ramdez a nice fellow?" Joanna said.

"A remarkably pleasant young man."

"Freddy, you mustn't let him get round you for any insurance policy out here."

"I don't think they're really interested in insurance anyway," Freddy said.

"Nor do I," said Matt.

"Nor do I," said Joanna.

"They're interested in you, Freddy," Matt said.

"You're a symbol, Freddy."

"Yes, but of what?"

"Something useful in the Foreign Service—"

"God help me," Freddy said, "I thought that's what I really am."

"What did you mean by saying that my wild flowers of the Holy Land are English flowers?"

Freddy felt the moment was not ripe to explain his theory to Joanna. Indeed, it might undermine her at this tired moment, which was the last thing . . . He said instead, "Miss Vaughan, the schoolteacher lady, is very pleased with the geraniums you sent, very touched, you know. I believe she's coming over next week. As I say, she's a bit tense, but you'll do her good, Joanna dear."

"Oh, do you know," Joanna said, "I was talking to Joe Ramdez about Miss Vaughan. He's promised to send one of his drivers to the Gate to pick her up. Isn't it nice of him? Now, really, you must admit that's good of him. If one of the Ramdez men is there to meet her, she won't have any trouble with the officials."

"Is he doing it for free?" Matt said.

"Oh, yes, and he'll lay on a guide and everything to take her round."

"He must have a reason," Matt said.

"We are the reason," Joanna said. She was darting between her husband's chair and Freddy's seat on the bench, in her red dress, collecting their empty glasses and handing them back filled with good strong drinks. "Joe Ramdez," she said, "would do anything for us."

"You didn't," said Matt, "tell Ramdez that this woman had Jewish blood?"

"Of course not," Joanna said. "I only told him there might be trouble with her visa, seeing that it's unusual for Christian pilgrims to go to the Israeli side first."

"They mustn't know anything about her Jewish blood," Matt said. "She'd be in trouble. We'd all be in trouble. The government here is looking for a bit of trouble with the Jews at the moment."

"She's only half," Freddy said.

"Half is enough," Matt said. "They think in symbols over here. The Jewish half is the symbolic half."

"Which half is the most important to her?" Joanna said.

"Don't ask me. Miss Vaughan's only a recent acquaintance, you know. Very pleasant woman, of course. And with a British passport, after all, she—"

"Most of the people arrested as Israeli spies have got British passports," Matt said. "She'd be taken for an Israeli spy if they knew of any Jewish blood or background and she arrived here by way of Israel. Does she realize that?"

"I really don't know," Freddy said. "Is that true? It sounds quite absurd."

Joanna, in her inexhaustible enthusiasm for seeing to the welfare of others, said, "Freddy, you aren't taking Miss Vaughan's difficulty seriously enough."

"I don't see what can be done, Joanna dear," said Freddy, so deeply conscious of his fault that he leaned forward and rested his chin on his hand to try and reawaken his serious thoughts about Miss Vaughan's difficulty. "She's a devout R.C. and she naturally wants to visit all the shrines of the Holy Land. There's really no difficulty on the face of it."

"What about the man?" Matt said.

"Yes, what about the man?" Joanna said.

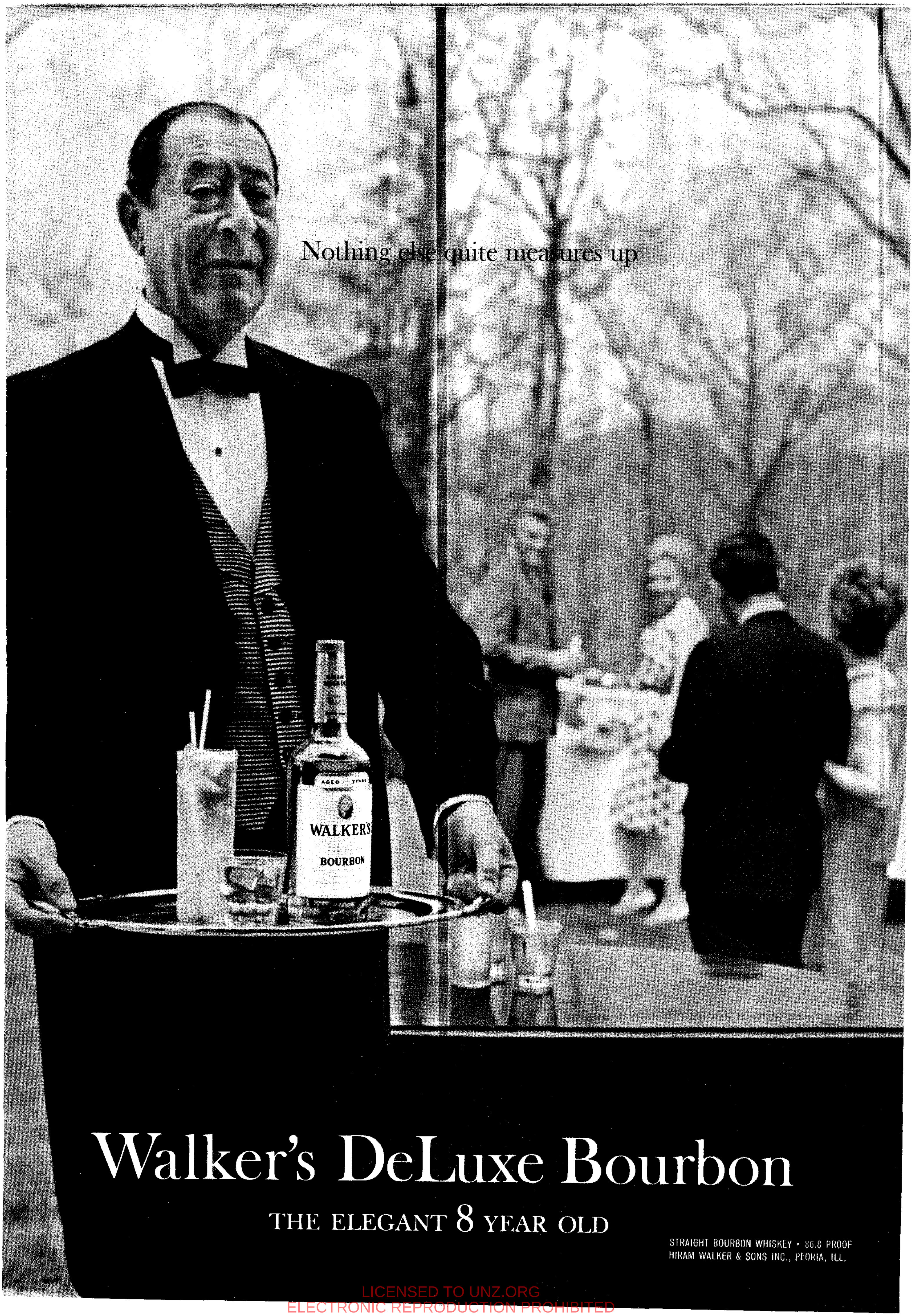
Matt said, "I take it that's the whole point of her coming here."

"Oh, no, she wants to visit the holy places."

"I'll take her up to the Potter's Field," Joanna said. "The guides won't go near the Potter's Field. They're terrified."

"You keep away from the Potter's Field," Matt said.

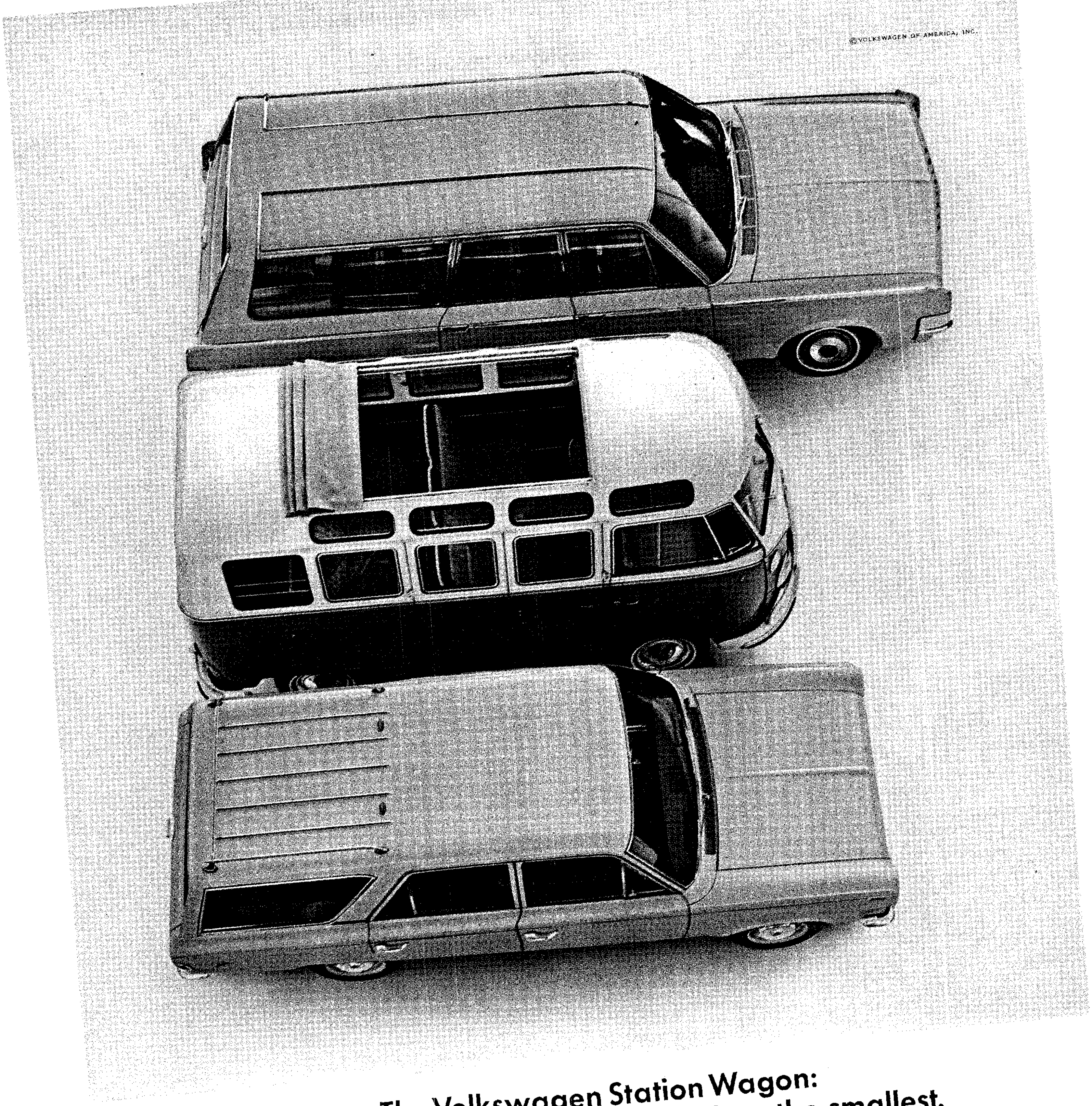
"I shouldn't go there too often,


Nothing else quite measures up
AGED YEARS
WALKER'S
BOURBON

Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon

THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.



© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon: Bigger than the biggest, smaller than the smallest.

Even if you own the biggest conventional station wagon made, it holds much less than the Volkswagen Station Wagon.

On the other hand, even if you own the smallest conventional wagon, it's too big to park where a VW can park.

This weird fact can be explained simply enough: The more space you waste, the less you have left.

Conventional wagons waste space by having engines under long hoods in front.

But the Volkswagen engine is neatly out of sight in back. It wastes no space at all.

(That same invisible VW engine gets you about 20 mpg. And it doesn't use water or antifreeze because it's cooled by air.)

The VW Station Wagon holds more in less space because it is box, all box and nothing but box.

If you wanted a regular station wagon that carried as much as a VW Station Wagon, you couldn't do it.

You'd have to buy two of the big ones to carry as much as our little one.

Which is too ridiculous to discuss any further.

Joanna," Freddy said. The hill road to the Potter's Field bordered on disputed territory, and wanderers in the area were likely to be shot at by the patrolmen of either country.

Matt said, "This man that's digging at the Dead Sea—why doesn't he come up and look after her? He should go across to Israel and see her, instead of her coming here to see him."

"The scholars aren't allowed to go back and forth. The Jordanian government won't allow it," Freddy said. "Of course, the Israeli scholars get to know everything in time."

"He could leave Jordan by air and enter Israel by sea. He could easily get there if he wanted to," Matt said.

"Well, she wants to come here for religious reasons."

"Let her come," Joanna said.

Then Freddy, dismayed by a disastrous thought that had occurred to him, but proud, since it proved he was taking Miss Vaughan's difficulty seriously, said, "But look, young Ramdez over in Israel probably knows about her Jewish blood."

"Are you sure?" Joanna said.

"Well, she's been talking about it. Young Ramdez hears everything about everyone," Freddy said. "It's part of his business."

"If young Ramdez knows, then old Ramdez will know," Matt said. "And what he knows the government gets to know. Tell her not to come."

They moved indoors, since it had fallen dark. At dinner, Joanna said to Freddy, "You could make difficulties in Israel for young Ramdez, couldn't you, if he made difficulties for your Miss Vaughan?"

"Joanna!" said Matt.

"Well, I was only thinking in symbols. What would the Israelis do to him, Freddy, if they knew he spied for the Jordanians? Shoot him? Put him in prison?"

"Mislead him," Freddy said.

"You could threaten him," Joanna said.

"Joanna!" said Matt.

"I'm thinking in symbols. I'm thinking of Freddy's poor Miss Vaughan."

"She isn't really, you know, *my* Miss Vaughan," Freddy said. "She's only—"

"Now, Freddy, you know you're involved, whether you like it or—"

"Joanna!" said Matt. "Stop teasing Freddy."

"A very intense person," Freddy said.

"Who? Me or Miss—?"

"*Joanna!*"

. . . at my friends the Cartwrights'. Then after dinner this evening we had

What do the stalwart go for? The Holbrook shirt—Ivy League detail—and the vigorous Fortrel polyester and cotton from Galey and Lord. A Division of Burlington Industries. For your nearest retailer write us at 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Burlington

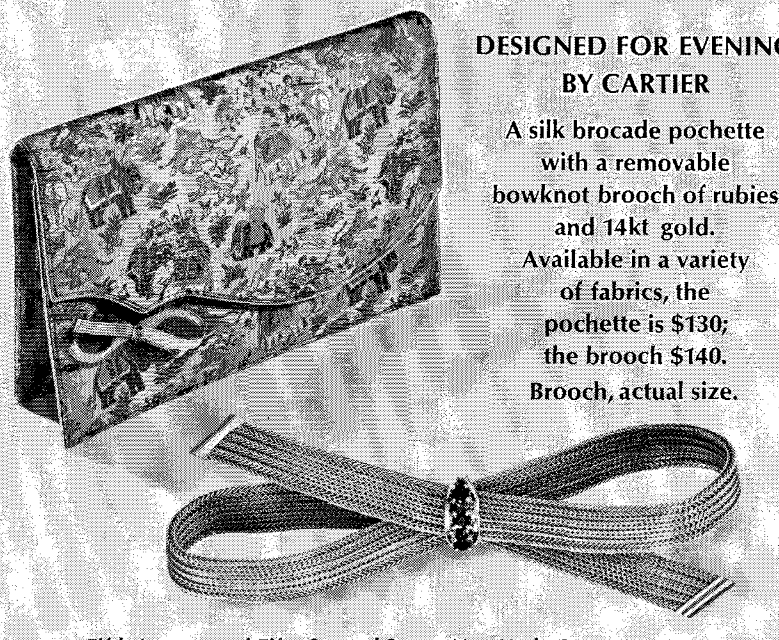
Galey & Lord

IMPORTED
ST. JOHNS BAY RUM
ST. JOHNS
WEST INDIAN
LIME COLOGNE
MASCULINE
ST. JOHNS BAY RUM VIRGIN ISLANDS

TWO HONEST SCENTS FOR THE MALE

St. Johns® authentic Lime Cologne and St. Johns genuine Bay Rum in native woven bottles. Made by the West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, V. I.

For name of nearest store, write our U. S. office, 680 Fifth Ave., New York City



Boutique Cartier

DESIGNED FOR EVENING BY CARTIER

A silk brocade pochette with a removable bowknot brooch of rubies and 14kt gold. Available in a variety of fabrics, the pochette is $130; the brooch $140. Brooch, actual size.

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, New York · PLaza 3-0111
Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach | Cartier, S.A., Paris | Cartier, Ltd., London

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Cable & Corduroy

A most sensuous blend of textures. The cable-knit VILLAGER® cardigan, hand-loomed and full-fashioned of virgin wool. Sizes 34 to 40. The easily-shaped skirt, waistbandless, tied with a string of leather, in cotton corduroy as soft as moss. Sizes 6 to 16. Both in Wild Cherry, Dusty Olive, Cornflower, Meadow Green. Both in other, non-match colors for the independent.

Sweater about twenty dollars, skirt about twelve dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

some amusement from Joanna Cartwright's puppet theatre. (Do you recall, dearest Ma, that house at Lewes we used to visit, where they had some very grand puppets? Joanna's puppets are not quite so grand.) She is extremely agile at managing their movements. There is also an extraordinary series of gramophone records which, by clever timing, accompany the puppets' movements perfectly. They seem to speak.

By the way, earlier in the evening, we were discussing Miss Vaughan, about whom I have already told you—she is staying at my hotel. She may be coming over to Jordan, but much depends on whether we can assist her to resolve some difficulties that have arisen over her entry into the country. I think this will interest you, dearest Ma, since you inquire in your letter about "a teacher in Miss Rickward's school in Gloucestershire, very near Ethel's." Yes, that *is* Miss Vaughan! Remember you asked me this question before. Benny will remember, I'm sure. I am glad to hear Ethel brought Miss Rickward to see you. She is decidedly the same Miss Rickward who is a close friend of Miss Vaughan out here. You were right in assuming that Miss Vaughan's fiancé is an archeologist who is working at present in the Dead Sea area where the Scrolls were discovered. Apparently there is some hitch about the proposed marriage, since he is divorced and she is R.C. Of course, it is quite absurd, in my opinion, when a couple of grown-up people . . .

Freddy had filled most of the pages he had to fill, and it was time for bed.

AT eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, Freddy took Joanna and Matt to Alexandros's shop to show them the icon. Joanna, sitting in the back of the car with quantities of shopping, waved to everyone whom she recognized, including Joe Ramdez, who stood in the street outside his business premises wearing a red fez and talking to another Arab.

"He hasn't set off for Amman yet," Freddy said.

"They're going to Amman in the symbolic sense," said Matt.

"He's waiting to pounce on Miss Vaughan," Joanna said, for the subject of Miss Vaughan and her difficulties had by now taken a fantastic turn among them, from so much talking it over. First thing in the morning, Joanna declared she had thought about Miss Vaughan far into the night. She regretted talking to Ramdez about Miss Vaughan's impending visit. But she was used to dealing with other people's predicaments, even when she had helped to induce them, and in fact could not easily adapt herself to the idea that anyone outside her immediate acquaintance had no problems to be sorted out. Her imagination clung to the intricate danger attached to Miss

We lost 30,000 readers after our first issue. 51,000 after the second. Then the third issue hit the stands.

That one only cost us 36,000. Things were looking up.

Our problem was, we had a very odd kind of publication. It was either a very small Sunday newspaper, or a very large newsweekly.

And, for a lot of people, that was a mixture that wasn't easy to take.

If what they expected from a Sunday newspaper was several hundred retail ads, half a dozen special sections and a few pages of funnies, they weren't going to get it from what we offered.

And if what they were looking for in a newsweekly was a lot of fancy writing and startling headlines, all mixed up with a large helping of opinion, they wouldn't find that either.

What we did have, however, was what we thought were the good parts of both kinds of journalism. From our newspaper set-up came honest, unbiased reporting. And size. (Which meant that we'd have room to deal with a story quite fully.) And speed. (The articles might be as much as two days more current than anything they'd find in a newsweekly.)

And with our newsweekly stance we could offer them something different from the usual "who, what, where" of conventional newspaper writing. Instead of just telling what happened, we took a look behind the news. Interpreted it. And gave some idea of what the whole thing meant.

By the time we levelled off, we found we had a hard core of 600,000 readers who'd developed a taste for our new kind of mixture. (Important readers. Their average income was almost twice as high as the best of the newsweeklies.)

In June '64 we were up to 800,000.

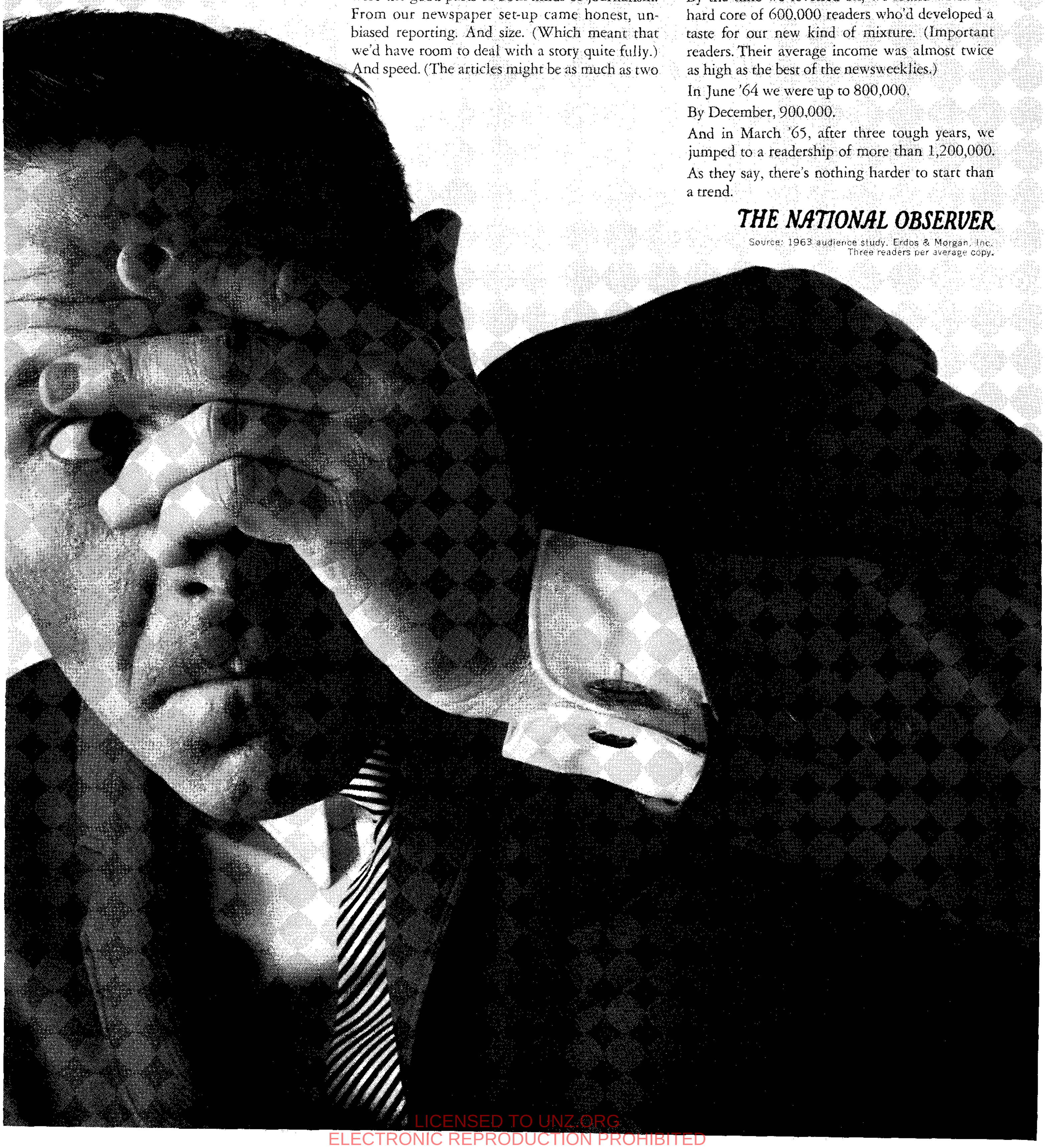
By December, 900,000.

And in March '65, after three tough years, we jumped to a readership of more than 1,200,000.

As they say, there's nothing harder to start than a trend.

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

Source: 1963 audience study, Erdos & Morgan, Inc.
Three readers per average copy.



GORDON
-FORD

At Lord & Taylor, all stores
Ann Taylor, New Haven
Hudson's, Detroit
Kerr's, Los Angeles
or for the store nearest you, write
GORDON-FORD,
350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10001

This is not a Skirt!

It's Gordon-Ford's way with a culotte, invisibly divided against itself. Country Wale Corduroy in forest colors, about $17. Activair's houndstooth check cotton shirt, about $8.50

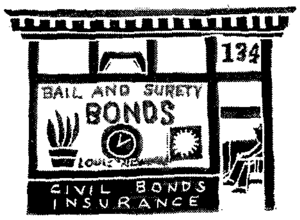
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST

Vaughan's story, and she had managed, in the course of the morning, by batting the shuttlecock of Miss Vaughan's name back and forth between herself and the two men, to infect even them with a kind of irrational excitement over the ways and means by which Miss Vaughan could be trapped by her Jewish blood, could be arrested as an Israeli spy far beyond the assistance of the British Foreign Office, on her arrival in Jordan.

Freddy had begun once more to feel a little frightened. He certainly did not want to be involved in an international incident. And for Miss Vaughan's own sake, he really must, he had decided, somehow prevent her from visiting Jordan. He had a strange difficulty now in remembering what she looked like; he had in his mind only the outline of a frail, sharp, nervy dark woman, fearfully indiscreet.

Matt himself said to Freddy, as they drove into the Old City, "Can't you do something at the office to prevent her from coming over—take away her passport, or something?"

"Oh, no," Freddy said. "Anyway, she's nothing to do with us." He did not like the sound of his words, as they were the sort of words that always, to the outsider, suggested Pontius Pilate washing his hands of a potential source of embarrassment; nonetheless, Freddy felt sympathy for Pontius Pilate, a government officer, and for all those subordinates of Pilate who, like himself, no doubt, had been officially dim, dutiful, and absolutely against intervention between individuals and their doom. Freddy said, "If she gets into trouble, we can make a protest afterward." His reflections had been unusual in the form they had taken, and he felt they were quite absurd; it was only because Matt had now parked the car and they were emerging from it to face the narrow Via Dolorosa within sight of the Ecce Homo Arch, the place from where, by erroneous tradition, Pontius Pilate had addressed the crowd. The real Judgment Palace of Pilate had newly been excavated, and was some yards distant from the Via Dolorosa, and some feet deeper. Miss Vaughan herself, of course, was the sort of person who somehow induced one to think in terms of religion if one thought about her at all.



Most of the way to Alexandros's shop, Joanna kept referring with genuine concern to Miss Vaughan's predicament, hushing her voice considerably in due acknowledgment that any mention of Jewish blood was inflammatory in these parts. The Arabs generally, when they were obliged to talk about Jews, did not permit themselves to utter the word "Jew;" instead, they quaintly spoke of "ex-Jews" and of Israel as "Israel, so-called."

Matt said, "It could happen by accident," in reply to Joanna's inquiry as to what means of execution was used against Israeli spies.

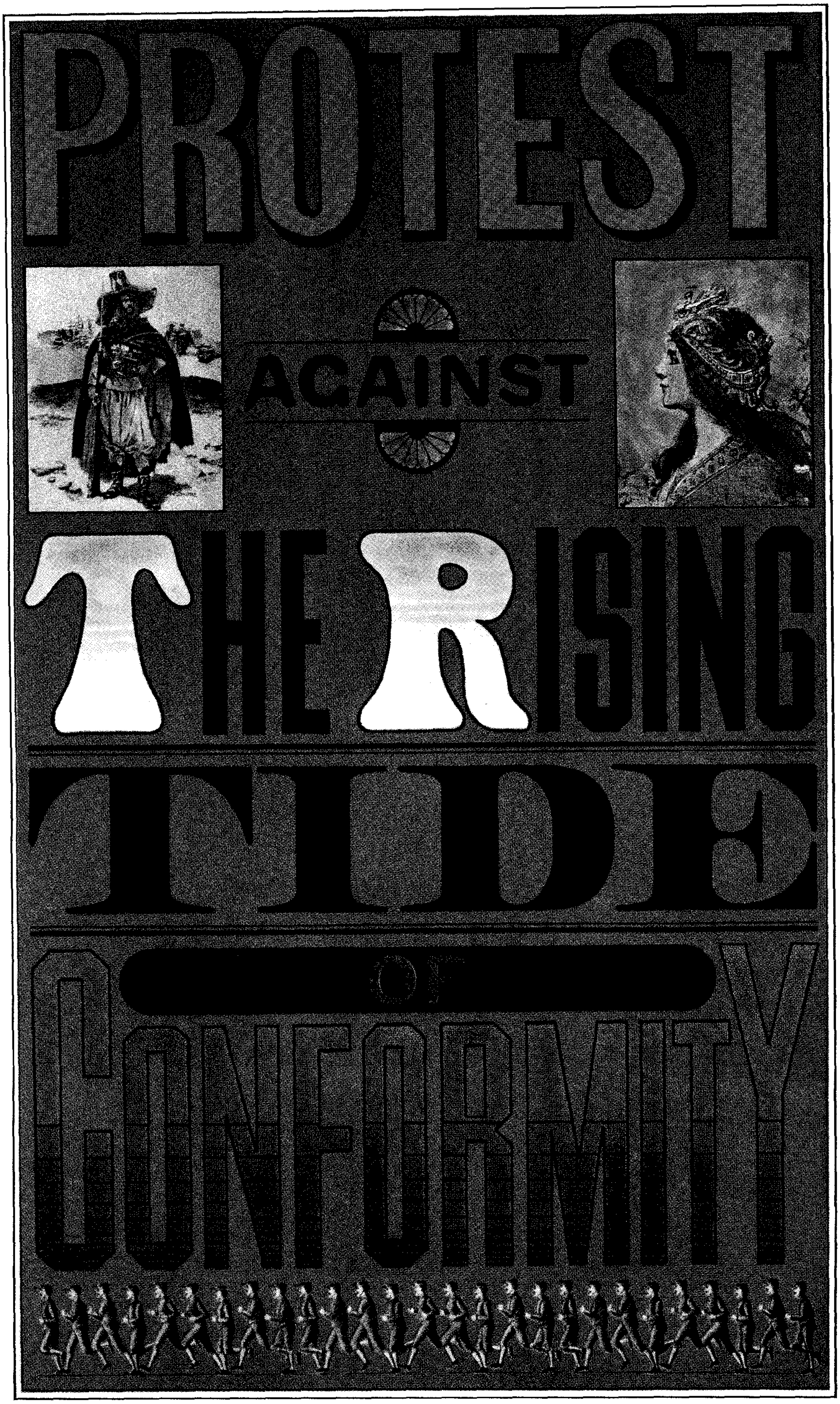
"It could happen by accident." Freddy believed the liquidation of spies and suspects had nearly always taken place, as it were, by accident, unless there was some political reason for holding a trial. And now Freddy was grateful for the company of his friends. Joanna's serious attitude toward Miss Vaughan's impending danger and Matt's urgent appeals to Freddy as to what should be done gave him a sense of being with responsible people, whose safe-conduct he could rely on. For it had begun to gnaw at Freddy's mind that, for all he knew, Miss Vaughan might be an Israeli spy; he knew nothing of Miss Vaughan's identity but what she had told him. Of course, he could not mention this suspicion to the Cartwrights; he would have to make official inquiries first.

At Alexandros's shop, the first person Freddy saw was Barbara Vaughan. She said, "Oh, hallo, Mr. Hamilton." He stared at her stupidly, as if at a complete stranger. Then, just as she began to look puzzled, Freddy pulled himself together and said, "Miss Vaughan! What are you doing here?"

"I'm looking at some stuff," she said. The crib figures, which Alexandros had evidently failed to sell to his customer of yesterday, were spread about on the glass top of a display cabinet. Alexandros said, "This lady likes the crib. She knows it's good. Mr. Hamilton, tell your friend to take this crib and not let it go." And he said to Barbara Vaughan, "It is for the family—they will say in the future, 'This crib was when the Mama went to the Holy Land,' and that is why you should take it."

Barbara Vaughan laughed. Joanna had murmured to Freddy, "Is that her?" and Freddy had nodded. He introduced Miss Vaughan to the Cartwrights. She looked plumper than the image he had held in his mind, and it was part of the unexpectedness of the encounter that he noticed she spoke in

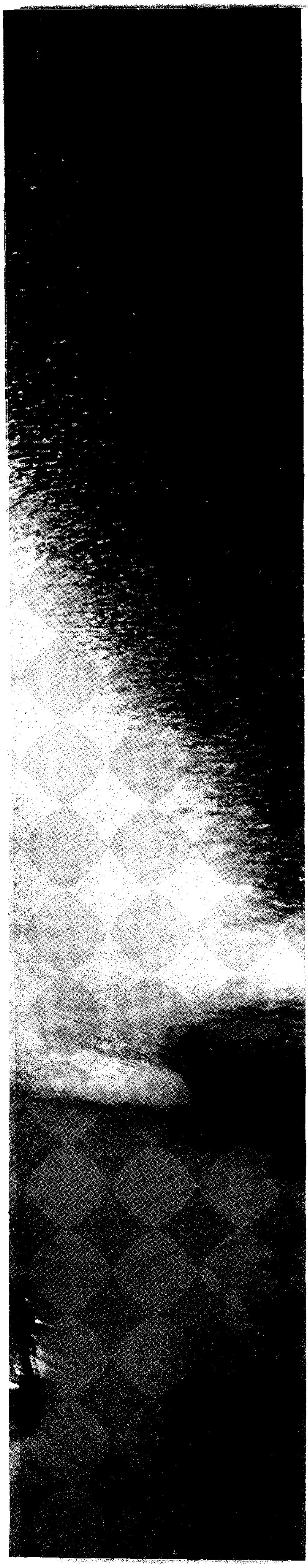
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. FOR W.A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y.


PROTEST
AGAINST
THE RISING
TIDE
OF
CONFORMITY

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON

Serve Booth's House of Lords, the non-conformist gin from England.

Then declare yourself. Get a laminated copy of our poster's message. Ready to hang or stand. Send request and a check for one dollar made out to "Protest," Dept. A, P.O. Box 74, Lindenhurst, New York. Offer good only where legal.



A new model car gets a "bathtub" test on proving grounds. On many assembly lines, IBM computers now help inspectors check over 4,000 steps during a car's construction.

IBM computers help engineers bring you better-built cars

AUTOMOTIVE engineers have come a long way in designing better cars. But even they admit that one old problem still plagues them—

It's the annoying little "bugs" that can crop up in a car as it is being assembled.

Consider the problem. A typical new car has 6,000 close-fitting parts, and some 4,500 welds. Thousands of hand operations and adjustments are also required.

In mass production, there's always the chance that some little part, somewhere, sometime, can miss perfect alignment.

Recently, IBM computers have been added to many assembly lines to help inspectors catch and correct these little defects.

4 times more quality checks

Formerly, even the best inspection system could not report on more than a thousand steps in the making of an automobile.

Today, with IBM computers on the line, inspectors can check *four thousand steps* in a car's construction, from the first welded assembly to the final setting of the carburetor.

Suppose, for example, there are recurring incidents of a door not fitting. The computer records this information, so that engineers can track down the source of trouble—out of dozens of possibilities—and correct it at once.

Every car, moreover, has its computer card checked at the end of the assembly line, to call attention to any remedial work necessary.

The result: *car makers using IBM computers on assembly lines report they have cut their problems of quality control in half.*

Computer checks your order

Actually, in many factories, an IBM computer helps keep track of a new car from the time it is ordered. The car is given an identifying number which is banked in the computer's "memory" at the factory.

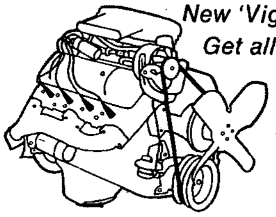
That code number insures that the car is delivered exactly as ordered.

In many such ways, IBM computers help automotive engineers set their sights on even *better*-built cars for the future.

IBM®

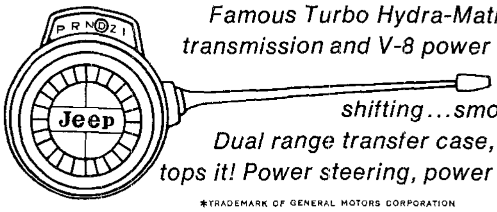
Only one station wagon offers all three:

1. V/8 power



New 'Vigilante' V-8 packs 250 hp. Get all the highway performance you expect. Extra power off the road when the going's rough. Tornado—OHC 6-cylinder engine also available.

2. Turbo Hydra-Matic



Famous Turbo Hydra-Matic automatic transmission and V-8 power give you quicker, quieter shifting...smooth acceleration. Dual range transfer case, too. No wagon tops it! Power steering, power brakes available.*

*TRADEMARK OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

3. 4-wheel drive

Twice the traction of ordinary wagons. Go confidently through mud, sand, snow...handle road conditions you wouldn't dare tackle in any other wagon. New peace of mind...specially with kids in the back!

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

See your 'Jeep' dealer and test drive the powerful, smooth, sure-footed

'Jeep' Wagoneer

a natural tone pitch and moved without furtiveness or strain.

Freddy had recovered his senses so far as to remember what he had brought the Cartwrights here for. They, in their well-mannered way, gave no indication that Miss Vaughan had been the subject of their speculations all morning and most of the night before. Everyone looked at, and admired, the icon. Barbara Vaughan gave out, as a guess, that it was done in the early sixteenth century, not earlier, because the Madonna was not done full length. She thought it unlikely that any departure from the formal Byzantine mode, such as this half-figure depiction of the Madonna, would have occurred at an earlier date.

Plainly, the jeopardized Miss Vaughan they had been discussing was a different person from the Miss Vaughan who stood pointing out, in an ordinary English way, her judgment of the date of a painting, and who then listened with untroubled interest while Alexandros debated the question, citing a few rare icons of an earlier date that had passed through his hands.

In the end, Miss Vaughan declined the crib but bought an antique silver fish on a chain, which she put round her neck there and then. Joanna, who had immediately adapted herself to the real Miss Vaughan, expressed admiration. Matt also added some words of approval. Alexandros explained that the fish, to which three small, curious coins were attached, was of Turkish origin. "It's a Christian symbol," said Miss Vaughan. "That is correct," Alexandros said, "and the coins are Turkish charms, attached by the Turkish convert in case Christianity should not be true. He was fully covered, as they say in regard to policies for the insurance of life."

They left the shop in a united wavelet of amusement, and Freddy said immediately to Miss Vaughan, "When did you come?"

"Yesterday," she said.

"How did you come?"

"Through the Mandelbaum Gate."

"Any difficulty? Speak low."

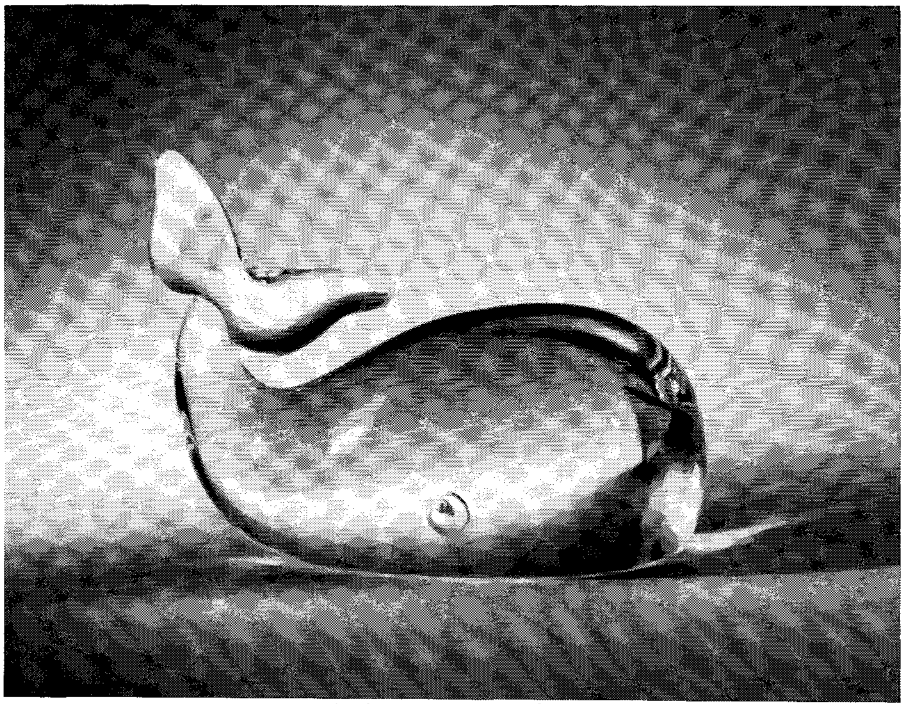
"No. I've got an extra passport, you know, that doesn't show the Israeli visa. And my baptismal certificate. A guard came and met me and said, 'Welcome to Jordan!' "

"Did they ask any questions? Speak low."

"Yes, they asked where I'd come from. It was awfully funny, because they could see perfectly well where I'd come from. But as long as you don't mention Israel, it's all right. The for-

BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED
DRY GIN

The spirit of England
BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER®
BEEFEATER GIN • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • KOBRAND, N.Y
©1965 KOBRAND



Five inches long from nose to tail • $47.50

Crystal whale: landbound,
but not in the least lugubrious

STEUBEN GLASS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022

The "Champagne Touch"

Enjoy the elegance that makes ocean travel the height of luxury aboard America's newest cruise liners ss ARGENTINA and ss BRASIL.

Every moment aboard is graced by our "Champagne Touch"... gracious service, beautiful staterooms, superb cuisine.

7 to 13-day CARIBBEAN CRUISES

from BOSTON

Sept. 21	7-days	$250 up

from NEW YORK

Oct. 6	7-days	$250 up
Oct. 14	9-days	$325 up
Oct. 29	12-days	$430 up
Nov. 10	7-days	$250 up
Nov. 18	13-days	$470 up
Dec. 2*	10-days	$360 up

*(Terminates in Pt. Everglades, Fla.)

from PT. EVERGLADES, FLA.

Dec. 4	8-days	$285 up
Dec. 12	10-days	$360 up
Dec. 23	13-days	$470 up

31-day SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES
from NEW YORK
Sept. 3, Oct. 8, Nov. 19, $930 up

35-day Christmas-New Year Cruise
from New York—Dec. 22, $1010 up
from Pt. Everglades, Fla.—Dec. 24

63-day SEA-SAFARI CRUISE
'round Africa includes: South America • Mediterranean
from NEW YORK—Jan. 24, 1966, $2270 up
from PT. EVERGLADES, FLA.—Jan. 26, 1966

35-day CARNAVAL-IN-RIO CRUISE
from NEW YORK—Feb. 9, 1966, $1285 up
from PT. EVERGLADES, FLA.—Feb. 11, 1966

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT NOW!
Call or write for colorful brochures

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES
Two Broadway, Dept. N-7, N.Y. 10004
Minimum fares subject to space availability

mal answer in my case is 'From England,' and that's what I said. Then they asked what I'd come for. I said, 'A pilgrimage to the Holy Land.' They had a look at my passport and said, 'Enjoy your visit.' That was all."

"Well, well," said Freddy.

"Jolly good," said Matt.

"Where are you staying?" Joanna said. They had started winding up the narrow, crowded street, Joanna walking ahead with Barbara and the two men more or less behind them.

"The guesthouse at St. Helena's Convent. It's quite comfortable."

"You'll be safe there," Joanna said.

"Oh, goodness, yes. I'm the safe type."

Joanna laughed, and Matt, who had taken both women by the arm to guide them through the crowds, laughed, too. The Cartwrights responded to any excuse for laughter. Freddy felt very relieved. The whole question of Miss Vaughan was suddenly normal, as if it had never been otherwise.

They took her home to lunch, treating her as rather more than a new acquaintance, not only because she was Freddy's friend but because one always did, in foreign parts, become friendly with one's fellow-countrymen more quickly than one did at home.

THEY had coffee brought out into the garden after lunch. As swiftly as water finds its own level, they had already formed a small island of mutual Englishness; their intimacy had ripened under the alien sun to the extent that the two women were addressing each other by their first names; and when Joanna said to Barbara Vaughan, "I expect you're looking forward to seeing your fiancé again?" it was possible for Barbara to reply in a confiding manner which, at home, ought to have taken some years to mature: "Well, d'you know, I don't at all want to see him. I've been waiting and waiting to hear about an annulment verdict from Rome, for, as a Catholic, I can't marry him unless his previous marriage is annulled. Then, I've been in a state of conflict for weeks whether or not to come over to Jordan and see him. One way and another, my emotions are exhausted. I simply don't feel anything for him anymore. In fact, I've gone off him."

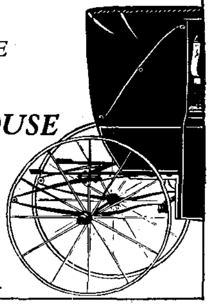
"It's perfectly understandable in the circumstances," Joanna said in her practiced way, "that you should go numb. But it's only temporary. Your feelings will come back."

Freddy found himself hoping not. This Miss Vaughan who claimed so

CANOE
SEA DUFFLE

Tote aboard Dana's exciting Canoe Sea Duffle (waterproof canvas!) filled to the brim with refreshing Canoe cologne, soap and talc. $10 plus tax

Dana



There is a distinctly new and quietly lavish way to live or visit in Manhattan. Moreover, there is satisfaction here for anyone whose appetites reject culinary triteness. Live—and dine—superbly, at the

CARRIAGE TRADE
Restaurant

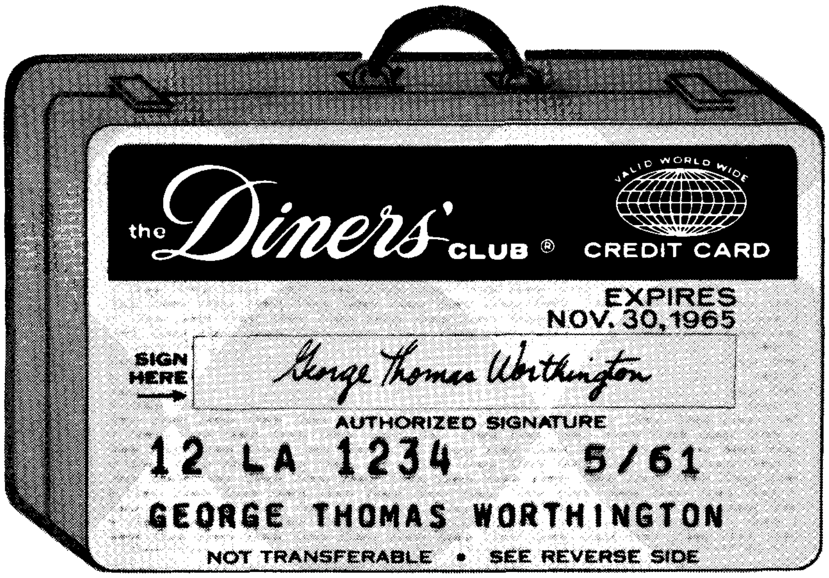
CARRIAGE HOUSE HOTEL
of New York.

Reservations:
661-2100 200 E. 38 St.

GOOD TRAVELER

Italian silk, contrasting inset: empire green, electric blue, hot pink, beige, navy, black
Ours alone
Sizes 8-20
Summer priced $55.
add $1.00 for postage

Janet Sloane
136 E. Putnam Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.



packed...and ready to go

Here's what you carry with you when you carry a Diners' Club card: The convenience of charging travel on all major domestic airlines, and on many international airlines and ocean carriers as well... and the option to do so on a regular credit basis or on a time-payment plan with up to 24 months to pay ...the convenience of charging accommodations and dining at the world's finest hotels, motels, and restaurants... the convenience of charging gifts and store purchases, car rentals, and gas and services at gasoline stations all over the world.

And now*, another Diners' Club facility, Cook's Travelers Cheques, is added to make traveling easier for you.

Diners' Club members can, upon presentation of their Diners' Club card, secure Cook's Travelers Cheques with their own personal check at nearly 500 Thos. Cook & Son or Diners' Club offices throughout the world. This important new service enables Diners' Club members to carry the world's most respected and widely accepted travelers cheques instead of cash. Cook's Travelers Cheques are more than a service... they are an economy. Most travelers cheques cost $1 per $100. Cook's still cost only 75 cents per $100. Remember, to travel, you need only your Diners' Club card and Cook's Travelers Cheques.

It makes sense to carry the world's most important credit credential.

If you are not already a member of The Diners' Club, you should be. Fill out this application and send it today to: The Diners' Club, 10 Columbus Circle, New York, New York 10019.

*Effective August 1, 1965

DINERS' CLUB, Coliseum Tower, 10 Columbus Circle, New York, N.Y., 10019
ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS-TYPE OR PRINT

FOR OFFICE USE

FULL NAME____________________

RES. ADDRESS__________ STREET _____ CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE

Phone______ Rent home____ Own home____ Years at present address______

COMPANY NAME__________ Nature of business__________

Address__________ STREET _____ CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE

Phone______ Years with above firm____ Position__________

BANK & BRANCH ADDRESS__________
IF COMPANY ACCOUNT DESIRED, INDICATE COMPANY BANK

CHARGE ACCOUNTS AT__________

Reg. Checking ☐
Spec. Checking ☐
Savings ☐
Loan ☐

CHECK ONE ONLY
COMPANY ACCOUNT ☐
Bill sent to office address
PERSONAL ACCOUNT ☐
Bill sent to home address
PERSONAL ACCOUNT ☐
Bill sent to office address

Have you previously applied for, or held a Diners' Club Card?____

If addition to existing account, show number__________

$11 FEE: ENCLOSED ☐ BILL ME ☐ covers 12 months' membership from date card is issued *(includes one year's subscription to Diners' Club Magazine at $1. Subscription optional.)*

Card holder assumes joint and several responsibility with company applicant.

11NY NY-1

SIGNATURE OF INDIVIDUAL APPLICANT__________

AUTHORIZATION FOR COMPANY ACCOUNT__________ SIGNATURE OF EXECUTIVE __________ TITLE **

**On company account two signatures required.

"You look puzzled," said a voice at her side. "Perhaps I can explain it." Nancy turned to look into an intense young face. "I doubt if the artist himself could," she laughed. "Would you let him try?" he asked earnestly. "Oh!" she said faintly, a hot blush mounting above the collar of her Cos Cob shirtwaist, a classic in Dacron® polyester and Avril® rayon. Soft pastels and navy; In sizes 7/8-18.

COS COB

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y. • A DIVISION OF
OXFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.

emphatically to have gone off her fiancé was decidedly more agreeable and relaxed than the febrile Miss Vaughan in love. "He's probably the wrong chap for you," he said in an avuncular manner which came easily to him at that moment, seeing Miss Vaughan had just declared herself unattached.

Matt, anxious to take some sort of possession, too, said, "Get him up to Jerusalem. Bring him along here. Maybe we can sort things out."

Barbara smiled. "But I've gone off him," she said. She seemed to be amused at herself, in a sophisticated way, and was pretty-looking as she leaned back in the garden chair, holding her coffee cup.

"Who is the fellow, anyway?" Freddy said. He knew the man's name—Harry Clegg—and also that he was a distinguished archeologist.

Barbara said, "Harry Clegg's his name. He's well known in archeology."

"I've heard of Clegg," Matt said.

"Yes, but who are the Cleggs?" Freddy said. "That's all I mean."

Joanna said, "Freddy, if you're trying to undermine him with Barbara, she'll get her feelings back and go and marry him tomorrow. That's what I'd do."

Freddy said apologetically to Barbara, "I only wondered if you knew anything much about his family."

"Well, he doesn't seem to know much himself about the family," Barbara said, "and he doesn't care. He can't even trace his birth certificate. Really, he's a charming person; it's only that I don't feel—"

"Good God!" Freddy said. "You should be careful who you take up with."

An Arab servant had appeared with a fresh pot of coffee, and they kept silence until he had receded like a wave of the sea that had lapped against the garden wall. Barbara got up, meanwhile, to examine the labels on Joanna's wild flowers of the Holy Land and to deflect attention from herself, as the social moment offered and required.

"Cotyledon," Barbara murmured, examining a plant which grew about ten inches high. It was not in flower, but it had, near its base, a group of curious circular leaves, sunk in their centers, like flowers themselves. Freddy had frequently tried to place this plant from memory, for he had seen it before. It stood in the clump marked "BETHLEHEM." "I got it on a hillside near the Shepherds' Field," Joanna said. "I daresay the same plant has been growing there since the time of Christ. What's the name of it, did you say?"

"It's called pennywort, commonly. The botanical name is *Cotyledon umbilicus*. I wonder how it got to this country."

Joanna took this in good part. "I thought it was indigenous," she said.

"It's possible," said Barbara. But she did not sound convinced. She said, "I'd have to look it up."

"Some sort of flowers must have been blooming here at the time of Christ," Joanna said. "They can't all be British imports."

"That's true."

"I had a cousin used to take wild-flower seeds to India and scatter them there," Freddy said.

Barbara said, "I do that from time to time when I go abroad. To tell the truth, I smuggled a few *Anthyllis* seeds—that's lady's-fingers—into Israel and scattered them on Mount Carmel on the sea verge. They grow well by the sea. Lovely yellow flowers. It was wildly against the regulations, but I couldn't resist it. I never can. It's a habit."

Freddy felt happy, and was struck by the thought that Miss Vaughan was remarkably well informed. He felt it proper that she should have scattered lady's-fingers in some corner of a foreign field.

"You could have been arrested by the Israelis," Matt said. "They're extremely strict about what goes into their soil."

Barbara got ready to leave. She said she had an appointment with a guide.

"Which guide?"

"I went to a travel agent called Ramdez. They've got—"

"You mustn't use Ramdez," Freddy said.

"Don't take on a guide," Matt said. "We'll take you round. Don't waste your money."

"I've engaged one, though. This afternoon he's going to take me to see what he calls 'the tomb of Solomon, son of David, the ex-Jewish king.' "

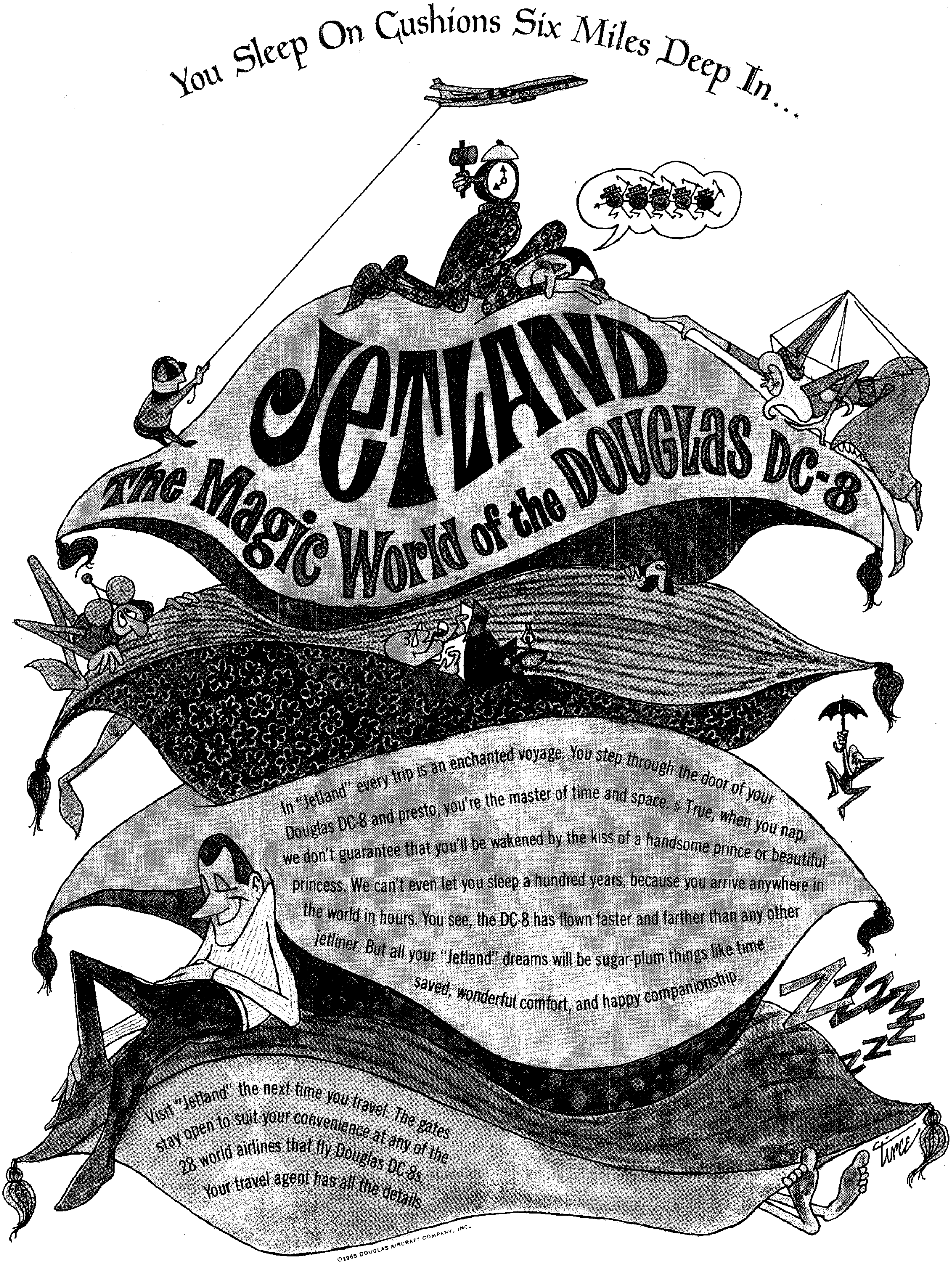
Joanna said, "Matt will go and pay him off. Stay and look at my puppets instead, then when it's cool we'll go for a drive round."

"You see, you mustn't," Matt said quietly, "go round here alone. It's a question of your Jewish blood."

"Nobody will know anything about

LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH
LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH
Now that you've seen the light.....try the dark.

IMPORTED IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383, BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK. THE HAND-BLOWN LÖWENBRÄU CRYSTAL GOBLET PICTURED HERE IS AVAILABLE IN SETS OF 2 IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. FOR EACH SET MAIL $2.00 IN MONEY ORDER OR CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO CLASSIC IMPORTS, P.O. BOX 57, WESTBURY, L.I., NEW YORK. PLEASE ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.


You Sleep On Cushions Six Miles Deep In...
JETLAND
The Magic World of the DOUGLAS DC-8
ZZZZZ

In "Jetland" every trip is an enchanted voyage. You step through the door of your Douglas DC-8 and presto, you're the master of time and space. ¶ True, when you nap, we don't guarantee that you'll be wakened by the kiss of a handsome prince or beautiful princess. We can't even let you sleep a hundred years, because you arrive anywhere in the world in hours. You see, the DC-8 has flown faster and farther than any other jetliner. But all your "Jetland" dreams will be sugar-plum things like time saved, wonderful comfort, and happy companionship.

Visit "Jetland" the next time you travel. The gates stay open to suit your convenience at any of the 28 world airlines that fly Douglas DC-8s. Your travel agent has all the details.

©1965 DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY, INC.

my Jewish blood unless you talk about it.”

Freddy said, “Actually we’ve discussed your position in Jordan quite a bit. Because, you see, it’s more dangerous for you here than I thought it was. I intended to beg you not to come. Anyone with Jewish blood is automatically arrested as an Israeli spy.”

“My passport’s all right,” Barbara said. “I’d call for the British consul if there was any trouble.”

Their island was beginning to disintegrate. Having said his piece, Freddy felt that in reality Miss Vaughan was not in such danger as she had seemed to be in their imagination. Here she stood, calmly, in flesh and blood. As for her being in fact a spy . . .

“I think it would be a bit unfair,” Joanna said, “to involve the British Consulate in an incident of that kind.”

“Why?” said Freddy. Perhaps it was the heat, or his age—he could not fathom it afterward, although he had no regrets—but Freddy felt much the same irate urge to declare something at this moment as he had felt the day before in the shop when the woman customer was being tiresome with Alexandros. “Why, Joanna?” he said. “Why shouldn’t she appeal to the Consulate in the event of her being molested in a foreign country?”

“It’s so much a matter between Arabs and Jews,” Joanna said. “We can’t officially take sides, can we?”

“It’s a blood feud between Semites,” Matt said, “that’s all it is.”

Joanna said reproachfully, as if both men were at fault, “I’m sure this must be a very embarrassing conversation for Barbara.”

“It doesn’t seem to be about me,” Barbara said. “You are talking about a situation that’s outside the scope of the Consulate.”

“Won’t you sit down, Barbara, while we’re talking?” Joanna said. “What I mean,” she said to Freddy, “is that Barbara’s Jewish blood is outside official range, in a sense.”

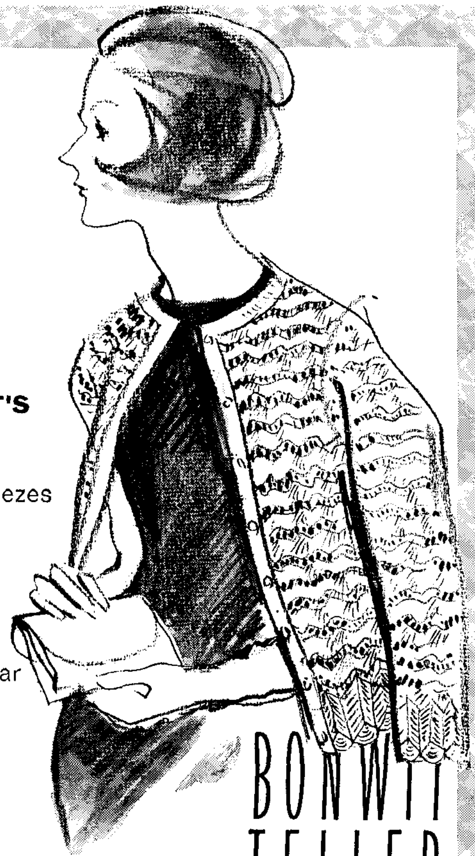
“Jewish blood or not,” Freddy said, “the point is, it’s hers, and it has got to be protected by her country.”

“Yes, well, to get back to the individual case,” Matt said, “we know Ramdez. He’s a snooper for his government. He probably knows already about the Jewish part of Barbara’s origins, through his son in Israel.”

“The son is a hostage, then,” Barbara said.

“Now, I think that’s a bit unfair,” Matt said.

“There is too much talk,” Barbara



FOR THE LACY DAYS
OF SUMMER . . . BONWIT'S
CASHMERE CARDIGAN

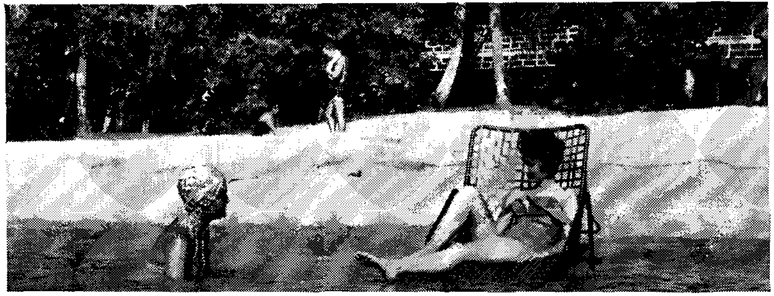
Pretty answer to summer breezes
or over enthusiastic
air conditioners . . .
our white cobweb
of cashmere by Dalton—
fine, fragile, exquisite,
lovely and lacy enough to wear
with late day silks, linens,
even chiffons.
34 to 40 sizes, 40.00
Mail and phone orders filled.

SPORTS FLOOR

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

BONWIT TELLER

NOW . . . special package plans for everybody at DORADO BEACH!



FROM $87.50 EACH PER WEEK.
INCLUDING BREAKFAST & DINNER DAILY

Take your choice of five special plans straight through to October 20. Each includes a week at Puerto Rico’s fabulous Dorado Beach, air-conditioned beachfront room, breakfast and dinner daily, airport transfers, *plus* extra-special features:

1. **Dorado Holiday Plan** including San Juan sightseeing
2. **Dorado Holiday Plan** including Virgin Islands free-port shopping
3. **Family Vacation Plan** 7 nights—$87.50 ea., parents and 2 children
4. **Golf Week Special**—Unlimited golf on 27 great seaside holes
5. **Honeymoon Special**—$208 for two with champagne

See your travel agent or call *New York*—JU 6-1141; *Chicago*—922-4139; *Boston*—423-4888; *Dallas*—RI 7-0932; *Washington*—347-4951.

DORADO BEACH HOTEL
PUERTO RICO
U.S.A.

Dorado Beach Reservation Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza West, N.Y., N.Y. 10020
Please rush color brochures on the package plans listed above:
1. ☐ 2. ☐ 3. ☐ 4. ☐ 5. ☐
NAME________________
ADDRESS________________
CITY____________STATE________
N-6

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE SWINGING TO "New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV, ADJUSTABLE BED AND BARCA-LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:

EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels.

Our Restaurants Are Extraordinary, Too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MU 6-1600, Teletype 212-867-6585

Gin and Vodka's new rival . . .

GAVILAN TEQUILA!

Meet this spirited new challenger in the
Tequini
(Gavilan Martini)
Margharita
Tequila Collins

Send for free recipes:
Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
Sole U.S.A Distributors

90 Proof

said. "Everything would be easy if people didn't talk so much."

"Why is it unfair?" Freddy said to Matt. "I think it's a very good point that Ramdez can't very well move against Miss Vaughan while his son is in Israel. Young Abdul is a hostage."

"Because, mad as it sounds, Jewish blood is illegal here. I—Joanna and I—we think it's a lunatic situation. But it seems a bit unfair of Barbara to tempt the law and risk involving a young Arab in Israel."

"The trouble with you," Freddy said, fully conscious and rather astonished that he was wrecking the delightful atmosphere, "is that you blow neither hot nor cold but lukewarm. What was that passage in the Bible, Miss Vaughan? Can you recall it? It goes something like, 'You blow neither hot nor cold and I will spew thee out of my mouth.' Something like that. Very apt." —MURIEL SPARK

•

As I am working for a trading firm and having abundant opportunity to speak English, I often compare English Conversation to a knife and folk in my mealtime.

That means if I can't speak it as other party do during the business negotiation, I experience inconvenience. However I can do business without English-speaking people as far as I bear slight inconvenience. Of cource the best way is to know it.

The same thing can be said to the time when I have my meal. When I take a meal, we usually use a knife and folk. By doing so, I can have it very easily. But even though I have no idea how to use the tablewares, we will be able to manage to have it my hands.

On the other hand, in case I know the using way, I can have the meal keeping our hands clean. I therefore hope that all of those who would like to enter into international business in the future will study English Conversation constantly and burnish your knives and folks so that you may show your ability fully when an opportunity comes.

MOTOO YAMAMOTO

—*The Ritsumeikan, Ritsumeikan University, Kyoto, Japan.*

And when you're not speaking or eating, write!

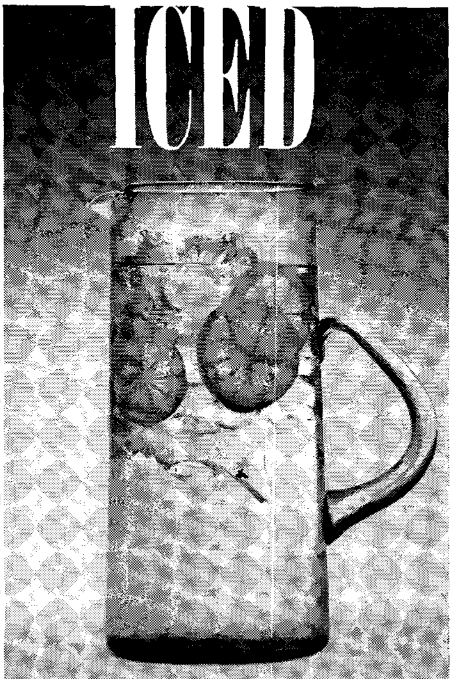
•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the catalogue of Spencer Gifts, Atlantic City*]

WATER PISTOL & "BLEEDING" TARGETS! Bang! Bang! I got 'cha! Now the kids can know for sure who's turn it is to play "dead"! New self-adhesive "stick-on" water wounds TURN RED WHEN WATER HITS THEM! Don't worry, Mom! Won't stain clothing! "Automatic" pistol is a copy of a famous gun. SHOOTS 30 FT.

Water Pistol & Wounds (X-77461) ....59¢
40 Extra Wounds (X-77479)....29¢



ICED

You'll be the favorite guest when you arrive with this cool, graceful streak of pitcher from Denmark. Apt for the tall fruity drinks, iced tea or frosty lemonade on the patio. Two quart in smoke crystal, $7.50. One quart, $6.50. Mail and phone orders invited.

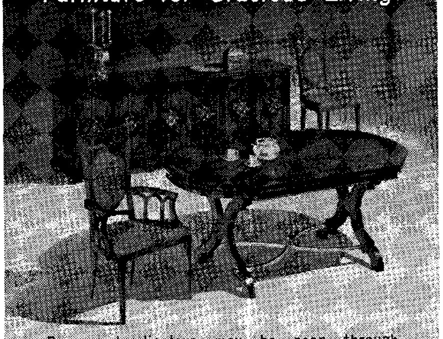
GEORG JENSEN INC
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 1-2400
SCARSDALE MILLBURN MANHASSET

HOUSE BUYERS..

Know how to find the best house, for your price, to your specifications, in another community, anywhere? Ask

HOMERICA INC

New York: 200 Park Avenue, 661-3111
Chicago: Marina City, 6023 East Tower, 527-3111
Los Angeles: 3460 Wilshire Blvd., 387-3111



Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 35¢ Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC. JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

© Green Giant Company

Pin on your button, pull up your curb, and dig in!

It's been sort of a tradition here in Le Sueur, Minnesota, to get together when the Niblets® corn is harvested and eat fresh-roasted ears along the main street of town. When it became an official yearly celebration someone duly named the occasion "Corn-on-the-Curb Days."

Last year we threw open the festivities (including the highly competitive corn-eating contest) to interested out-of-Valley residents. The same invitation is open again this year. If you plan to be vacationing near the Valley around August 13, 14, 15, and you'd like to reserve some corn and a spot on the curb, drop us a line.

Even if you can't come, drop us a line. We were so moved by last year's regrets that we've put together a little kit for your own stay-at-home celebration. There's an official "Corn-on-the-Curb Days" button as well as a coupon good for two cans of Green Giant Niblets corn, or a package of Niblets corn frozen in butter sauce. (Eating Niblets corn at home is the next best thing to eating it fresh from the field. The button is to put you in a festive mood.) Then, if your town has curbing along its streets, you're all set.

CORN ON THE CURB

Green Giant®

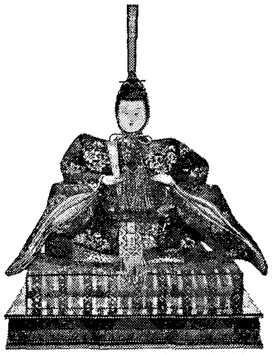
Good things from the garden

IMPERIAL
HOSPITALITY
a Tokyo tradition
enjoyed by
distinguished
travelers
for 75 years

The time: before the turn of the century, during the twenty-third year of the reign of the Emperor Meiji. The occasion: the Imperial is established as the first hotel in Japan to cater to the Emperor's distinguished overseas guests.

Today, the Imperial continues to offer international travelers every luxury and convenience of modern hotel comfort—plus *a 75-year tradition of hospitality unique among Tokyo hotels.*

Small wonder you recognize the Imperial touch as you dine, relax, and shop amidst the hotel's elegant facilities. For the passing years have refined Imperial hospitality to a gracious art . . . an art which will make your stay in Japan truly Imperial.



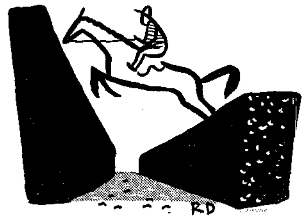
IMPERIAL
HOTEL, TOKYO
T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

THE RACE TRACK

Staunch Fellow

I SUPPOSE the easiest and kindest thing to say about Hail to All, winner of the Belmont Stakes last month, is that he likes long races—the longer the better. When he finished third in the Saranac Handicap, at a mile, at Aqueduct several weeks ago, it was apparent that the distance was too short for him. He always leaves the starting gate slowly, and it takes him about half a mile to get into his full stride, but then he cuts loose with a dramatic burst of speed. So when he came out for the Dwyer Handicap, at a mile and a quarter, at the Big A last Saturday, the wiseacres backed him down to odds on—and he finished third again. As you know, the Dwyer was won by Staunchness, who galloped home four lengths in front, with Duc de Great taking second money by a head from Hail to All. This running of the race in which Man o' War and John P. Grier had their memorable struggle forty-five years ago brought out seven three-year-olds, and Turn to Reason, a gray colt, was quickest away. Passing the stand, he led Duc de Great and Staunchness, and as they went around the clubhouse turn, Hail to All was at least ten lengths behind. As the runners bowled along down the backstretch, Duc de Great slipped past Turn to Reason. Staunchness stayed on in third place. Hail to All, with Sellers in the saddle, was so far behind that I wondered whether he'd ever get going. The fact is, he didn't until just about the time Ussery, riding with skill and assurance, made his move on Staunchness—and then it was quite too late. No doubt Sellers won't be riding Hail to All anymore, because he didn't win. He lost the mount on the colt in the Kentucky Derby because he didn't win the Wood Memorial on him. (Hail to All didn't win the Derby, either; with Ycaza up, he was fifth.) Frankly, I've never looked on Hail to All as the nonpareil everybody thought he was after he won the Belmont.

Staunchness, a bay colt by Bold Ruler out of Tiny Request, is the first runner who ever moved up from a claiming race to win the Dwyer. If you've forgotten, Joe Brunetti, who owns the Red Oak Stable, claimed him for $25,000 from Ogden Phipps two months ago. The Dwyer is the third purse he's won for Brunetti, running his prize money up to a total of $64,447. Not bad, not bad.



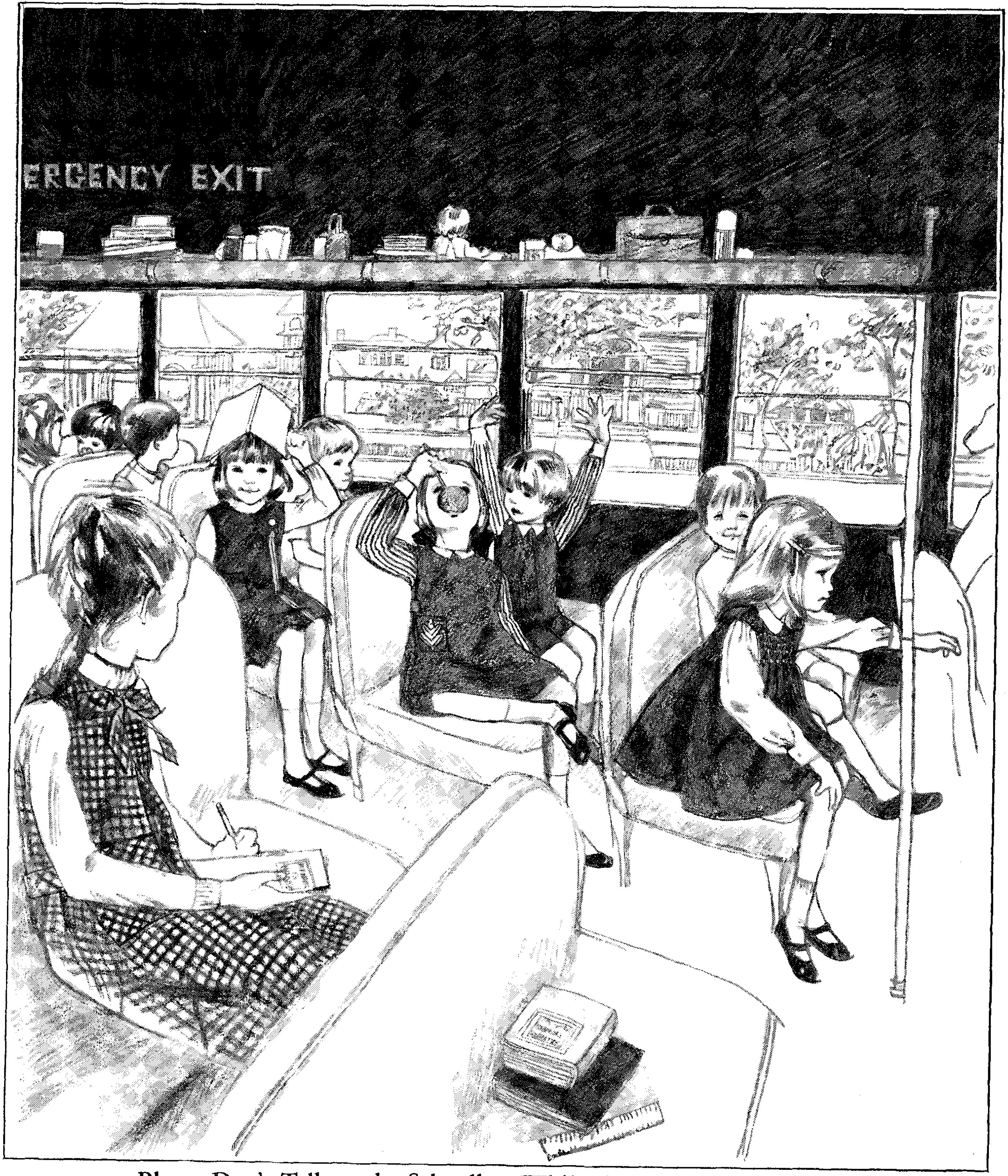
FARTHER afield last weekend, Tom Rolfe, who in my opinion is the season's best three-year-old, was an easy winner of the one-mile Citation Handicap at Chicago's Arlington Park. Taking command at the turn into the stretch, he won by more than three lengths from Mr. Clown, to whom he gave sixteen pounds. Pass the Word, to whom he gave eleven, was third. At Monmouth Park, rain, which turned the track from fast to sloppy, upset expectations in the Monmouth Handicap. Repeating, the lightweight and long shot of the six starters (he paid $20.40), took the lead at the break and was never headed. Tenacle was second, Ampose third, and Smart, the favorite, who didn't like the footing, fourth. At Delaware Park, Beautiful Day, second to Miss Cavandish in the Molly Pitcher a fortnight before, won the New Castle from Treachery, with Petite Rouge third. Miss Cavandish was seventh. Out in Hollywood, Quadrangle didn't run for the Hollywood Gold Cup, as I thought he might; he's back at Belmont Park. In the Gold Cup, Native Diver once more showed the speed and stamina that make a good race horse. Carrying top weight, the Black Whirlwind, as they call him in California, won at a mile and a quarter more easily than he had won at shorter distances. I'm told that he's the Kelso of the Coast.

IT was hard to work up much enthusiasm over the fifty-ninth running of the Astoria Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, at Aqueduct last week, since Native Street, a gray daughter of Native Dancer, won as she pleased from Lyvette, Lady Pitt, and seven others. About an hour before the Astoria, horseplayers at the Big A had a touch of midsummer madness. For reasons that escape me, they backed Crossing the T, a colt from the stable of Ogden Phipps, down to 3–10, and he wasn't in the first three. They're still singing the blues.

KELSO runs in the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct this weekend. I hope he wins.

—AUDAX MINOR

©1965 FLORENCE EISEMAN



Please Don't Talk to the Schoolbus While the Driver is in Motion.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED BY THE SCHOOL SYSTEM, PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING MANNERS:

1. Never talk to the driver while the schoolbus is in motion.
2. Please be ready when the bus comes for you. Time and this schoolbus wait for no one.
3. Please don't eat your lunch on the bus. You'll be hungry at lunchtime.
4. It's all right to memorize a poem out loud before you get to class, but not at the top of your lungs.
5. If you really must sit with Amy, please don't push Caroline out of her seat. She'll move if she gets the hint.
6. Please don't stick your hands out the window to wave. They're the only ones you'll ever have.

The most intellectual commuters are, of course, wearing Florence Eiseman's washable imported Swiss wool and cotton flannels from her perfectly mannered collection. Plaids, checks, stripes and bright solid colors are in order for this semester. All in 3 to 6X, at the Little Royalty, Forest Hills; Junior Bazaar, St. Louis; Millison's, Baltimore; Little Folks, La Jolla.

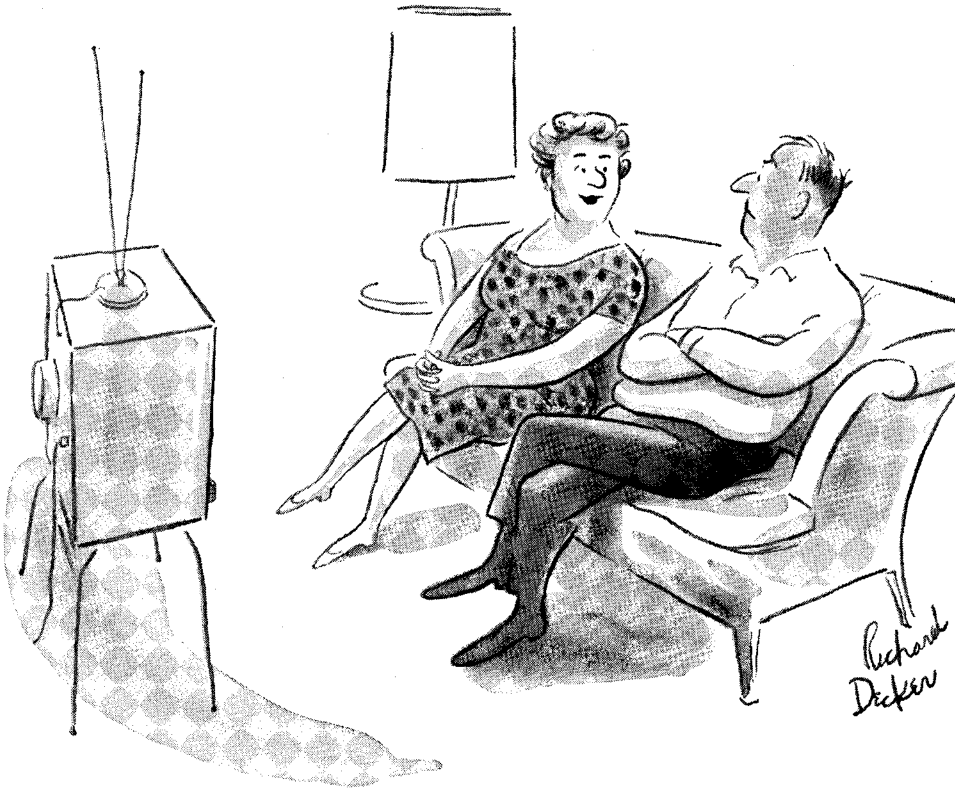
FLORENCE EISEMAN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

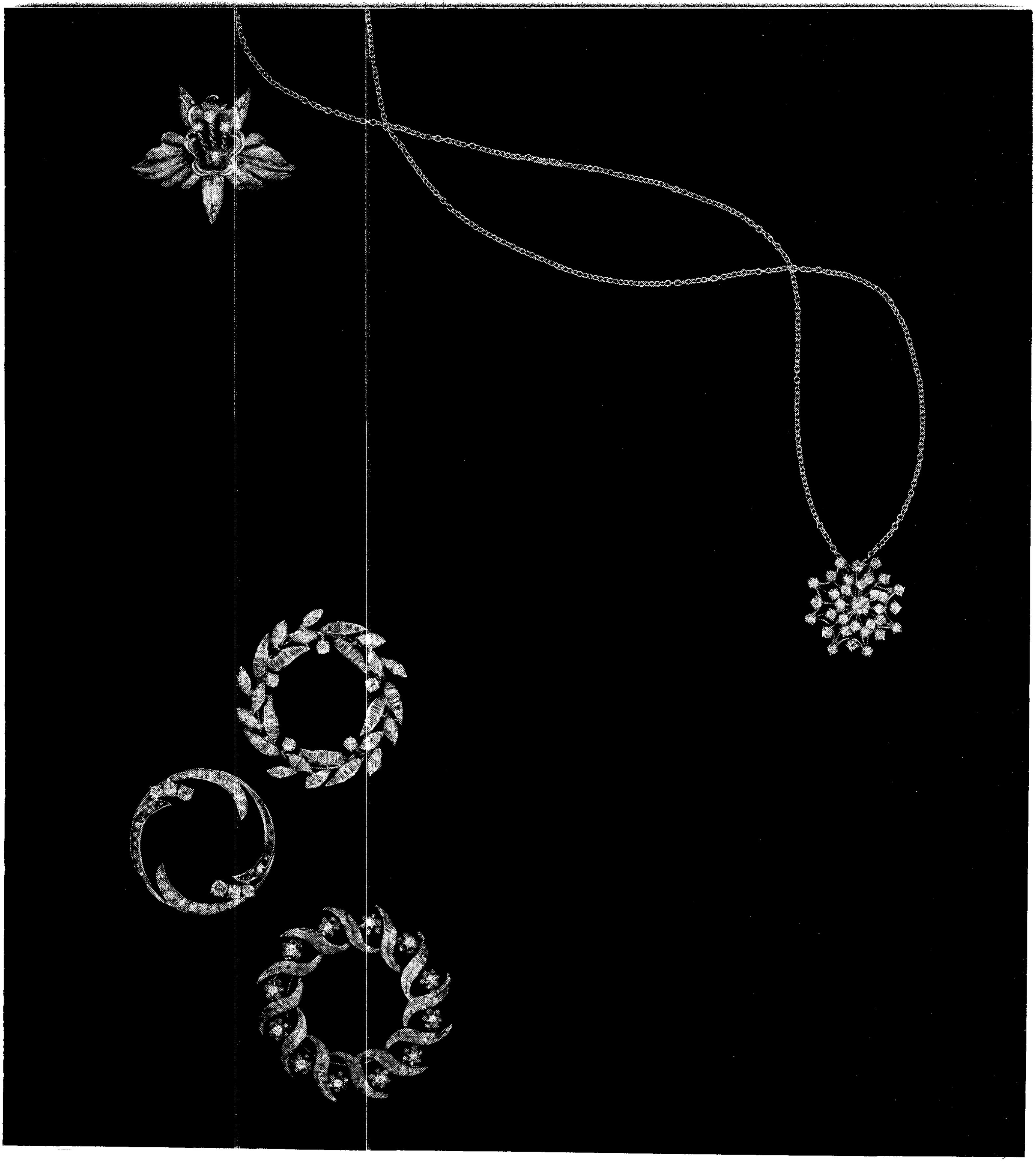
A BREAK WITH TRADITION

SHORTLY before the 1960 Presidential election, I spent several hours in the Macon County Courthouse, in Tuskegee, Alabama, waiting outside the closed door of the registrar's office with a group of Negroes who were trying to register to vote. Some of them had been trying for years. Macon County, in which Negroes outnumber whites by about five to one, is one of about a hundred and forty counties in which Negroes constitute a majority of the population. It has been in these rural counties of the Deep South—spread over a region generally called the Black Belt—that the ballot box has been most jealously guarded as a white preserve. In many respects, Macon County is a typical Black Belt county; the bulk of its population consists of unschooled, impoverished Negroes living in ramshackle unpainted shanties on land that was once devoted to cotton and other row crops but has increasingly been used for pasture in recent years. However, Macon is unusual among such counties in also possessing a sizable number of well-educated, economically independent Negroes, most of them on the staff of a large Veterans Administration hospital outside Tuskegee or of Tuskegee Institute. Among those waiting in the courthouse hallway that day, along with several farmers, were a number of college faculty members and other professional people. Every once in a while, as the hours passed, the chairman of the Board of Registrars, a stocky white man named Wheeler Dyson, would put his head out the door into the hallway where we sat and peer at the group of Negroes with a frown on his face. Then he would close the door again. This recurrent action prompted one of the waiting Negroes—a young sociology professor named Stanley H. Smith—to remark to me, "He'd like nothing better in the world than to peep out sometime and find, by some miracle, that we've all vanished and are never going to trouble him again." Smith, a solemn-looking man, who is the author of a Ph.D. thesis entitled "The Social Psychology of Discrimination," was dressed in a neat dark-blue suit with a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from his watch chain. In the previous five months, he had attended five successive registration sessions, each time spending an entire day in the hallway without being admitted to the office even long enough to pick up an application blank. The registrars were stalling the Negroes off by using a tiny office and administering complicated and time-consuming literacy tests, which included the copying out by hand of long extracts from the United States Constitution. Though nothing much happened the day I spent there, it was clear that a silent contest was going on—a boring, continuing, undramatic struggle that was crucial both for the Negroes and for the State of Alabama and was of prime significance to the whole civil-rights movement. If there was any place in the South where the hypocrisy behind literacy tests was being exposed, it was here. Around noon, I had a chance for a word with Dyson as he was leaving the courthouse for lunch, and I asked him whether he had any constructive proposals to suggest for speeding up the registration procedure. He replied, "Them niggras ought to learn to write faster."

IN the nearly five years since, substantial changes have taken place in Macon County, as I found out when I returned to Tuskegee not long ago. In consequence of unremitting pressure by the local Negroes and of legal decisions favorable to them in a complex tangle of litigation—including one landmark Supreme Court case, Gomillion vs. Lightfoot—most of the obstacles to their registration in Tuskegee had been pushed aside. They have thus managed to achieve, through laborious litigation, the basic right and opportunity that the new voting-rights bill is intended to make readily available to all. In this respect, therefore, the Negroes of Macon County were a couple of years ahead of the rest of the rural South. By last fall, they had registered in sufficient numbers to put them in the electoral majority in Macon County; Negro voters numbered about 1,200 in the city of Tuskegee (pop. 6,700), compared to about 1000 white voters, and for the county as a whole the figures were 3,400 Negro voters and 2,900 whites. No such situation had existed anywhere in the South since Reconstruction days. In the autumn elections, the Negro leadership, using its new power with calculated restraint, chose to throw its support behind a bi-racial slate of candidates and succeeded in putting into office the first bi-racial government in the rural Deep South. All the whites elected were what is generally described as "moderate" in their racial views, and with them six Negroes were also elected—two to the City Council, one to the County Board



"I'll make a deal with you. I'll try to be more like Harriet if you'll try to be more like Ozzie."



Brooches (top to bottom) about $75; about $2470; about $1500; about $300; pendant, about $950. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

on the never-ending joys of diamonds

The light and fire of the diamond are the symbol of all that's happy and beautiful in the world. Through time, changes of fashion and fortune, the diamond remains unchanged, unchangeable. The diamond piece you buy will reward you with a lifetime of joy and pride. Never choose it for the sizes of the stones alone. The diamond is forever. Even the small diamond.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

GEN. U. S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW

We doubt there are any fine restaurants without it.

Don't count the cars parked outside. There's a better way to pick a restaurant. Count the Heineken bottles on the tables inside. Hope you'll spot lots of them. Because great food makes you feel like a Heineken. And Heineken makes you feel the food's great. You see, we brew Heineken in a very extravagant manner. *We actually age it for over three months.* That makes for smooth natural carbonation and tiny little bubbles. So, your steak does the filling. Not Heineken. See why places that glory in their food would never be without Holland's Proud Brew? Never, Never, Never.

HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER

of Revenue, one to the City-County Board of Education, and two as justices of the peace. These six became the first elected Negro officeholders in the State of Alabama since 1877, when the Reconstruction era ended. One of the two Negroes elected to the City Council was Dr. Stanley Smith. He has already written a learned paper based on his political experience—undoubtedly becoming the first Tuskegee City Councilman of any hue to do such a thing. The paper is called "The Ballot and Its Impact on Social Change: A Case Study in Socio-Political Adjustment," and it makes such observations as, "Macon County and Tuskegee may be considered . . . a sociological laboratory for the objective analysis and evaluation of the socio-dynamics of social change and social adjustment." (The editor of a local Negro newspaper once characterized Dr. Smith as "a man who probably puts footnotes and bibliography on his prayers.")

As for Wheeler Dyson, he is no longer on the Board of Registrars, having resigned after Federal District Court Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr., in Montgomery, enjoined him from discriminatory practices. He is now running a truck-stop café on U.S. Highway 80, at the eastern edge of town. The door of the restaurant is kept locked, and would-be customers have to ring a doorbell. Whenever the bell rings, Dyson or one of his helpers peers out suspiciously before pressing the buzzer that opens the door. If the stranger passes inspection, the door is opened. Dyson's behavior is certainly consistent, and probably futile. The law stopped him from running the Board of Registrars as a private club, and sooner or later it will most likely stop him from running his restaurant that way.

Most of the white people in Tuskegee, I gathered, have adjusted to the new state of affairs with considerably better grace than Mr. Dyson. No exodus of white families has occurred, nor have there been mass resignations of city employees, or, for that matter, any resignations whatever, though both of these eventualities were forecast before the elections. When I asked various citizens what specific changes had been made as a result of the installation of the new city government, I was given a fairly long list. Streets in the Negro districts that had long been left unpaved were being paved. Garbage was at last being collected with evenhanded impartiality in all parts of town, and the authorities had finally decided that it was feasible to extend water mains to certain streets that had never had them. The city had just bought a truck from Frazier Motor Service, one of the local Negro firms, none of which had ever before been invited to take part in competitive bidding for a public contract. Another novelty was a requirement that drivers of city vehicles seeking gasoline or service divide their trade equally among all the local filling stations, including those owned by Negroes. Once a Southern city embarks on a determined course of ending discriminatory practices, it finds itself having to take a new look at practically everything it has been in the habit of doing. For instance, the City Council voted recently that it could no longer make an annual contribution to the local 4-H Club—not, that is, until the organization should open its facilities to the youth of all races. The city has also altered its traditional employment policy, putting four Negroes on the municipal payroll—two men on the police force, one woman at the water-filtration plant, and a woman at City Hall as a clerk. Moreover, Negroes have, for the first time, been appointed to such important agencies as the Macon County Housing Authority and the City Planning Board. In the private-employment sector, something of a breakthrough has been taking place in recent weeks, as eight firms have hired Negro help. Last Christmas, whites and Negroes got together for another pioneering project—the planning of the downtown street decorations. And subsequently some fifty leading citizens of both races organized themselves into a group called the Committee for a Greater Tuskegee, whose aim is to further the interests of the city and the county in such fields as business, industry, education, health, and recreation. One of its members told me he was thinking of suggesting that the group get together for a party soon, with wives present, but was wondering if that wasn't, perhaps, *too* bold for the moment.

Some of these developments may appear less than world-shaking, but the fact remains that just a short while ago they were unthinkable—and still are in most of the rural South. Within just a few months, a new standard of normality had been established. "The thing that surprises me most is how quietly it's all happened," one white business-

HOW TO TURN A PIECE OF GLASS INTO AN ELECTRONIC CIRCUIT

Actually, of course, the circuit is there all the time. It's the pattern printed on the glass. This pattern is, however, less than one millionth of an inch thick, and is so thin you can't see it when the glass is turned on edge. It is used in the new Electronic Switching System Western Electric is building for the Bell System communications network. ☐ Developed by our teammates at Bell Telephone Laboratories, these thin film circuits are remarkably compact and efficient. But producing them in volume presents Western Electric with unique manufacturing problems. For example, the thickness of the film throughout the entire circuit must not vary even one-half of one millionth of an inch! ☐ Solving such problems, however, is exactly what Western Electric has been doing ever since we became part of the Bell System in 1882. As the problems grow, so do our skills at solving them. That is why, today, we are able to produce the most advanced communications equipment, in volume and to the highest standards of quality and reliability. ☐ That's our responsibility as the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System.

Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

man told me. "The town has taken it without a ripple." Most of the Negro leaders here, having been long steeped in skepticism as far as relationships with white people and with political power are concerned, think that the widespread acceptance of the new situation is attributable simply to prudence on the part of the whites. Professor Charles G. Gomillion, of Tuskegee Institute's Department of Sociology, who was the appellant in the historic Supreme Court case, and who has been for twenty-five years the most active and influential figure in the local Negro effort to achieve equal rights, told me, "We're under no illusions. The whites haven't changed their attitudes—just their behavior. Nor would they be behaving this way now if it were profitable for them to behave otherwise." But then he went on to give me a capsule sociology lecture whose point was that reputable current research indicates that new behavior patterns are efficacious in inducing new habits of thought and feeling. Like Stanley Smith and many other Negroes in the field of social science, Gomillion has made the conditions that have victimized him the materials of his scholarship. The subject of his doctoral dissertation was "Civic Democracy in the South."

The Negro leaders' skepticism is probably wholesome. It is too early to celebrate the arrival of the millennium in Tuskegee, Alabama. Nevertheless, in talking with members of the white community about recent developments one may hear expressions of gratification that seem to go well beyond mere prudence. Neil O. Davis, the publisher and editor of the Tuskegee *News*, said during one of several conversations I had with him, "I believe that this little community can become the showplace of the world." Davis has for many years owned a paper in the nearby town of Auburn. He acquired the *News* last August—because, he told me, the situation in Tuskegee had got to the point where he felt he just had to put in his two bits' worth. In the past, the *News* had unswervingly followed a segregationist policy, which required it to pretend, ostrichlike, that Negroes did not exist. A reader of the paper under its former ownership would never have been able to guess that most of the population of the town was Negro and that a substantial number of the Negro citizens were people of some means, cultivation, and achievement, whose activities might be interesting and newsworthy. From the paper's columns, abounding in bright, cheery reports of the doings of the numerous white

De Busschere
Belgian Shoes
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

SABA
Baby llama calf
Cedar, Black
$60

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N.Y.
CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.

The first tee
is just outside
your door

It's 18 holes of unhurried, uncrowded enjoyment on one of the state's finest courses. Electric carts and 9-hole putting green finish the layout. Here is Lake Champlain's complete resort: all water sports, fine fishing, tennis, a new pool, children's programs, and a 3200-foot airstrip. Join us this season. Reserve *soon:* N. Y. Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, LT 1-6595.

BASIN HARBOR
CLUB
Robert H. Beach, Manager
VERGENNES • VERMONT

W-u-r-r-l-d's
best
travel
bargain*

insist on
COOK'S
TRAVELERS
CHEQUES
"Scotty" is right because...you save *25% on the issuance charge when you buy Cook's Travelers Cheques. Safe...accepted everywhere. Safer than cash, too, for they're promptly refunded if lost or stolen. Backed by the world's largest Travel Organization.
THOS. COOK & SON
In $10, $20, $50, $100, and $250 denominations.
STILL ONLY 75¢ PER $100
WHY PAY MORE?
at authorized banks, travel agencies and all Cook's Offices.

Read What A Famous Authority Says About
America's Most Distinguished
Steak House Restaurant

"Beefsteak in its greatest glory . . . beautifully tender . . . served quietly and meticulously at the Pen and Pencil, one of the great steak houses of our country."
— *Gourmet Magazine*

Need we say more?
Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660

John C. Bruno

DANISH
MARY
(A Bloody Mary gone Danish)
3 oz. tomato juice
juice of ½ lime
Dash celery salt
1¼ oz. imported
Aalborg Akvavit
Stir with ice until cold.
Pour into 6 oz. glass
Enjoy!
Munson G. Shaw Co., N. Y. 86 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Charge Clubs

ladies' clubs, one could gain only the vaguest awareness of the presence of Negroes on the local scene—and this awareness came through as a kind of subliminally distasteful impression, like the sort of dull ache or unlocalized malaise that makes a person feel out of sorts on even the nicest day. When Davis took over the *News*, his ambition was to give the whites a chance to justify their long-repeated boast of knowing the Negroes. He desegregated the news. For the first time, pictures and stories of Negroes, played up simply according to their newsworthiness, began appearing on the front page or on other pages of the paper. This policy, combined with forthright editorials by Davis, was considered a major factor in reducing tensions during the transition period that followed the elections. When I asked Davis how his paper was doing, he said that it had registered a forty-per-cent gain in circulation. He told me that he had lost only three advertising accounts as a result of his editorial and news policies, and that he had picked up five new accounts. He had suffered no threats or insults, he added, and explained, "There wouldn't be anything like that here. These aren't roughnecks, such as you might find in some back counties. These are gentle people here in Tuskegee. Even when they disagree with you, it is with courtesy and with the greatest care not to wound the feelings."

Though no one else I talked with went quite as far as Davis in envisioning Tuskegee as one of the potential wonders of the world, many citizens, white and black, did seem firmly convinced that the town would serve as a model for the rest of the Deep South. In his campaign for election last fall, the new mayor, Charles M. Keever, a shopkeeper who had never been active in politics before, stressed the point that in voting for a bi-racial government and new policies Tuskegeeans should think of themselves as taking not a chance but an opportunity. "We can cross over into the new era of our great Southland," one of Keever's campaign leaflets proclaimed. "This is our opportunity to establish with certainty that Southern civic government can function with the good of *all of its people* in mind."

At its first meeting, the new City Council, made up of three whites and two Negroes, issued a statement declaring:

> We are aware of the break with tradition which our taking office symbolizes. Historically, today may well mark the end of an era and the beginning of another in

MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA

Crompton Corduroy just acts rich.

It can afford to with
the fine design of Joyce Sportswear.
The eminence is Crompton's
novelty wide wale cotton corduroy
in the suit look of
a pocketed and petite buttoned jacket
with a mandarin collar
over the belted straight skirt.
Be practical.
Buy it in beige, vicuna, fire red,
mist green or Dior blue. Sizes 6-16.
Then add a trophy room to your house.

Suit look by Joyce Sportswear
available at
B. Siegel, Detroit;
Edgar Stevens, Highland Park, Illinois;
Robertson Bros., South Bend, Indiana.

Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc.,
1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY 18.

Club Championship. Priceless.

Jacket about $12.

Skirt about $9.

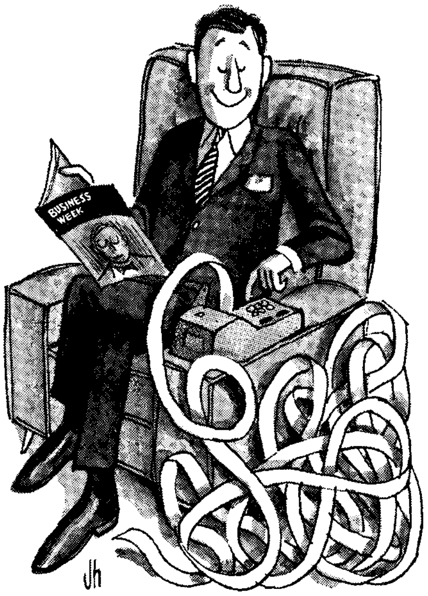
FORMING
DE
PANTENE
Conditioner & Setting Lotion
I
Normal or Fine Hair

Can a gentle understated, quality conditioning / setting lotion, of Paris, Rome, London, Madrid, etc. succeed in the hard-sell cosmetic world of the States?

Only if you try Forming DE Pantene® Once.

Pray do. Years now, Forming DE Pantene® has been the set most sought by Europe's natural beauties. Because it contains D-Panthenol, a pro-vitamin that enriches the hair. In consequence: Forming DE Pantene deep-conditions while it sets. Does a set that lasts longer. Defies humidity. Gives the hair new body and bounce. Helps keep the hair shining-clean and healthy looking. Now it is here. Two ways. No. I for normal or fine hair. No.II for tired or color-treated hair. About $3. At Henri Bendel, Filene's, Bonwit Teller, Julius Garfinckel & Co., Marshall Field, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin & Co. and other fine stores. The Pantene Co., 555 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Reading time: $680.

Time is money, right? To dramatize it, our research department recently calculated that the average BUSINESS WEEK subscriber invests more than $680 worth of his *time* in reading our magazine each year.

Yes, it's a high figure—probably the highest of any magazine in America. This is because our subscribers earn more money (an average over $20,000 per) and spend more time with us (90 minutes a week) than the readers of most other publications.

It's understandable when you know who they are, and why they read BUSINESS WEEK:

1. They're management executives on the decision level of business and industry.

2. They read BW for news, facts, and features which help them make *better* business decisions.

By the way, if *you* earn $20,000 a year, it's just cost you about $.11 worth of your time to read this little advertisement. Gee, thanks.

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK
when you want
to inform
management
A McGraw-Hill Magazine

BUSINESS WEEK

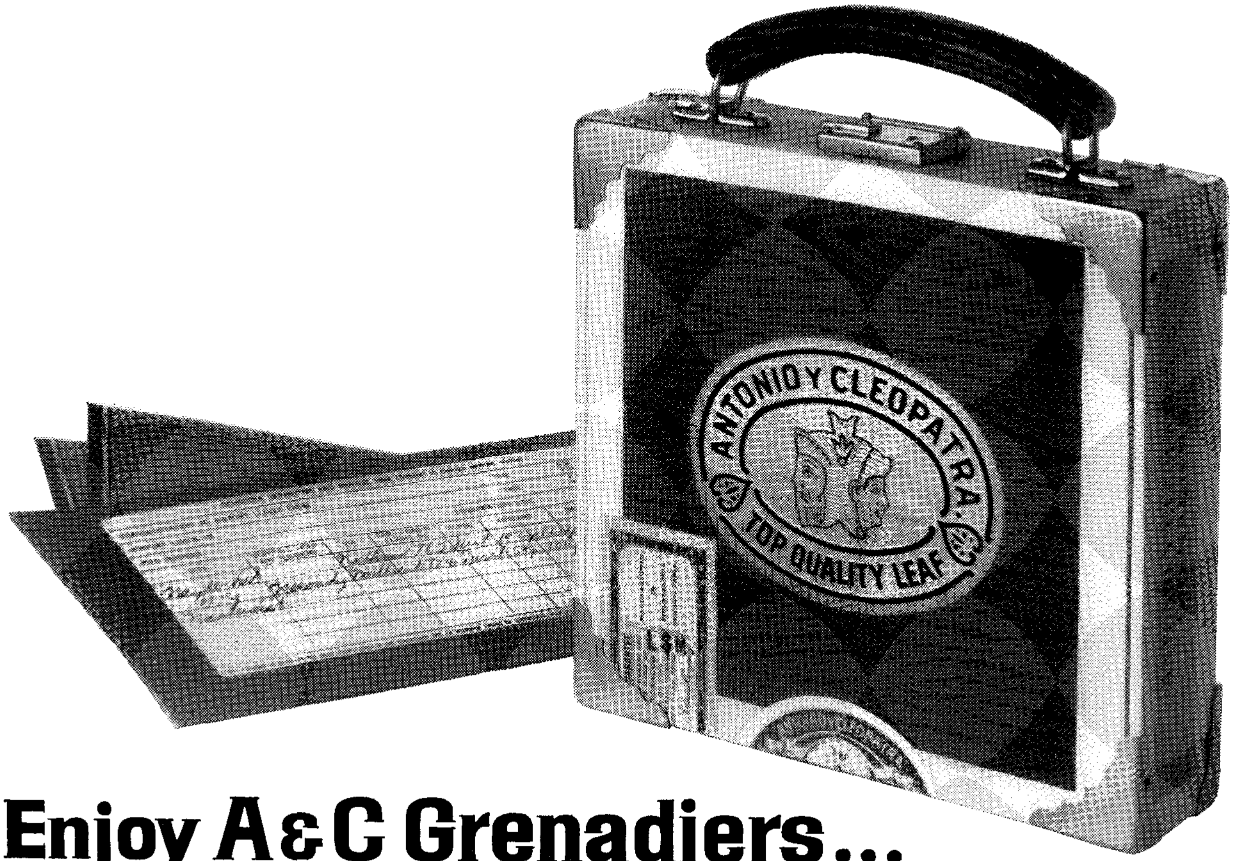
> the life of our community. Policies will be predicated upon justice and fairness to all concerned, with no discrimination or favoritism. We shall administer the affairs of the city as efficiently, economically and impartially as we know how. We shall work for a community composed of citizens whose hearts are united in brotherly love.

Most of the whites, if they could have had their way, would undoubtedly have preferred to let history bypass them, but since it has refused to do so, many of them, I think, are proud of the role their community is playing. The Macon County Judge of Probate, Preston Hornsby, whom I talked with one day in his office at the courthouse, said he thought that Macon County was five or ten years ahead of any other county in the region, and added, simply, "It's an honor to be part of this county."

Of the many lessons to be learned from what has been happening in Tuskegee lately, one that was often mentioned to me was that a community in Alabama, or anywhere else in the Deep South, could work out its racial problems reasonably well as long as the state officials would leave it alone, and not come barging in, uttering Confederate war whoops, to mess up every attempted new adjustment. Macon County has been sorely plagued by such interventions: by state appointments of segregationists to the local Board of Registrars (the state controls voter registration) and state encouragement of the registrars' various subterfuges to thwart Negro applicants; by interference with school desegregation on the part of Governor George Wallace just when the citizens of the county were prepared to accept it; by the legislature's gerrymandering the Negroes out of the city of Tuskegee in an attempt to thwart the rising Negro vote (it was this action that the Supreme Court verdict in Gomillion vs. Lightfoot declared unconstitutional); by a measure, pushed through in a statewide referendum, giving the legislature the power to abolish Macon County altogether if it so pleased; and by a host of other harassments, large and small.

Judge Hornsby, who was Macon County Sheriff for many years and resigned that office only last fall when he ran for his present position, told me of one such unwelcome state intrusion a couple of years ago. At that time, he hired a Negro as one of his deputies—the only Negro deputy sheriff in Alabama other than a couple in Mobile—whereupon Colonel Albert Jennings Lingo, the head of the Alabama State Highway Patrol, ordered his troopers to boycott the Macon County Sheriff's Office and to discontinue handling its calls on their radio network. Judge Hornsby frowned as he recalled the episode. "He didn't do me the common courtesy of letting me know about these instructions he was giving his troopers," the Judge said. "He wasn't man enough to tell me to my face. I had to learn it in the streets." Judge Hornsby is a solidly built man of about fifty-five, with the rugged features of a frontiersman, and as he spoke of Colonel Lingo's behavior, he reminded me of a sheriff in a Western talking about someone who had tried to sneak out of town after being caught cheating clumsily at cards. "I went twice to his office in Montgomery and couldn't get him to see me," he went on. He paused a moment, and then added, "That fellow Lingo has probably done more harm to this state than Governor Wallace, even. He's done twice as much to give the state a bad name. The way he's had his troopers handle the demonstrations—it's been an absolute disgrace."

One of the more striking changes in the Tuskegee atmosphere since my first visit was reflected in the willingness of various whites to discuss what was going on. In 1960, the segregationists had been outspoken and the liberals and moderates had tended to be cautious and fearful of their remarks' consequences. Those in the latter group who consented to be interviewed preferred, for the most part, to have their words reported as coming from anonymous sources or kept off the record altogether. One professional man of liberal views had been so afraid his career might be jeopardized if he were seen with a reporter that he arranged to meet me on a lonely country road, where we could talk unseen. Now, I found, it was the segregationists who were reticent and defensive, and the liberals who spoke out openly. I became aware of the change quite early in my recent visit, when I telephoned a man who was generally considered to be in the moderate category—J. Allan Parker, the president of the Alabama Exchange Bank and a member of the new City Council. In 1960, he had felt he could risk

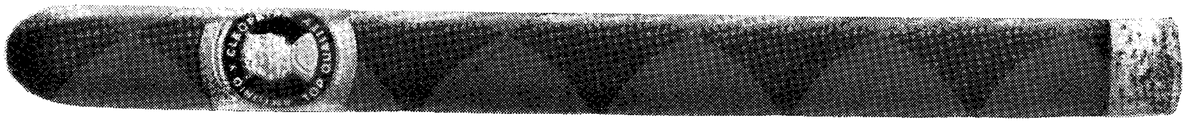


Enjoy A&C Grenadiers... the cigar that's been going places

You see Grenadiers most *everywhere* these days. It's caused a sensation among cigar smokers. Men go for its new, slim, modern look and exceptionally good taste.

A&C Grenadiers come in dark or light wrappers. Either way, you enjoy a unique blend of fine leaf. Flavor so rare, men say their Grenadier never lasts long enough.

Try a Grenadier. (That's it below.) Or any one of A&C's 10 other popular shapes and sizes. You'll go for the uniquely satisfying flavor that's packed into every A&C.



ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA

THE CIGAR THAT *NEVER* LASTS LONG ENOUGH

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

speaking to me only on an off-the-record basis. This time, when I called, he said, "What are you doing for lunch tomorrow? If you're free, why don't you come along to the Rotary Club? I'd be happy for you to be my guest." The Rotary Club is probably one of the most conservative institutions in town, but when we got there, Parker seemed to have no qualms about introducing me publicly to the group as a reporter from New York who had come to write about their city. At the table, I found myself seated next to an automobile dealer called Joe Edwards. Several people had referred to him as one of the townspeople who were most firmly opposed to the new policies in Tuskegee, and, therefore, someone who might be able to give me the segregationist point of view. During lunch, Edwards and I chatted about the climate and the fishing, about the beauty of the massed azaleas at the base of the Confederate Memorial in the town square, and about how New York City was a good place to visit but not, in Edwards' considered opinion, to live. Because I didn't want to spoil his lunch, I kept away from the subject of the new political order in Tuskegee. A couple of days later, though, when I called him to ask for an interview, his response was, "The less said about what's happening here the better," and he would say no more.

Another person I was advised to see was Ed Laslie, who, I was told, is probably the most influential man in the segregationist camp. He is the president of the other bank in town, the City Bank of Tuskegee, and also serves as the chairman of the county's governing body, the Board of Revenue. I dropped in to see him one afternoon at his bank, which is on the west side of the town square. A large, soft-spoken, genial-mannered man in his sixties, who wears gold cufflinks and carefully tailored suits, Laslie is a member of the local gentry, for he comes from an old Tuskegee family. Though I did not have an appointment, Laslie received me most affably. He was generous with his time, gracious in his deportment, solicitous of my comfort, deferential toward my opinions. With easy dexterity, he avoided making any specific comment whatever on the racial and political situation, and then he got me to promise that his words would be off the record.

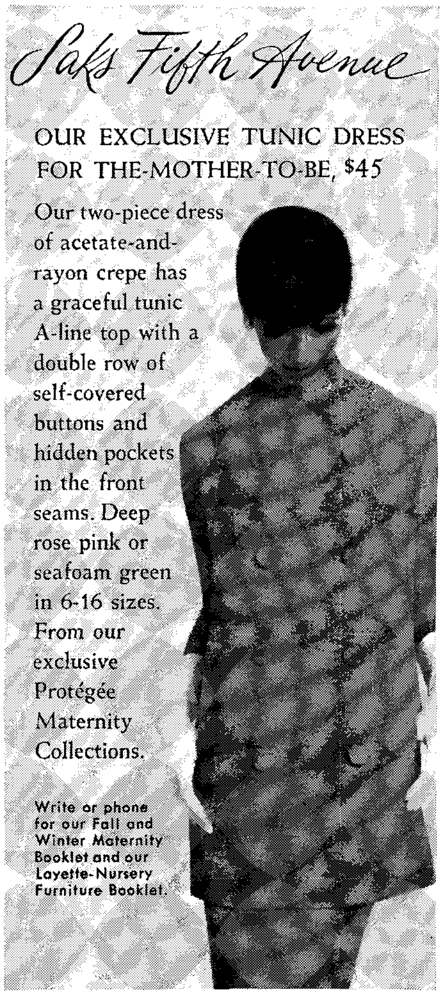
AT the heart of the Southern resistance to giving Negroes a fair chance to register seems to be the fear that as soon as enough Negroes get the

Saks Fifth Avenue

OUR EXCLUSIVE TUNIC DRESS FOR THE-MOTHER-TO-BE, $45

Our two-piece dress of acetate-and-rayon crepe has a graceful tunic A-line top with a double row of self-covered buttons and hidden pockets in the front seams. Deep rose pink or seafoam green in 6-16 sizes. From our exclusive Protégée Maternity Collections.

Write or phone for our Fall and Winter Maternity Booklet and our Layette-Nursery Furniture Booklet.



Bachrach
First Family of Photographers

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS

Internationally Famous Restaurant with a tradition of Elegance

HOTEL Shelburne
BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
N. Y. C. DIRECT PHONE REctor 2-5450
2½ hours from N.Y.C., via Garden State Pkway., exit 40

MAD. &52 N.Y. At your doorstep

- The main stem of the advertising, communications, and publishing industries.
- Around the corner from Fifth Avenue shopping; minutes from theatres, night clubs, art galleries, museums; near subways, buses at door. One block to Radio City, Rockefeller Center, St. Patrick's.
- 500 modern, air-conditioned rooms with superb service and appointments. Home of the famous Barberry Restaurant, renowned for its imaginative menu.

KNOTT HOTELS
HOTEL Berkshire
MADISON AVE. AT 52ND ST., N. Y. C.
PL 3-5800 • TWX: 212-867-4936

FOREST FESTIVAL
July 27 thru August 8.

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
Air Conditioned

NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00
The Leopard RESTAURANT
RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY
14 EAST 52nd
RES 421-7588
Le mistral

vote they will march to the polls in a body and "swamp" the whites. That is what has scared the Dallas County registrars, in Selma, ninety miles from Tuskegee, and it is the prevalent emotion in such other Black Belt counties as Wilcox and Lowndes, the latter being the county where three Ku Klux Klan members were recently tried for the murder of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, a northern civil-rights worker. According to the records of the Federal Civil Rights Commission, at the end of last year no Negroes were registered in Lowndes and Wilcox Counties, while the registration rolls there listed something more than a hundred per cent of the eligible white population. Eternal vigilance is required to keep the figures that way; it is felt that once the barriers are let down, even a little, doom threatens. A Wilcox County registrar told a minister who was the first Negro in years to apply for the right to vote, "Well, now, you're all right. I could register you. But to register *you* means that I have to register other Negroes, and for that reason it's better not to register you." This fear of being "swamped" was very much in the minds of the white people of Tuskegee when I was there in 1960; they were haunted by a shapeless nightmare of being engulfed by a black tidal wave, under which the Tuskegee they knew would disappear like the lost Atlantis. Could Negro officeholders, they asked me, conceivably deal fairly with the whites? After all that had happened, why should they? As one businessman said to me, "Listen, if there's such a thing as hate, there's gotta be hate in the nigger's heart for the white man in the South."

Undoubtedly, one reason for the relaxation of tension in Tuskegee since the elections has been the circumspection shown by the Negro leadership in refraining from trying to take over all the offices, and another has been the continuing evidence on the Negroes' part of an absence of vindictiveness—and, indeed, of actual good will. Obviously, they were in a position to attempt to ram into power a solid black government; they chose to resist that temptation. In examining the election figures in detail, I was interested to discover that the Negroes in Macon County did not vote as a monolithic bloc, nor did the whites. An estimated eighty per cent of the Negro electorate voted for the candidates, both black and white, who were supported by the dominant Negro political organization, called the Macon County Democratic Club and headed by Gomillion, but the rest of the Negro voters went their own ways. The

. . . your best sky-buy to all
SCANDINAVIA!
LOWEST
AIR FARES TO EUROPE

Yes, ICELANDIC AIRLINES offers the lowest air fares of any scheduled airline . . . bar none! Lowest at anytime of the year, too . . . one way or all-year round trips. You pay far less than Jet Economy fares to key cities of Scandinavia and other European countries. For example, during Thrift Season, commencing August 4th, a husband and wife can save a total of $144.40 on a round-trip ticket New York/Copenhagen over the Jet Economy fare.

You fly in comfort, too . . . aboard Icelandic's swift, new Rolls-Royce 400 Jet Props and dependable, long-range DC-6Bs. Complimentary meals, drinks and snacks served by attentive, multi-lingual stewardesses. For full details call your travel agent.

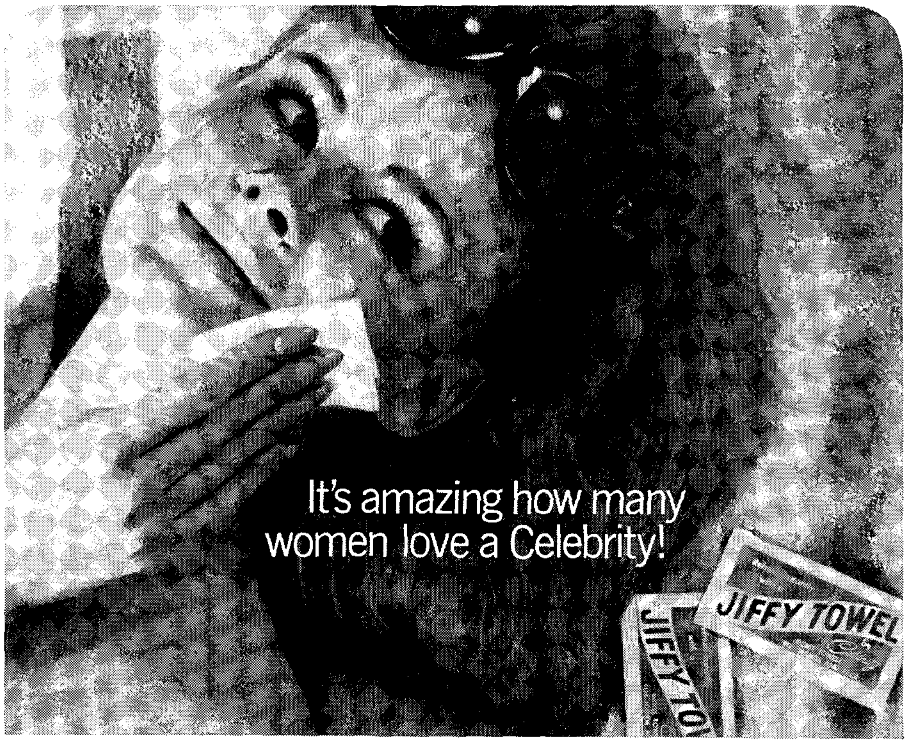
FROM NEW YORK TO: **ICELAND • DENMARK • NORWAY • SWEDEN • FINLAND ENGLAND • SCOTLAND • HOLLAND • LUXEMBOURG**

Use these Icelandic Gateways—and save—to all of Europe and beyond

The *PIONEER* of Low Fares to Europe

ICELANDIC AIRLINES
LOFTLEIDIR

610 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center) New York, N.Y. 10020 • PL 7-8585
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO
AMERICAN EXPRESS CREDIT CARDS HONORED Write For Folder (A)


It's amazing how many women love a Celebrity!
JIFFY TOWEL
JIFFY TO

Like Celebrity Jiffy Towels . . . refreshing little moistened towelettes for cleaning hands and face, removing make-up wherever you are. Ideal for travel, beach and picnics—great for the whole family. Box of 40 in individual foil envelopes, $1. At cosmetic and notions counters in leading stores.

Celebrity Inc.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

traditional country

Refresh your taste for sportswear with this deft blending of country comfort and city poise . . . a striped wool knit jersey top in camel and grey accents the perfection of a pleated wool herringbone kiltie in camel color . . . that pins up its fashion mastery. Indelibly Seaton Hall, made in the heart of traditional New England. Gently priced for you, at finest stores and college shops. Kiltie $15.00. Striped top $12.00.

Seaton Hall

SEATON HALL, 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

fact is that there was a Negro candidate on the ballot for nearly every available office, and in some cases there was more than one. Some of these candidates had been endorsed by a rival organization, composed primarily of Negroes and known as the Non-Partisan Voters League, which came into being shortly before the elections. None of the League's candidates came close to winning, but their presence on the ballot threatened to drain off enough Negro votes to upset the careful strategy being pursued by Gomillion and his associates. "I don't mind telling you that until the last vote was counted, I was scared," Gomillion told me, with a smile. The votes of white people possibly insured victory for some of the Negro candidates backed by Gomillion's group. Of 949 votes for Stanley Smith, at least 120, it is thought, came from whites, and of 918 votes for the other successful Negro candidate for the City Council, the Reverend K. L. Buford, at least 89 were cast by whites.

During this visit, I was staying at the guesthouse on the campus of Tuskegee Institute. One evening, Gomillion called on me there and we discussed the reasoning behind the political approach that his group had followed. "As you can imagine, we were under considerable pressure from within the Negro community to take over every office we could," he said, "but we were able to convince our people that it would be both unwise and wrong. We were trying to be practical and responsible in terms of the long view, and to act in accordance with the principles that we had accused the white power structure of failing to honor in the past." One factor that acted to deter the group from trying for a majority of seats on the City Council, Gomillion continued, was the possibility that, out of spite, lame-duck white officeholders would foul things up in the city's finances and records. "And then we would have been saddled with the blame," Gomillion said. "It would have just gone to prove that Negroes are not capable of holding office. And the truth is we *are* just beginners at this, by virtue of having been kept on the sidelines so long, and we *do* have much to learn. So it seems proper to start slowly. To insure continuity in the city's affairs, we chose to support two members of the former City Council—the two who we thought were amenable to change. And we managed to get rid of the diehard conservatives on the Council."

Gomillion went on to tell me that his group was conscious of the fact that although Negroes had attained a voting majority in one Alabama county, Negroes were a minority in the state as a whole, constituting only about a third of the population. "There has to be some *rapprochement*, some mutual accommodation, worked out in the future," he said. "The races have to learn to work together usefully. We were of the opinion that it was our obligation here in Macon County to set a valuable example for whites elsewhere in Alabama and in the rest of the South; we hoped that what we were doing here might encourage whites elsewhere to be willing to appoint or elect qualified Negroes, even in places where Negroes were less numerous than in Macon County. But when all is said and done," Gomillion said, "the main reason we did not support an all-black slate is that it would have been morally wrong. We were not interested in replacing white demagoguery with black demagoguery. We think that if white people are going to stay in this town, as we hope they will, all should share in the government and work together to make it the kind of town it can be."

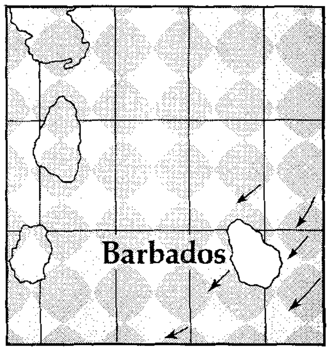
Gomillion spoke, as usual, articulately and to the point. Each time I saw him on this visit, whether informally or at a public meeting, he looked hale and full of vigor. Back in 1960, he had struck me as a man who was reserved, ascetic, rather cold, and thoroughly formidable. Now he seemed to smile readily and to be even expansive in his gestures. It appeared that victory after his long struggle had mellowed him—had liberated him in his spirit, as well as in his franchise. The office he had chosen to run for last fall was a seat on the Macon County Board of Education. What with his new duties there and his academic work and his political activities and constant invitations to travel here and there around the country to speak or attend conferences, he is kept busy.

Gomillion's name inevitably brings to mind that of Philip M. Lightfoot, who had been mayor of Tuskegee at the time the Negroes were gerrymandered out of town, for as a result of the Supreme Court case the two names will go down in history forever linked. I saw Lightfoot just once this time—at the Rotary Club luncheon—and I thought that he, too, looked fit and well. He is about the same age as Gomillion—sixty-five or so—but he is

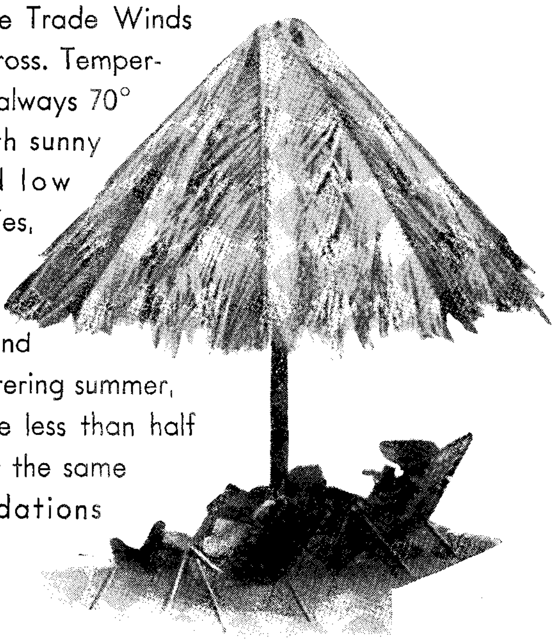
Why does Barbados have such low summer rates when Barbados has no summer?

Devilishly hot competition.

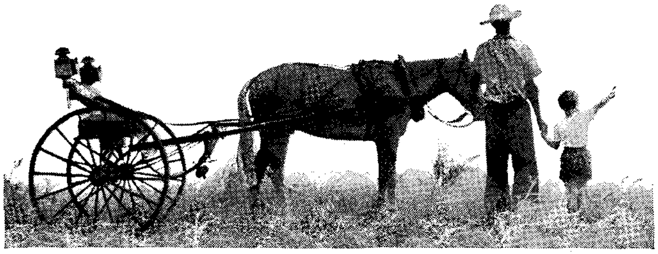
Barbados has one heavenly season year 'round. But we must compete with resorts that reduce rates when it's hot as the devil.



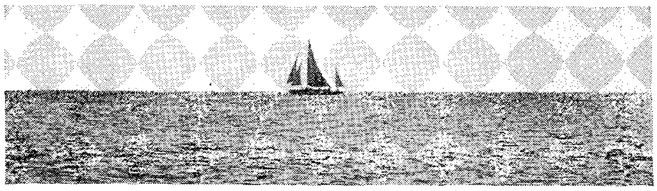
This little map shows you why Barbados doesn't get hotter in the summer. It's the Eastern-most Caribbean island. So it gets all the cooling Eastern Trade Winds first. There is no land between Europe and Africa where the breezes come from. They refresh Barbados first. It's the only place in the world where you can stand in Trafalgar Square and actually feel the Trade Winds blowing across. Temperatures are always 70° to 85°, with sunny skies and low humidity. Yes, you can come to Barbados and escape blistering summer, yet average less than half the cost for the same accommodations and lovely climate.



Barbados has a hundred and one new sights to see, people to meet, memories to bring home.



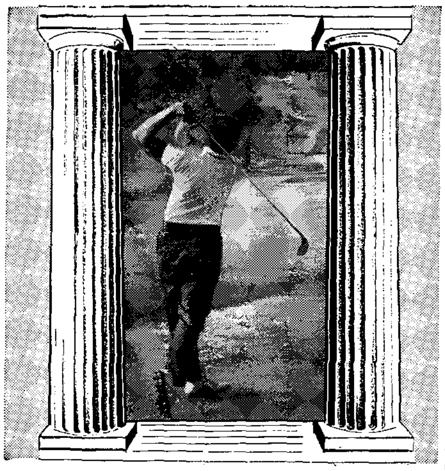
Where else can you order flying fish for dinner? Watch cricketers in the morning on the beach? Swim in two seas (the Atlantic or Caribbean)? Enjoy an atmosphere of British tradition and charm?



Where else can you stay in an old buccaneer's castle, as well as hotels, clubs and guest houses? Feel that everyone is delighted you came and sorry you must leave? Where else? Nowhere else but Barbados. The singular island that gives you hot summer rates though it gets no hotter in the summer.

Barbados

For complete information consult your travel agent or write Barbados Tourist Board, 355 Lexington Avenue, Dept. NY-3 New York, N. Y. 10017.



Not by golf alone need man live at The Equinox. After playing the superlative 6750 yard course your family or foursome may volley on the new tennis courts, cast for mountain trout or swim in the modern pool — all on 1600 acres of country club privacy. Historic New England scenes, a magnificent cuisine, nightly dancing and entertainment, and accommodations designed for dreaming round out your Equinox week or weekend.

New York—200 smooth miles, Boston—148, Albany—58. Commercial airlines to nearby Rutland.

The Equinox
HOUSE and LODGES
MANCHESTER, VERMONT

For details and reservations: Your travel agency or Thomas F. Farley, President and Managing Director

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining... and just a stroll to your theatre. After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

CONTINUOUS
DANCING NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY
AND SATURDAY 1:30
SUNDAY FROM 3:30
MODEST ADMISSION
CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!

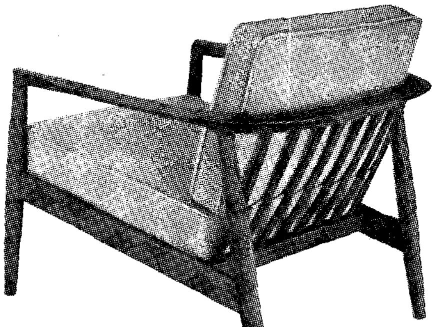
THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM
RESTAURANT • BAR

ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

retired now. He spends most of his time cultivating the gardens around his home, an ante-bellum mansion that is an architectural landmark of the region.

Most of the dissatisfaction I heard expressed with the new state of affairs in Macon County came from Negroes who considered the Gomillion policies too timid and conciliatory. They felt that the Professor and his associates, many of them men well along in years, simply did not understand the realities of power—that power has to be grasped and used, not hoarded. There were complaints that Gomillion's group based too much of its strategy on its estimate of what the whites in the town deemed acceptable and too little on an analysis of what the mass of the population needed, and that the organizations headed by Gomillion—the Tuskegee Civic Association and its political arm, the Macon County Democratic Club—had become self-perpetuating, closed institutions, unreceptive to new ideas or new personalities, and out of touch with the people. All this was stated forcefully to me one day by the chairman of the Non-Partisan Voters League, a young associate professor of political science at Tuskegee Institute named Paul Puryear, as he explained why he had helped form the rival organization. "We are concerned," he said, "with what is going to emerge as one of the key political issues of the time, though it has so far been generally overlooked—that of democratizing the Negro leadership. Everybody has been so busy obtaining the right to vote that we've all neglected to notice that time and again the drive for freedom has resulted in the establishment of a black oligarchy—a narrow leadership that presumes to speak for the mass of Negroes and to treat with the white power structure in the manner of an ambassador. I don't want to take anything away from Dr. Gomillion. I have the greatest admiration for him and for the heroic way he's worked here so many years, under frustrating and seemingly hopeless conditions, for the civil-rights cause. But we think his group has become sterile and limited in its approach, and perhaps satisfied that it knows all the answers, and so we thought it would do no harm at all to found our own political group and provide an alternative. If we've done nothing else, I think, we've fulfilled a useful function in keeping up the pressure on Gomillion and the others."

Despite such objections, all the Negroes I talked with felt that the new administration had, indeed, made substantial progress during its time in



Free brochure
on DUX furniture

This classical Carmel VII chair is just one of the 44 outstanding pieces you'll find in the new Dux brochure. Dux offers one of today's exceptional collections of fine contemporary furniture. The brochure is well worth sending for if you are redecorating or adding new pieces. The chair shown above is probably the most famous of all Dux chairs. Its simple, uncluttered, functional design was created by Folke Ohlsson. Available in solid walnut or solid teak.

DUX®

For the brochure, write Dux, Inc., Dept. N-7, 5000 City Line Road, Newport News, Virginia.

SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER:
"I'll go deep six for a nip of the Wanderer's Saturday night bottle in this lolly and gale".

Whaler Bar
HOTEL LANCASTER
(formerly Midston House)
MADISON AVE. AT 38th ST.

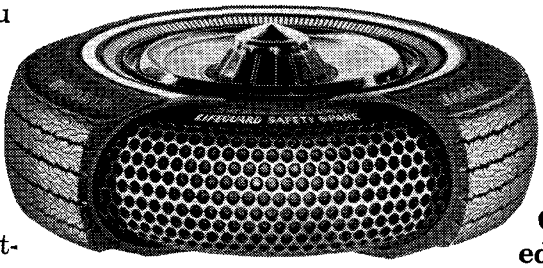
Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?
STRAPARAMA®
Has 25,000 watchstraps! Luxurious leathers—soft, supple, Swiss made. Imported madras, linens, shantungs, braided nylons.
All colors and sizes for men and women attached in one minute. Prices $2.50 to $10.00.
Who says a watchstrap has to be ordinary?
TIME MART
PL 3-9284
425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

HOTEL Meurice
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations. Singles from $10.50, Doubles from $16.50. Suites from $14.00.
Air Conditioned
Circle 7-7440

When there's no man around...Goodyear should be.

She'll never have to change a tire with LifeGuard Safety Spare. You would help her if you were there. But you're not. That is why every woman alone should drive on Goodyear Double Eagle tires with optional LifeGuard Safety Spares. It's a "tire-within-a-tire," so if the outside tire is ever damaged, the LifeGuard Safety Spare immediately takes over, lets her drive until she is safe. Tires are never more important than when there's no man around. That is when Goodyear should be. **Goodyear...The safety minded company.**

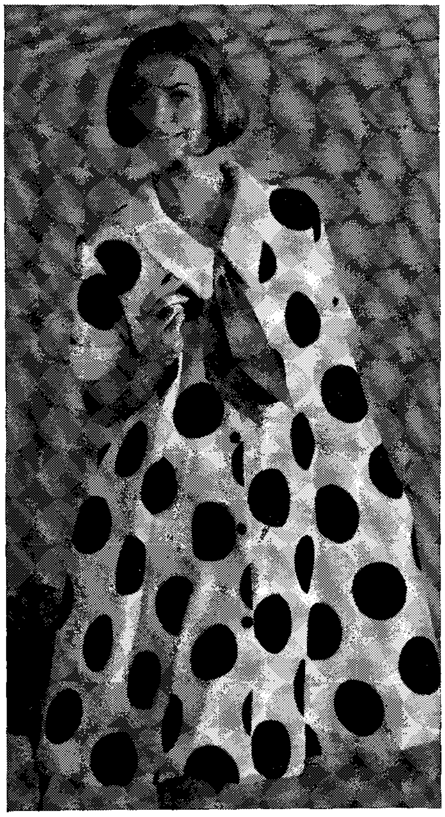


GO GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Double Eagle, LifeGuard—T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company,
Akron, Ohio.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



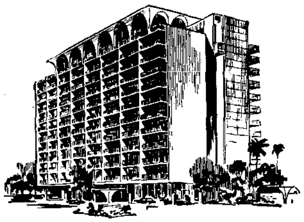
JET DOT DUSTER Giant black dots on pure white terry—sparkled with jet buttons and pin-on bow of emerald taffeta. Side pockets. Sm. (8-10), Med. (12-14), Lg. (16-18). $12.95

Add 35¢ each for shipping. *Send for color catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

A NEW HOTEL
FOR THOSE
WHO DEMAND
EXCELLENCE IN
HOTEL LIVING

BEVERLY HILLCREST
HOTEL



BEVERWIL DRIVE AT PICO BLVD.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
Reservations: New York-757-2981
San Francisco-397-2717 • Beverly Hills-278-0200
Chicago-346-2979 • Dallas-747-3610
Free Garage Parking

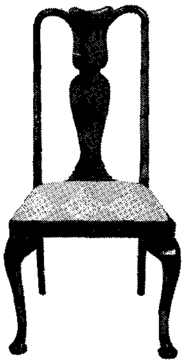
BEACH TOWEL $26.00
FITS TWO

Alexander Shields
NEW YORK 10022
484 PARK AVE. AT 58th ST.

office. Puryear remarked, with a smile, "We say that they've stolen our program—for before the election our Non-Partisan Voters League was the only group that had laid down a specific, detailed platform. Or maybe they had this program in mind all along and—typically—were keeping it secret from the voters. In any case, we're pleased to see these improvements taking place in Tuskegee at last."

THE two Negroes who were elected justices of the peace last fall were William C. Allen, the proprietor of a general store, and William J. Childs, the owner of a service station on Highway 80 near its intersection with the Old Montgomery Road, which goes past the Tuskegee Institute campus. I was curious to learn how they were faring in their new duties, which mainly involve handling misdemeanor cases referred to them by the sheriff and the state police. When I checked with them, I found that things weren't going well at all. Allen told me that he had so far been assigned no cases whatever, and Childs said that he had received a total of only nine cases. It turned out that both the new justices were being virtually boycotted by the state troopers and the Macon County Sheriff's Office. Ordinarily, in Alabama, county sheriffs are elected, but the present sheriff of Macon County is a man named Harvey Sadler, whom Governor Wallace appointed last fall to fill the vacancy left when Hornsby retired to run for probate judge. Formerly a service-station operator, he had been Wallace's Macon County campaign manager and was considered a segregationist. His appointment to this job—which is probably the most powerful post in the county—was received by most people here as one more thrust in the Governor's war on the county. To compound the grievances of the Negro justices of the peace, the state troopers had arrested Tuskegee Negroes in record numbers on traffic technicalities in the months following the election, and had assigned all those cases to a white justice of the peace, Charles Donald Scott, who was yet another Wallace appointee, and whom the local Negroes had considerable reason to distrust; for one thing, he had been a member of Dyson's Board of Registrars, and had been charged by the U.S. Justice Department with discriminating against Negroes.

I heard most of this from Childs one afternoon when I stopped at his service station for gas. Childs, who was wear-



QUEEN ANNE

from our large collection of English and French dining chairs

A meticulously crafted replica of one of the finest Queen Anne chairs we have seen. Reproduced from the museum original, in the mellow luxury of old mahogany; and covered in lush Scalamandré silks. Gracious, comfortable chairs that are at home around a dining table, card table or as occasional chairs. Arm Chair 24" wide, 42" high; Side Chair 19¾" wide, 41" high.

side chair $135 ea. arm chair $165 ea.

F.O.B. New York City. Add $8 per chair crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

There's no other shop like Lloyds in New York. For here, is one of the few places that you take your own sweet time to browse through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories, and estate pieces. Here, your own sense of good taste and value can lead you to the pieces that you'd like to live with.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y. • PL 9-7313

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO

Dine in our beautiful Year-around Garden or Continental Dining Rooms. Also facilities for private parties. Parking at Delaware entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795

OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

DISTINCTIVE DINING
The Murray Hill
RESTAURANT • COCKTAIL BAR
Park Ave. at 42nd St.—S.W. Cor.

delightful Frenchy's wonderful food
AAA
1827 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

The ring that Charles gave to Charlie Jr. and Charlie Jr. gave to Chuck and Chuck gave to Tiger.

When Great-Grandfather Charles lit up a Bering in the early 1900's, Bering was one of the first great Tampa cigars.

When Charlie Jr. puffed Berings in the late twenties, Bering was gilt-edged—as well-made as ever.

Then Chuck took up Bering cigars in the fifties and rated them AAA—still the same great smoke.

Now, in Tiger's time, Bering continues to be the solid investment it always was.

In four generations, Bering cigars haven't changed. You get the same cool, smooth smoke Great-Grandfather Charles enjoyed over 60 years ago.

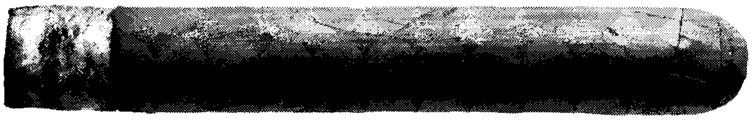
That's because Bering cigars are made the way all really good cigars have been made. With superb imported tobacco leaf the whole length of the cigar. And only with natural tobacco. Not with chemically-remade substitutes. Not with fast-burning little scraps.

Bering comes in 26 sizes and shapes, in dark and light tobaccos, from only 15¢.

Try one. You're in the Bering generation.

BERING CIGARS

Made in Tampa Since 1905 by Corral, Wodiska y Ca.

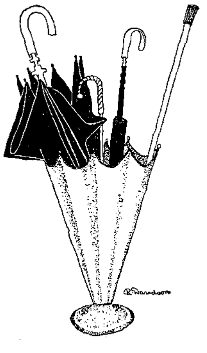


JUNIOR HOUSE
does the freshest things

The Total Look at a
wee price. That's what you get
with our Highland Fling collection.
Wool melton Cortina pea coat.
Black. 5-15. $35. Matching crochet
stocking, Dacron®/cotton stretch. $4.
Coordinated turtle-neck sweater.
Tie sash, rib stitching. 100% wool.
Yellow. 34-40. $13.
Dior-pleated skirt in a clan plaid
of yellow, black and red.
5-15. $13. Matching Courreges boots
S-M-ML-L-XL. $13. Tam. $7.

THE ADDIS CO., Syracuse;
BEST'S APPAREL, Seattle-Portland;
HIMELHOCH'S, Detroit;
NEUSTETERS, Denver;
THE UNION, Columbus;
or for the fine store or college shop
in your city, write to JUNIOR HOUSE, INC.
1407 Broadway, New York 10018
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

ing white overalls, was a tall, well-built man in his early forties, with tan skin and hazel eyes. He had an open, direct manner and an easy but watchful bearing. I learned that he had attended Alabama State College and Tuskegee Institute, though he had not got a degree. I happened to mention some point of law, whereupon he reached back to a shelf behind his desk in the service-station office and brought out his volume of the Alabama Justice's Code. As he replaced it, after looking up the statute in question, he remarked, “I had figured originally that I would fix up a little room here as a special place just to hear cases—put in a desk and a couple of chairs, you know. But now why bother? The fees I'm getting wouldn't even pay for the lights.” An Alabama justice of the peace receives no salary but only the fees for the cases he handles. For that matter, in Macon County, as in most rural counties of the South, the sheriff, too, works on a fee basis, being paid five dollars for each man arrested, three dollars for each person committed to jail, and so on. “In the month of February, Charles Scott made about five hundred dollars in fees,” Childs said. “I know, because I saw his vouchers at the courthouse. You know how much I made? Two dollars and fifty cents. I had one case.” He made a wry face. “I finally went down to have a talk with the sheriff, and he promised that he'd send me more cases—especially arrests made in my area. But one afternoon last week I saw a deputy sheriff stop five cars for speeding just down the road here a few yards, outside the Amoco gas station. And he took them all right past my place and on downtown to Charles Scott.”



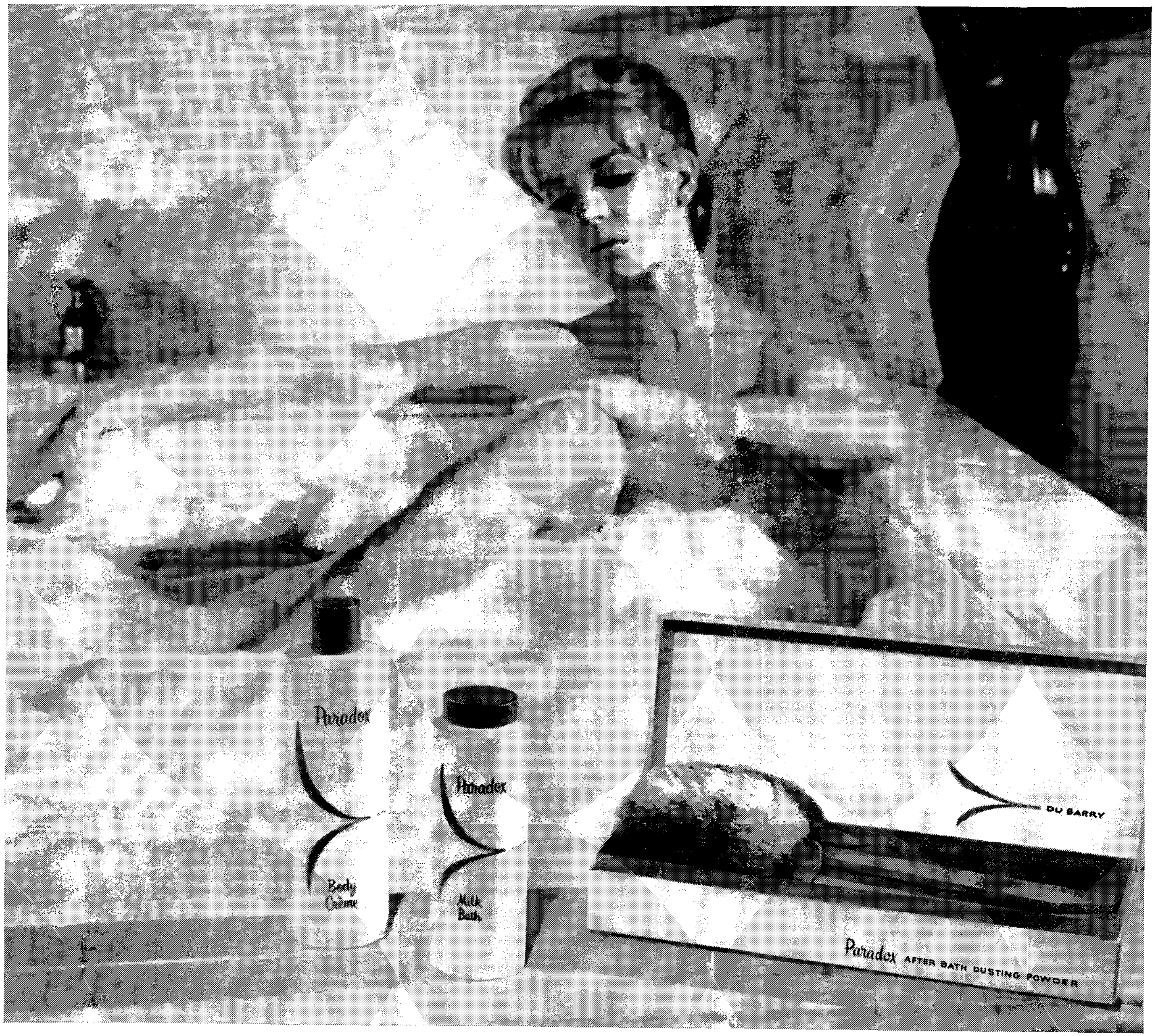
Childs looked annoyed but not particularly surprised as he told me of this sequence of events; to him, I gathered, it was all part of a tiresomely familiar game. With a shrug, he added that in two years there would be elections again, and the people could elect as sheriff someone more responsive to their needs than Harvey Sadler. Meanwhile, Childs' demeanor suggested, there was not much to do but be patient; time was on his side.

I asked Childs whether any of the cases he had tried since taking office had involved whites. He replied, “Yes, one—a woman from California, it was. The sheriff called me about ten o'clock one night to ask me if I'd like to come down to my station and handle a case he had, and I did. The woman seemed mildly surprised when she saw me, but she pleaded guilty to speeding and I fined her, and that was all there was to it.”

My gas tank had been filled, and Childs had to deliver a car to a customer, so I paid my bill and left. I decided to drive down to the courthouse and find out what the sheriff had to say about some of the matters we'd just been discussing. I turned off Highway 80 onto the Old Montgomery Road, driving very slowly—having been advised to do so because this was the stretch of road that the troopers haunted—past the campus on my left, and then, half a mile farther along, past Lightfoot's mansion, with its groomed lawns and flowering trees and huge old camellia bushes, until I came to the town square, where the courthouse stands. It is a large brick building with a clock tower and a plenitude of gables, and it dominates the square, as it is supposed to. The sheriff's office is in the rear of the ground floor. Someone else was with the sheriff when I arrived, so the deputy on duty in the outer office—a wholesome-looking young man with a flattop haircut—suggested that I sit down and wait a while. People seldom make formal appointments in small Southern towns; you just drop in on whomever it is you want to see, and if you have to wait, what's the difference? There are usually other people sitting around, sprawled in their chairs, and the talk is apt to be worth hearing. While I was waiting to see the sheriff, an elderly travelling salesman came in, a pink-cheeked man with wispy white hair and wearing a baggy cotton suit. His territory, it seemed, was the Alabama sheriff circuit, and he had his samples with him in a suitcase. While he was waiting his turn to see the sheriff, he opened up the case and showed us his merchandise, starting with a handy tear-gas pencil, which, he asserted, nobody should be without, and going on through a selection of billy clubs of assorted sizes, from a hefty twelve-dollar number, which he said could crack a skull with just an easy tap, on down to a little hand-grip thing costing just two dollars and fifty cents, with which you could give a man a poke in the ribs and knock his breath clean out of him. The clubs were of dogwood, varnished a gleaming dark brown, and each was kept in its own cardboard sheath. The old man had a

PARADOX

PRINCIPLE OF SKIN CARE



© DUBARRY 1965

The new way of bath

There's simply no end to a beautiful complexion ...now that DuBarry puts the Paradox Principle of skin care in your bath! (*You know*...cleansing, moisturizing, conditioning...the same tender treatment a delicious complexion *thrives* on!)

- Paradox Milk Bath *fresh-cleans* as it pampers all of you with night-cream softness.
- Paradox Body Crème keeps you moisturous...without a smitch of old-fashioned oiliness!
- Paradox After Bath Dusting Powder adds the finishing touch to your new over-all complexion. In palest Paradox blue with long-stemmed puff.

P.S. Don't think any *single* product can do what the Paradox Principle does for your skin. Paradox is the *new way of bath.* Make it yours...tonight!

Paradox preparations are hypo-allergenic. Only at fine drug and department stores everywhere.

DuBARRY®

the most elegant name in cosmetics

A. M. PENROSE & CO. INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.
86 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOMBAY
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits
FROM A 1761 RECIPE
86° Proof
4/5 Qt.
Bombay Spirits Co., Ltd., London, England
Imported by A. M. PENROSE & CO., INC. New York, N.Y. Sole Distributors
Product of England
THERE'S ONLY ONE WORLD'S FINEST
BOMBAY
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND

It's just slightly better than the best gin you've ever tasted.

little joke or comment to make on each of his wares as he showed them off. He was obviously fond of them.

"Now, here's a handy thing your sheriff's gonna want to order," the old salesman said as he unsheathed a length of metal tube with a couple of prongs on one end. I recognized it as a cattle prod.

"You can put that away," the deputy said coolly. "We don't want any of them things around here."

"It's a mighty neat gadget. Just sold one to a sheriff who's pleased as can be with it." The old salesman chuckled, and his voice took on the confidential tone that anyone familiar with this part of the country recognizes as the prelude to a Negro anecdote. "He had this nigger to arrest the other day who was a mess—laying drunk in the gutter and stinking to high heaven. With just a few touches from this little old thing"—the salesman illustrated happily by making stiff little jabs about him with the prod—"the sheriff got him out of the gutter and into the car. Didn't have to touch the nigger at all with his hands. Says it was worth the price right there."

The deputy said, "Why don't you go round and see—" He mentioned a name I didn't catch. "He's got a place out here a ways with a lot of cattle on it. You might be able to sell him one of them things."

A cattle prod for cattle rather than for people—there, I thought, was progress.

The man who had been with the sheriff came out, and the deputy nodded to me to go in. By that time, the old salesman was down to the last item in his case—dog repellent, for mailmen to carry—and I could hear him chattering on about it, without much enthusiasm, as I left the room.

Sheriff Sadler, a large, middle-aged man with a frowning, serious face, had wavy hair parted in the middle and was wearing a white shirt open at the neck. His revolver was on a pile of papers on the desk before him, serving as a paperweight. I introduced myself, and after we had shaken hands, I asked him about the complaints I had heard from Childs. His frown deepened, and by way of reply he began talking about all the changes that were taking place in the county, and how he wasn't one to rush things or to force people to do things that they didn't want to do or that they didn't feel in their hearts. "There are things people are accepting now they would never have dreamed of accepting two years ago. Progress is being made here all

Get Kodak Color Processing *by mail*

USE KODAK PREPAID PROCESSING MAILERS

Buy Kodak Prepaid Processing Mailers at your dealer's. Price covers the processing cost.

Mail your exposed film—still or movie—direct to Kodak *in the handy envelope mailer provided.*

Get your prints, slides or movies back directly by mail, postpaid.

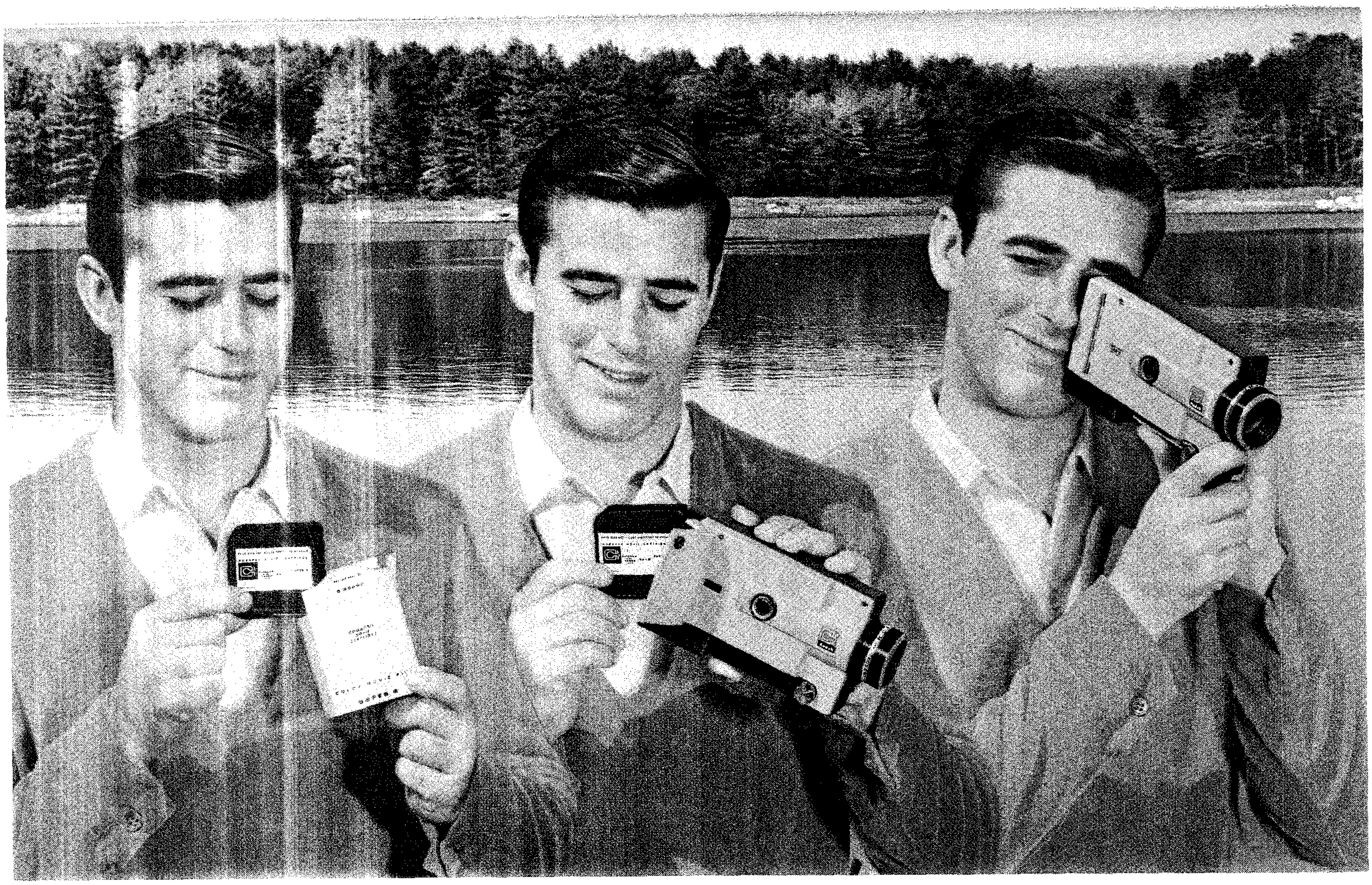
Kodachrome TRANSPARENCY
PROCESSED BY Kodak
KODAK EKTACHROME TRANSPARENCY
PROCESSED BY Kodak
Kodak
PREPAID PROCESSING MAILER
PK 20

FOR 135 AND 126-20 EXPOSURE FILM
KODACHROME OR EKTACHROME
PROCESSING • BY KODAK

©EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY MCMLXI

Look for "Processed by Kodak" on your slides or movies and "Made by Kodak" on the back of your color prints.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N.Y.

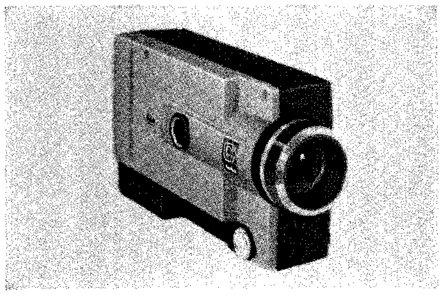


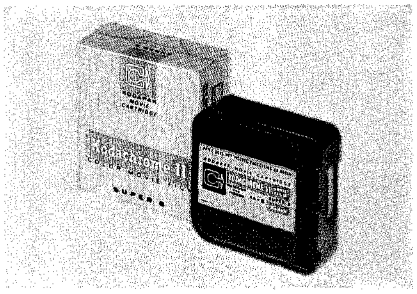
Kodak brings the Instamatic Camera idea to movies …and introduces a new era in movie enjoyment

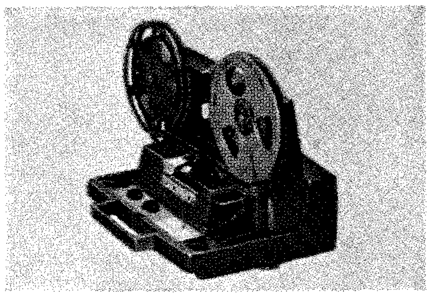
Kodak has redesigned the movie camera. New Kodak Instamatic Movie Cameras load *instantly, automatically.* Just slip the Kodapak Movie Cartridge into the camera and shoot! No threading. No winding. No flipping. Zoom model shown, less than $175. Other Kodak Instamatic Movie Cameras from less than $50.

Kodak has redesigned the movie film with 50% more picture area for better, more lifelike movies. The new Kodapak Movie Cartridge is factory-loaded with improved Kodachrome II Film in the new Super 8 format—giving you 50 feet of uninterrupted shooting.

Kodak has redesigned the movie projector. The Kodak Instamatic M70 Movie Projector lets you show any scene at normal, fast, or slow-motion speeds—forward and reverse. "Still" projection, too. Brilliant illumination, automatic threading. Less than $160. Other models from less than $65.





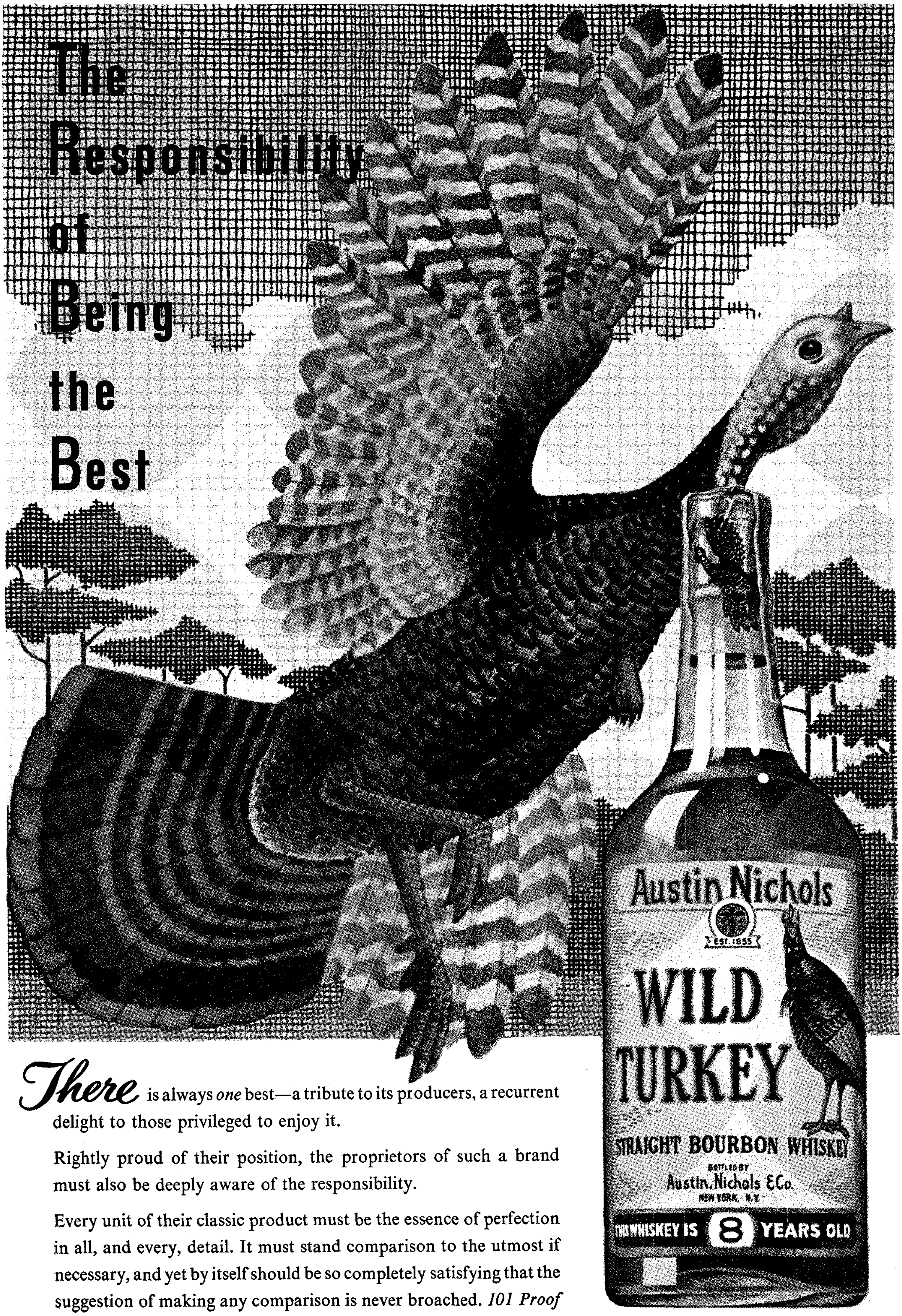


Prices subject to change without notice.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N.Y.

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

The Responsibility of Being the Best


Austin Nichols
EST. 1855
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY
Austin, Nichols & Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached. *101 Proof* the time. In twelve months, this is going to be the best county in the South. But it can't be done all at once. I just been in this job a short while, and I intend to go slow until I'm sure what I'm doing. I agreed to take the job for the one term—to do what I could during this transition period. And then that'll be all. I don't have any intentions of running again."

He spoke in a deep, slow voice, scrutinizing me intently all the time, as if it were of some moment to him that he be understood and that his motives and problems be appreciated. I brought him back to the specific issue of Childs' complaint, and, with some uneasiness, he conceded that it might look as if the Negro justices of the peace weren't getting fair play, but then, on the other hand, he said, he didn't think it was fair to force a person to go to a judge he didn't want to go to. He said he supposed he ought to look into it. "Anyway," he blurted, "Childs isn't throwing *me* much business, either. These things have to work both ways."

I asked what business Childs could throw him.

"Oh, warrants to be executed, complaints, things like that," he said. "Childs is new to this justice-of-the-peace business. He hasn't got the hang of it yet. He doesn't realize you got to get out and work at it more than he does if you want to make any money. Sure, Scott gets a lot of business—because he's active about it. He works full time at it."

The deputy in the other room called through the open door that there was a phone call for the sheriff, and Sadler walked around the desk to a phone on the wall, which seemed to be the only such instrument in the room. He exchanged a few monosyllables with somebody, and when he returned to his desk, he went on to talk to me about a number of other matters. He told me how pleasing it was to him that there was no violence in Tuskegee, and he expressed disapproval of the Klan. "I don't think the Klan could make much of a showing here," he said. "I doubt if it could get together more than ten or fifteen men in all now." He believed in the right of peaceful demonstration, he said, and he didn't hold with creating special deputies to cope with demonstrators, as some sheriffs did. "A while back, this fellow Malcolm X was due to speak on the Institute's campus, and people here began getting nervous and letting me know I'd better set up a force of special deputies, just in case," he said. "I told them, 'I'm not gonna do it.' You deputize

Chairman of the Bored?

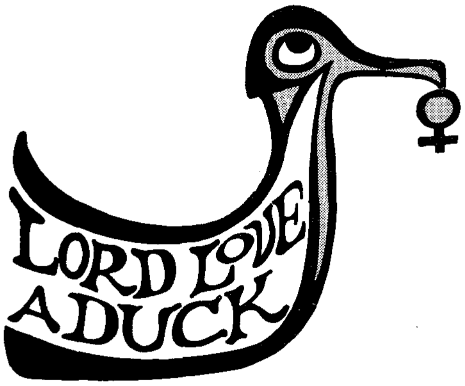
NOT HERE. Put new life into your next business meeting. Hold it at a sparkling Marriott Motor Hotel. Your convention will be held in an unconventional resort-like atmosphere, with refreshing dips in the pool, diet-defying meals, grandiose meeting rooms, and every hotel service. For Marriott, two's company but 2500's not a crowd. So telephone, telegraph or shout . . . we're looking forward to your company.

This is living this is Marriott MOTOR HOTELS

Washington, D.C. • Dallas, Texas • Philadelphia, Pa.
Atlanta, Ga. (Oct. '65) • Saddle Brook, N.J. ('66)
Write: National Sales Office, Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel,
Washington, D.C. 20001 or call 202/628-4200

A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

GEORGE AXELROD'S



AN ACT OF PURE AGGRESSION

JULES PODELL
PRESENTS
JONI JAMES
BERNIE ALLEN
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS from $5.25 | SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS FRI. & SAT. 8, 11:30 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

There hasn't been a restaurant like this one since the thirties.

THE RAINBOW ROOM

Dinner every night from 6:00, Brunch from 12:00 on Saturdays and Sundays. Call for reservations.
30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th Floor, PLaza 7-9090

Visitors to our pretty city run, skip and hop from one landmark to another. And they jump for joy when they trip through our Kookie-to-Classic collection of furs.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

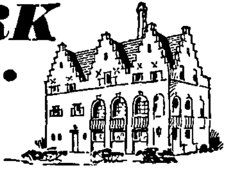
By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

Golf widows:

Take your husband to Del Monte Lodge. He'll enjoy our famous Pebble Beach Links. And you'll *both* enjoy a luxury vacation. Close at hand: four more golf courses, riding, tennis, swimming and glorious scenery. Within easy reach: Carmel, Big Sur and San Simeon. Ask your Travel Agent for our American Plan rates or write:

Del Monte Lodge
PEBBLE BEACH, CALIFORNIA

KNIFE & FORK INN...

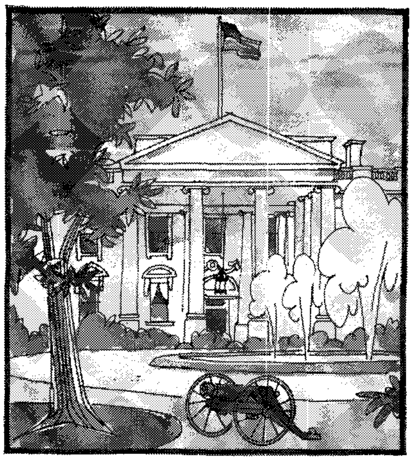


ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

twenty-five people, and they each tell their friends. Then pretty soon somebody bumps someone, and trouble starts. As it was, nothing happened." Similarly, he said, he resisted a suggestion for creating special deputies when the Institute students held a demonstration downtown in March to proclaim their outrage over what was happening in Selma. "The mayor asked me if I was going to give them a permit, and I said, 'Sure. Why not?' And I told even my regular deputies not to show themselves but to stay in the courthouse out of sight, so the demonstrators wouldn't feel they were being guarded or watched, or anything like that."

This interview left me with mixed impressions. It had been odd to hear someone who was supposed to be a segregationist speak of the changes taking place in the county as "progress," and to hear him praise the Negro officeholders, as he had at one point in our conversation. The sheriff had seemed to me to be engaged in some sort of struggle between his sense of fair play and his sense of obligation toward his sponsor, the Governor. I couldn't help contrasting Sadler's words and demeanor with those of Sheriff Jim Clark, of Dallas County, who met the Selma demonstrators with a posse of club-swinging deputies; Sadler's comparative mildness seemed still another example of the way the enfranchisement of Negroes had made itself felt in Macon County, even on an official who was a Wallace appointee. There might, of course, be a simple explanation for Sadler's ambivalence—one that was offered to me by Gomillion one day when we were speaking of the sheriff. "I think Mr. Sadler's beginning to like the job," Gomillion said, "and I think he's beginning to wonder just what he's going to have to do to get himself elected if he does decide to run." Whatever the explanation, I have since learned from Childs that the sheriff has been sending him quite a few more cases.

PROBABLY the most acute source of tension in Macon County during the past couple of years has been the schools. Here, Governor Wallace, by intervening, turned what was merely another problem of a sort susceptible of solution by people of good will into a crisis of some magnitude. In the summer of 1963, Judge Johnson ordered that twelve Negro applicants be admitted to Tuskegee High School that fall. The county Board of Education said it would comply. It would be the first public-school desegregation in Alabama,



We think you'll like the neighborhood...

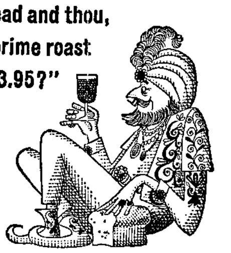
Facing the White House, the Manger Hay-Adams is one of the most conveniently located hotels in the Capital. You'll find the ultimate in luxurious rooms—fine dining—*and* attentive service. You'll be pampered. You'll come back again and again. Our guests always do.

Manger Hotels & Motor Inns

HOTEL Manger Hay-Adams
(facing the White House)
16th at H Street N.W. • Washington, D.C.

"...a loaf of bread and thou, you delectable prime roast beef,* for just $3.95?"

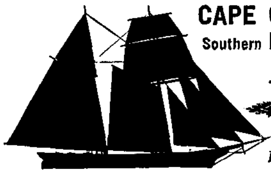
Ah, Paradise!



THE MERMAID ROOM
*It all goes swimmingly with Caesar salad, baked potato and hot, luscious popover . . . especially at this new low price. All the while, hot tempos from the Peppi Morreale trio. Dancing nightly, except Sunday. Never a cover or minimum.

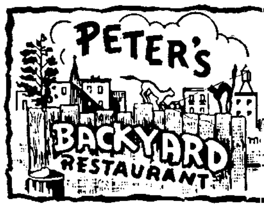
Park Sheraton Hotel
55th ST. and 7th AVE., NEW YORK

WINDJAMMER CRUISE



CAPE COD and
Southern NEW ENGLAND
Aboard the NEW
TOPSAIL SCHOONER
SHENANDOAH
$150 per week
For illustrated folder, write

THE COASTWISE PACKET CO.
DEPT. 24, VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.



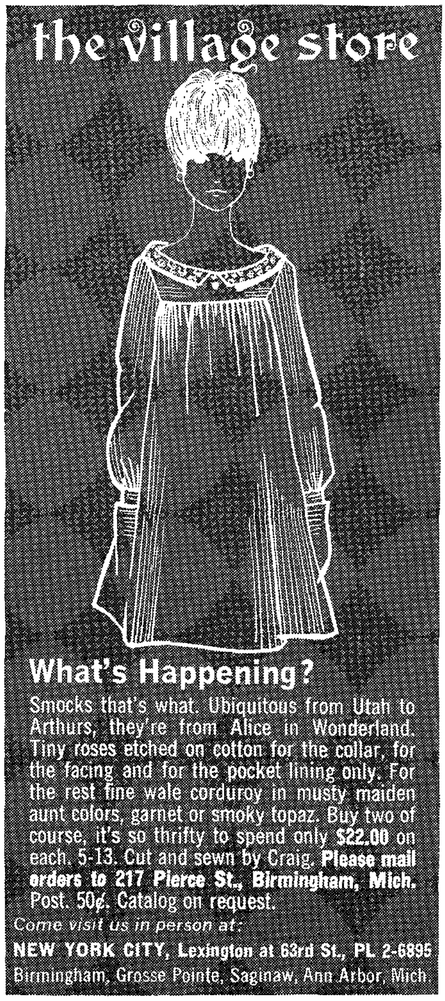
STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER•SUPPER
Daily 4 pm-Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N.Y.C.
GR 3-4476

The day the adjectives ran out

You have heard it all before. Many times. Every picture that comes down the pike is supposed to be the greatest. The biggest! "The picture the world has been waiting to see!"... "A rare cinematic experience!"... "Savage!"... "Haunting!"... "Searing its way into your heart!" ☆ There are times, shall we say, when the picture turns out to be a piece of salami. ☆ So when a man like Stanley Kramer takes Katherine Anne Porter's distinguished best-selling novel "Ship Of Fools," and handcrafts it into what may be his finest film, what is there left to say? Even if there *were* any untarnished adjectives left that would adequately describe Ship Of Fools, like "electrifying," or "un-nerving," would you believe them? Probably not. ☆ Suffice it to say that Ship Of Fools, a Columbia Pictures release, opens at the Victoria and Sutton Theatres in New York on July 28th. You may very well wish to see it. If not, it is most likely because you find it hard to believe *any* motion picture advertising anymore. Even this. Fortunately, we have an ace in the hole. It is called "word of mouth."

Ship of Fools

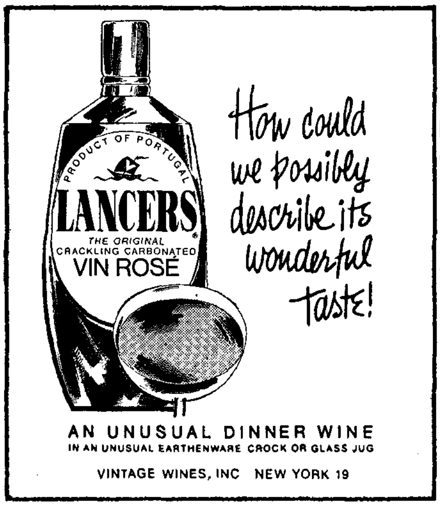
© COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP.


the village store

What's Happening?

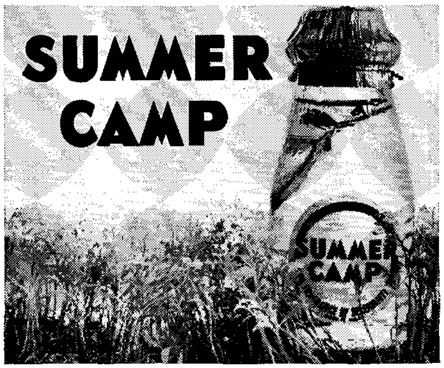
Smocks that's what. Ubiquitous from Utah to Arthurs, they're from Alice in Wonderland. Tiny roses etched on cotton for the collar, for the facing and for the pocket lining only. For the rest fine wale corduroy in musty maiden aunt colors, garnet or smoky topaz. Buy two of course, it's so thrifty to spend only **$22.00** on each. 5-13. Cut and sewn by Craig. **Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich.** Post. 50¢. Catalog on request.

Come visit us in person at:
NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.


How could we possibly describe its wonderful taste!

PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
LANCERS
THE ORIGINAL CRACKLING CARBONATED VIN ROSE

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE
IN AN UNUSUAL EARTHENWARE CROCK OR GLASS JUG
VINTAGE WINES, INC NEW YORK 19


SUMMER CAMP

Audacious new cologne for boy and girl campers. Fresh as all outdoors. 8 healthy oz. $6 ppd.
by serendipity 3
225 E. 60th ST., N.Y.C. 10022 • TE 8-3531

and Governor Wallace was not pleased. "Macon County has a ratio of twenty-two Negro schools to three white schools," he declared. "In my judgment, we should make whatever effort it takes to keep it twenty-two to three." School was due to open on September 2nd. At five-forty-five that morning, the county superintendent of schools, C. A. Pruitt, was awakened by knocking at his door. It was a state trooper with an emergency order postponing the opening of the Tuskegee High School for a week. Around the school itself, a cordon of more than a hundred state troopers was posted, with orders to turn away all students and teachers as they arrived. Pruitt testified later that he had had no idea that the Governor planned to make such a move—that when he went to bed the night before, he had been satisfied that everything possible had been done to insure that the school opening would go off without any disturbance. The Birmingham *News* wrote shortly afterward, "By the time the processes of law had ground through a few days later, a community which had prepared itself to accept the judicially inevitable had changed its mind. The work Mr. Pruitt and others had done went for naught." The Governor's emergency order declared that the purpose of his action was "to preserve the peace [and] maintain domestic tranquillity," but its consequence was manifestly just the opposite—to create turmoil where none had existed. It later became apparent that the strategy behind the move was to promote the organization of a segregated private school, Macon Academy, to which the Governor promised state funds. (The courts have not allowed him to keep that promise.)

The school year that followed was disastrous. When the troopers withdrew and Tuskegee High was permitted to reopen, all the white students boycotted the school, leaving only the twelve Negroes in attendance. The state ordered the school closed, as uneconomical, whereupon six of the Negroes applied for admission to the high school in the little town of Notasulga, about ten miles northeast of Tuskegee, and six others applied to the high school in Shorter, west of Tuskegee. Judge Johnson promptly ordered that they be accepted, but in both schools all white students withdrew after the Negroes entered, and shortly afterward the Notasulga High School burned down in a fire whose cause has never been determined but which at the time was widely thought to be a case of arson. Thus, by the end of the school year, there was not a single white public-high-school student in the county. Most of the white students had transferred to Macon Academy, which had opened late in the fall in a large white frame building directly across the road from Tuskegee High School. For its first commencement exercises, in June of 1964, the Academy had as its principal speaker James Jackson Kilpatrick, editor of the Richmond *News Leader*, author of "The Southern Case for School Segregation," and a man who is fond of asserting, as he did in a recent magazine article, "Today's Negroes are three hundred years from African jungles, but the whites, by God's grace, are two thousand years from Greece and Rome." (This year's commencement speaker was Governor Wallace.)

The spring of 1964 was the low point for the Macon County public-school system. That summer, a group of white parents got in touch with several Negro parents and said they wanted to get together with them to work toward the reopening of Tuskegee High. Several meetings were held, at which, according to one Negro parent who was present, the whites mostly wanted to talk out their fears. "They wanted to send their children back to the public school, but they were afraid of what their neighbors would say and do," this parent reported. Apparently, they did gain some confidence, for when opening day came around last fall, fifty-nine white students showed up, along with fourteen Negroes. There was not a state trooper to be seen, so everything went quietly. More students gradually came in as time went on and as confidence in the integrated school grew, and by the end of the school year attendance was nearly up to normal, with a hundred and thirty-three whites enrolled. For many families, the school question has touched off more quarrels than any other phase of Macon County's desegregation, as people have attempted to reconcile their behavior with their principles. This has not been an easy feat, principles being as mixed as they are in Tuskegee. I met one man whose views were based on two tenets—a strong belief in the public-school system and an equally strong belief in segregation. He was trying to reconcile them by sending his child

It's a diesel ...it's a gas.

There is nothing prettier than a Mercedes-Benz.

Unless it's two of them.

Consider the beauties above.

Identical except for the wonderful power plants under the bonnets.

At left, the 190 D. The "D" stands for diesel and for extra distance.

At right, the similarly elegant 190, with gasoline engine.

Now, if you drive 20,000 to 30,000 miles per year the 190 D may be for you. Here's real class with smart, business-like economy.

Proved, too. One of the country's top petroleum marketers recently put this car through a 7,000 mile fuel consumption test in a big city.

The 190 D traveled up to 39 miles per gallon in regular city traffic and up to 43.9 miles per gallon over the big city expressways!

And remember—diesel fuel, available practically everywhere, costs about 40% less than gasoline.

But if the idea of a diesel is a little too advanced to digest right now, you might think of the 190.

Here is the same classic beauty. The same quiet, enduring design. Simply runs on gasoline (22 m.p.g., too). That's the difference.

Automatic transmission, if you want, both models.

MERCEDES-BENZ

GOING TO EUROPE? FOR TRAVEL GUIDE, WRITE HANS VON BROCKHUSEN, MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA, INC., 158 LINWOOD PLAZA, FORT LEE, N. J., 07024
MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA, INC. A SUBSIDIARY OF DAIMLER-BENZ A. G., GERMANY

"Sightseeing" is a cheap word for what you experience in the fjord country of Norway.

If you go to Niagara Falls or the Grand Canyon, or down the Rhine past all the castles, *you see marvelous sights and everyone goes* "ooohh" and "aahhh."

When people go into the fjord country they "ooohh" and "aahhh" too. But only at first . . . they soon become very quiet. For everywhere, on all sides, there is astounding beauty—great steep heights, waterfalls, deep quiet water. Mists rise, float, fade away. Light and color change constantly—sometimes hazy and ethereal, sometimes brighter and more intense than anything you've ever seen.

What do you experience in the fjord country? There is only one word for it. The word is *peace.* When you leave Niagara Falls or the Grand Canyon you have nice memories and maybe good snapshots. When you leave the fjord country you have something else.

SAS flies to Bergen, gateway to the fjord country, and to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo, Helsinki. Leaving from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal and Anchorage. And within Europe, SAS serves more cities than any other transatlantic airline. See your travel agent or write: SAS, Dept. SX, 138-02 Queens Blvd., Jamaica, New York 11435.

SAS

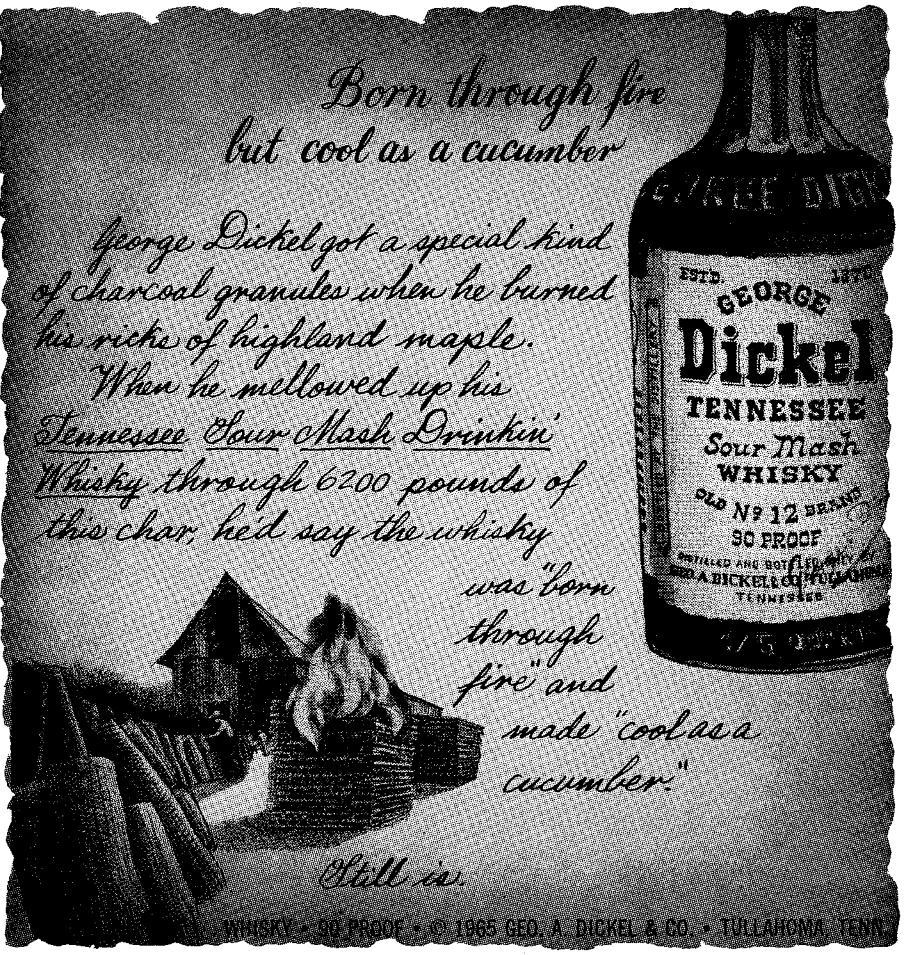
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

to Tuskegee High and sending a monthly tuition check to Macon Academy. For the students at the integrated high school, the past year was a reasonably good one academically. They have enjoyed the luxury of ample facilities, small classes, and especially meticulous instruction. What they have missed out on is the usual extracurricular excitement—the big football games and the parades and other frolics that have always been an important element of high-school life in the South. There were not enough students in the school for it to produce a respectable football team, and, besides, no school in the vicinity would play Tuskegee High.

The prospects for the public-school system now look much more hopeful, according to Joseph Wilson, a lanky, rather homespun man of about forty, who became county superintendent of schools a year ago. "The worst is over," he told me when I called at his office one afternoon. "The new public high school will be ready at Notasulga, and no further boycott is anticipated. Substantial numbers of students still enrolled in Macon Academy are expected to transfer back to the public schools, and, come fall, Tuskegee High intends to field a football team once more."

I asked Wilson whether he thought the school would be able to find any other teams willing to play it.

He laughed, and said, "Yes indeed. The other Alabama high schools are going to be integrated, too, you know." He went on to explain, with some satisfaction, that nearly all the other school districts in the state were hastily engaged in making plans for integration next fall, in order to qualify for federal aid under Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. "There was a regional meeting of school superintendents the other day," he said. "It used to be that all the other superintendents would shun me as if I was some sort of leper. When I'd call them and ask them for a ball game with their high schools, they'd just laugh at me. Now it's all different. They spent practically the entire meeting asking me questions about how you run an integrated school. This week, I've had two superintendents come visit the school, to see for themselves what they could learn. I have to laugh." And he did. "This has been a liberal education for me, too, this last year," he added. "Winston County, where I was high-school principal before I came here, has only eighty colored people in the whole county, so you couldn't say I was real-



Born through fire but cool as a cucumber

George Dickel got a special kind of charcoal granules when he burned his ricks of highland maple. When he mellowed up his Tennessee Sour Mash Drinkin' Whisky through 6200 pounds of this char, he'd say the whisky was "born through fire" and made "cool as a cucumber."

Still is.

WHISKY • 90 PROOF • © 1965 GEO. A. DICKEL & CO. • TULLAHOMA, TENN.

CASUAL CORNER

just in time..

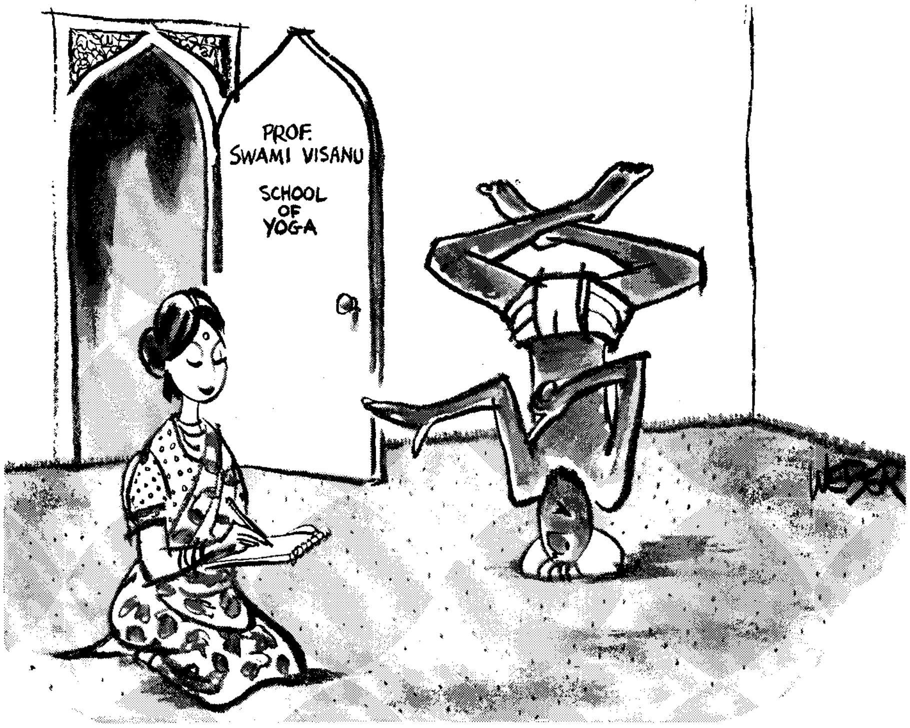
Cool enough for summer, brilliant enough for fall, our Vicron shift by Ladybug is padre-collared, long sleeved. Comes in dark green, cherry, or cornflower; 5-15, $20.50 postpaid from Casual Corner, 566 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York; or see it at Casual Corner stores in major cities.

WATERMILL, L. I.

For Sale—13 rm. all-year-round house—1⅓ acres—310 ft. on Necox Bay—exquisitely furnished—beautiful grounds and view—3 min. from beach—$59,500—Write MR. DAN TALBOT, BOX 14, WATERMILL, L. I.

RIZZOLI
International
Bookstore
Peter Novelli, Director
Books • Periodicals • Records • Objets d'Art
from around the world
712 Fifth Avenue, New York 19 • 245-0400
Open six days a week until midnight

(*Advertisement*)



A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Have you mastered how to be a personage of substance in your company? That trick rates a Bigelow. It'll bring you a kind of nirvana—and give the office crowd something to contemplate. Bigelows are available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., 140 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. ***People who know . . . buy*** **BIGELOW.**

DISTINCTIVE

Christmas Cards

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a Spanish primitive of the Three Kings in scarlet, green, and gold, a della Robbia Nativity, a fifteenth century street scene by a Flemish master, a Raphael Madonna, a circus painting from a French snuffbox, a prancing lion and a rose in embroidered silks, and a collection of brilliant watercolor sketches of Early American sleighs are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N8

*Name*________________
*Address*________________
____________ ZIP ______

Searing suspense as a timid bank clerk steals $25,000, another man's passport and a new life . . .

THE THIRD SIDE OF THE COIN

by Francis Clifford

Author of
THE HUNTING GROUND
$3.95 at your bookstore
COWARD-McCANN, INC.

"This is a wonderful story."
—*The New Yorker*

TRACK OF THE BEAR 1873–1963
by William Bixby
Photographs & Maps • $5.75
DAVID McKAY COMPANY, INC.

Visit A Fascinating Book Shop!

For that unusual lasting gift or your own collection. Sets of *famous authors in beautiful leather bindings.* Color Plate books, Fore-Edge Paintings, Cloth Bound Scholarly Sets, etc. One of America's largest collections of fine books.

J. N. BARTFIELD
47 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y. 2nd Floor PL 3-1830

ly quite prepared for a situation like the one we have here. I've enjoyed it, though—or so I can say now that the year's ending."

I asked Wilson what further desegregation was planned in the Macon County schools in the coming year—how many Negro children his board planned to admit to Tuskegee High and the other formerly white schools.

His answer rather surprised me, for I had got used to thinking in terms of tokenism of the sort implied by the words "all deliberate speed." "As I've told the teachers, we no longer have a dual school system in this county," he said. "If a colored child applies for a school, he's to be accepted, just like any other child. That's all there is going to be to it. Frankly, we're hoping that not too many colored children will rush in and apply for Tuskegee High and the Tuskegee elementary school, because we've got hopes of drawing off quite a few more whites from the Academy, and if there are too many colored here they won't come. But whatever colored children do apply, they are going to be admitted."

"How many do you mean when you say 'too many'?" I asked, and, doing a bit of extrapolating in my mind, guessed that since he was sounding quite liberal, the answer might be as high as forty out of around four hundred.

"Well, two hundred," he said.

—BERNARD TAPER

•

We don't believe that the wrong spouse's name appears on your card; but, if it should, remember how computers work.—*Letter received by an alumna of the University of Rochester.*

Or take the easy way and get a divorce.

•

Luther Gray came up from Bridgton one day last week and took his uncle, Ed Ridlon, for a ride about the country, visiting a cemetery in Hiram, for one thing. Luther is always very thoughtful of older folks, and we are sure his uncle enjoyed the ride very much.—*Bridgton* (*Maine*) *News.*

Wish we were.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Newark News*]

PHOENIX, ARIZ. (AP)—In the basement of the new Superior Court building, the elevator door opened yesterday and a waiting man was asked: "Going up?"

"No," he replied. "Going down."

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Act II, Scene 4: Mr. and Mrs. Burton Visit the Big Sur Country & Participate in the Making of a Preposterous Motion Picture

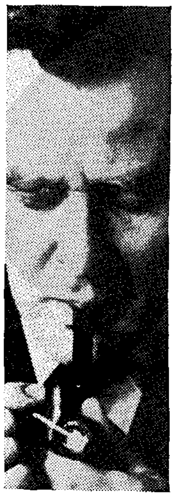
“THE SANDPIPER” is a movie about aquatic wildlife in the Pacific Northwest which tells the story of a young sandpiper's fight for happiness in a federally regulated bird hatchery in Spokane, Washington, of his eventual escape, and of his unforgettable journey back along the old Oregon Trail to his home in San Luis Obispo. No. I am mistaken. “The Sandpiper” is a huge, soggy, woolly, maundering, bumbling, expensive movie which tells what happens when Elizabeth Taylor, a beautiful, underdressed lady painter of strong conservationist tendencies from Big Sur, California, sends her young son off to a nearby snobby prep school presided over by our old friend—tweedy, married, temptation-prone (he is an Episcopal clergyman, no less)—the Reverend Mr. Richard Burton. You would probably never guess what head-spinning developments of plot and character the screenwriters (there appear to have been at least four of them) have brought to bear on this simple yet deeply moving theme, or wheeze, the essence of which is that these two fine people—two people, I might add, from different worlds and yet so strangely alike, she the wild, free spirit (for some reason, Elizabeth Taylor is constantly fussing around trying to tend a broken-winged sandpiper, which seems an odd thing to do, since the sandpiper is so clearly mechanical and should be taken to a sandpiper repair shop) and he the stuffy, inhibited, neo-Louis Auchinclossian rector—become *irresistibly attracted*.

You know how these things start at one of those snobby California prep schools. First, the headmaster fellow pads over to the lady's place to pick up things for the boy. Then he pads over to the lady's place to leave some business papers—all innocent enough, surely, and doubtless necessary, there apparently being no postal service in that part of the state. But he gets wilder. He buys one of her paintings and hangs it in his office—a really reckless step when you consider the quality of the painting. He commissions her to design stained-glass windows for a new school chapel. And before you can say “Martin Ransohoff” (the name of the man who produced this epic and also “The Beverly Hillbillies” series on TV), you have one of those scenes where it is morning beside the bright-blue picturesque Pacific, and there *she* is roiling around lazily in the bed, and there *he* is over by the dresser putting on his necktie, and everybody is in deep, deep, deep, *deep* trouble. How does it end? Well, it does end—I'll say that for it—and on such a note of heartbreak, uplift, and sense of financial expectation for the producer that I can barely bring myself to think about it. Eva Marie Saint plays the Reverend Mr. Burton's wife, and is asked to deliver lines such as “Thinking is a kind of prayer, isn't it?,” which shows you what everybody thought of *her* role, poor girl. Elizabeth Taylor is Elizabeth Taylor. Richard Burton, who appears to speak only in declamations, does what he can with his ridiculous part. It's a very silly movie.

“HARVEY MIDDLEMAN, FIREMAN” is a mild, pleasant, Little Man comedy, which means that, on the one hand, it pretends to be about nothing much—you know, a couple of days in the life of this sweet little old average guy, Harvey Middleman (Middleman, get it? At least, he lives in a small town in New Jersey, and not Centerville, U.S.A.)—and, on the other hand, it is forever tugging at your jacket and whispering, “Come on, buddy, what about those larger meanings?” I don't say that the larger meanings are hugely obtrusive (or are very large, either), but consider the story that holds them aloft. Harvey Middleman, our sweet little old average guy, has a sweet little old average wife, whom he loves, and two darling kids, whom he loves, and a dog, and a house in the suburbs, and a job as a fireman in New York, all of which he loves. Then, in quick succession, he has a fight with his wife over the question of some baby lamb chops (an average kind of fight, if you know what I mean), saves a pretty young thing from a fire, and becomes all tangled up maintaining a darling average wife and a darling average girl friend at the same time, and that's about it. But it's a *nice* movie, and it all ends very nicely,

CILLA BLACK
is the dilly in the
PERSIAN ROOM
July 26-August 14
Mon.-Thurs., 10:00 PM
Fri. & Sat., 9:00 & 11:45
For reservations, call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PETER DeVRIES'
new novel of amorous misadventures in Slow Rapids, Indiana, is "wildly comic . . . dazzles the reader with [the author's] virtuosity . . . one of the best comic novels in a long while."
—RICHARD ARMOUR, *Los Angeles Times*
LET ME COUNT THE WAYS
$5.00 *LITTLE, BROWN*



Coming July 26th . . .
The new novel
by the author of
THE SPY WHO CAME
IN FROM THE COLD
JOHN
LE CARRÉ'S
The
Looking Glass
War
Reserve a copy now at
your bookstore • $4.95
COWARD-McCANN, INC.

Gathering

Among the most fascinating words in the fascinating English language are the nouns of assembly: a *school* of fish, a *pride* of lions, a *covey* of partridges, a *swarm* of bees, a *skulk* of foxes — far more interesting words than *group* or *bunch*.

The securities business has its nouns of assembly, too. *Portfolio* is the fancy Latin-rooted word for all the stocks and bonds that you own. *Holdings* is the forthright Anglo-Saxon term.

But what you call your securities is far less important than what they are and whether they suit your needs. Try asking yourself a few questions. Should you own more securities—or fewer? Take greater risks—or smaller? Have more diversification — or less? If it's growth you want, are your stocks increasing in value? If income is your chief aim, are you receiving regular, liberal dividends in line with your objectives?

If you're not sure of the answers, maybe our Research Division can help. Research will gladly take an objective look at your situation if you'll write describing your holdings, your circumstances, and your aims. There's no charge or obligation for such opinions and suggestions. Simply address your letter to

James D. Corbett, Investment Inquiries

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005

everybody happy, and I won't let on about everything that happens in the course of seventy-five minutes of running time, since nothing very much does. Ernest Pintoff, a talented short-subjects man, wrote and directed "Middleman" and did the music for it, and I should probably try harder to find "good things" in it, because Pintoff *is* talented and doesn't seem to try to swim in the middle of the Hollywood mainstream. I suppose that's part of the difficulty I had in really enjoying "Middleman." I kept having the feeling that he either should have jumped on in with the rest of the boys and given us less whimsey and more story or should have been swimming much farther out, where he might have found something more interesting to tell us about than this mister average fireman middleman chap.

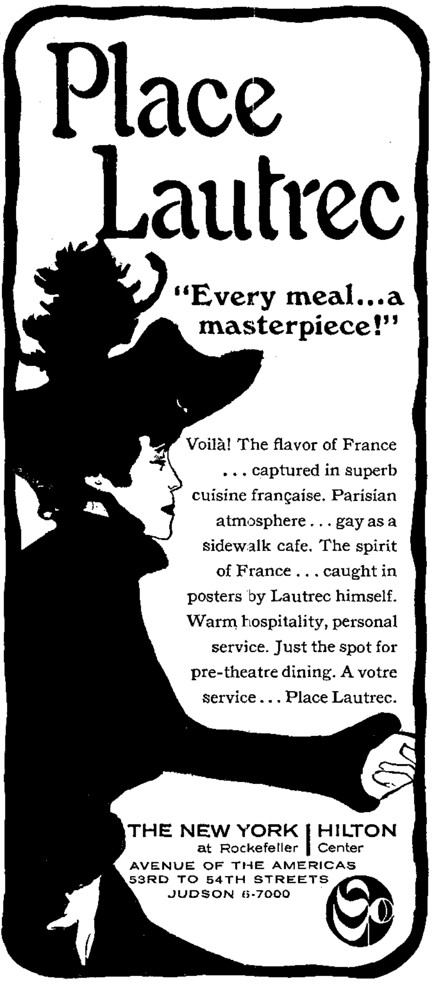
IT doesn't sound like much of a week for the movies, does it? Even so, *there are a couple of pictures I ought* to tell you about. One is "Rotten to the Core," a funny English movie by the Boulting Brothers (who have previously sent us "Private's Progress" and "I'm All Right, Jack"). This one is alleged to be a satire on crime and modern youth and so forth, and although the satire seems at times too labored, the movie itself is mostly funny—a laugher. The other movie I liked is called "These Are the Damned," which is an absolutely terrible title (and must have been dreamed up by that same pleasant but half-mad fellow who does English titles for all the foreign movies) but is hung on a swell movie about— I won't say what it's about. It's a chiller, a near-science-fiction thing of a sort you don't see much of, which follows the rarely observed but essential rule for making these rather moody entertainments—to be as inexplicit as possible about the science. Joseph Losey did the direction—a nice job. Viveca Lindfors, Alexander Knox (you loved him in "Wilson"), and various young faces are in the cast. The story takes place along the coast of England. No monsters.

—M. J. ARLEN

•

We now have 218 full-time and temporary employes in Washington. Congress authorized 535, but that's not our goal. If we can run the program with 100, we'll run it with 300.—*Sargent Shriver quoted in the Binghamton (N.Y.) Press.*

There's a blow to poverty right there!


Place Lautrec

"Every meal...a masterpiece!"

Voilà! The flavor of France . . . captured in superb cuisine française. Parisian atmosphere . . . gay as a sidewalk cafe. The spirit of France . . . caught in posters by Lautrec himself. Warm hospitality, personal service. Just the spot for pre-theatre dining. A votre service . . . Place Lautrec.

THE NEW YORK HILTON at Rockefeller Center
AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS
53RD TO 54TH STREETS
JUDSON 6-7000

LOCATION

We're an hour from Philadelphia, two hours from New York, and a thousand years from care.
Care to join us?

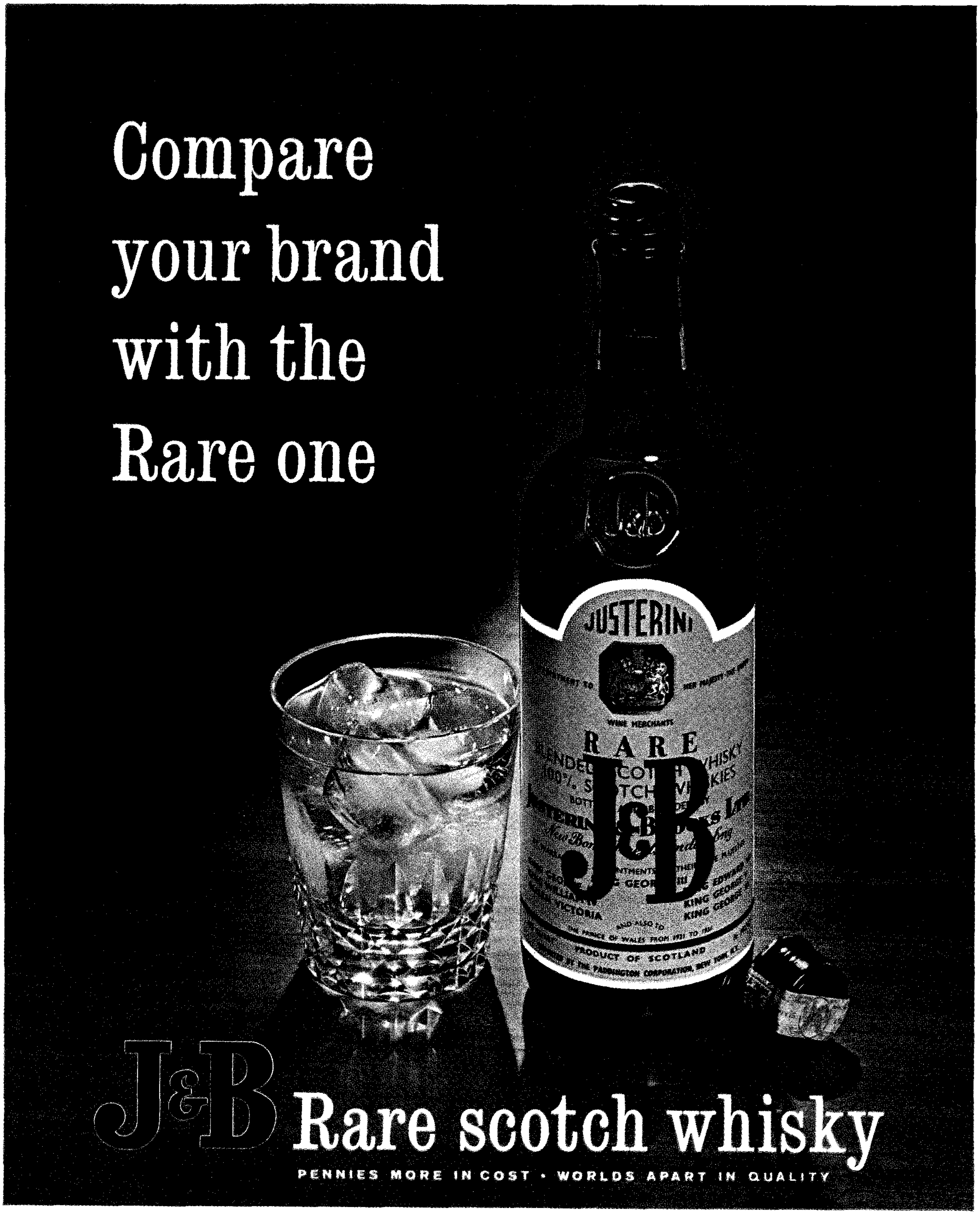
CHALFONTE - HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co.—Progressive Innkeepers for 75 years
Call Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York/Chicago/Washington/Boston/Toronto

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:
BOOKS-ON-FILE
DEPT. NY-65 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY)
1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
Evanston, Ill.

Compare your brand with the Rare one



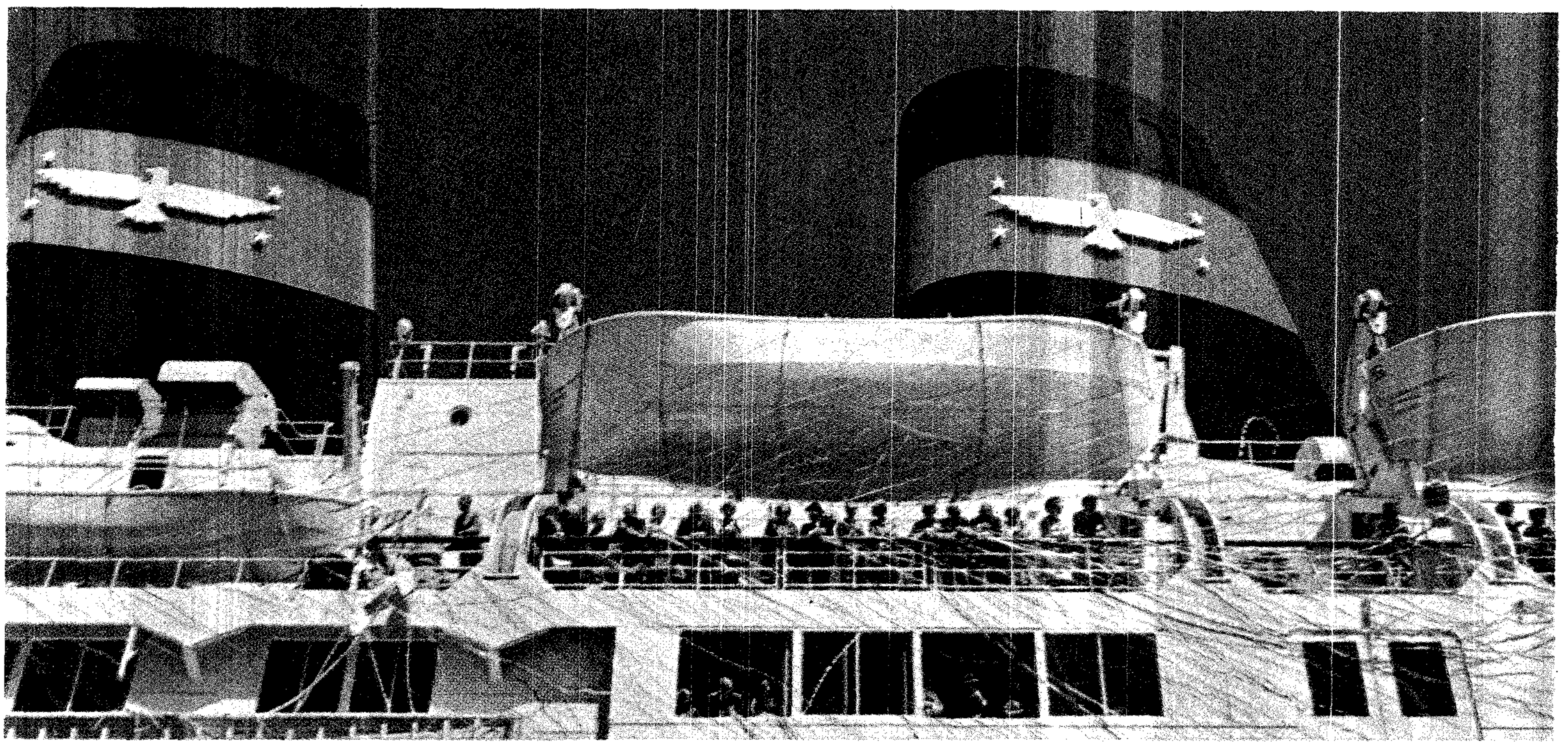
J&B Rare scotch whisky

PENNIES MORE IN COST • WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

There is a very special quality about J & B Rare that sets it apart...a flavour so subtly different and delightful that words simply cannot describe it. So try J & B Rare and compare it. Prediction: you will make a most rewarding discovery. J & B is a product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose patrons have included, along with the immortal Charles Dickens, many of history's great.

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20

Why the lady on the Promenade Deck



is taking a great President Liner to the Orient

When she travels she likes to be where she can laze in the sun, dance in the moonlight, swim before breakfast or breakfast in bed. And where the beauty salon is just around the corner. She can even play deck tennis or practice golf. In the middle of the ocean. She can enjoy all this *plus* costume balls, midnight buffets, a picture window on the Pacific—and dining from a different menu every night. *All for only $43 more than First Class air fare.* That's why she is sailing on a great President Liner—to Hawaii, Hong Kong, Japan and the Philippines. Aren't these reasons why you should too? Every two weeks a great President Liner sails from San Francisco. Typical First Class staterooms include private bath, radio, telephone and 24-hour room service. Forty-day round trip fares start at $1519 First Class, $725 Economy Class. Side trips, guided tours, stopovers and sea/air combinations easily arranged. For complete details see your Travel Agent or American President Lines. *And remember, your dollars stay in the U.S.A. when you sail APL.*

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

San Francisco · Chicago · Dallas · Los Angeles · New York · Portland · Seattle · Washington, D.C. · Honolulu